WEEK ENDING DEC. 8, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

DELMAR ~ ST. JOHNS ~ STALLINGS ~ DUGANNE ~ CHAMBERS

How would the toothbrush you used this morning compare with these?

It's NEW *in 4 ways*

that make teeth WHITER *and* correct brushing *easier*

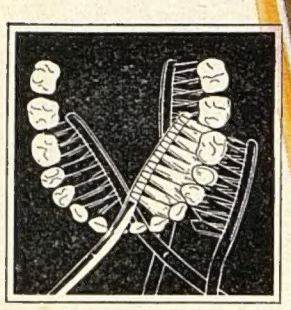
IT is probably true that *any* toothbrush is better than none. But if you realize the importance of giving your teeth the *best possible care,* here is real news:

Long conceded to be correct in size and shape, DR. WEST'S *new* Toothbrush is doubly effective—by use of supremely fine materials.

(1) Premium-cost bristles, long unavailable, used in this famous brush only. (2) Bristles accurately spaced, grouped and trimmed—to insure thorough cleansing of all crevices. (3) Handles are rigid, unbreakable—making it easier to use the brush correctly. And, (4) amazing polishing action from these combined advantages.

Just get one. *Use it twice daily. Brush always away from gums—towards cutting edges of teeth. That is all. No extra effort or care.* But results will show—quickly. Teeth *whiter,* because *cleaner.*

All druggists have DR. WEST'S new Toothbrushes: Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Each brush guaranteed; each sterilized and specially sealed. Six beautiful new colors.



HERE you see why it fits every size and shape of dental arch. And how it cleanses inside as thoroughly as outside; far back as easily as in front. Note, too, how it penetrates—and sweeps clean—every crevice.

Dr. West's *new* Toothbrush

© 1928, W. B. M. Co.

Are you letting your daughter face it alone?

. . . this most intimate concern of a woman's life

IS IT fair to your daughter? Is it fair to let her face it alone? Is it fair to leave her in ignorance of the facts about feminine hygiene? Consider the possible consequences. Someone else may take your place in her confidence.

She may receive wrong advice. Worse still, the advice may be *dangerous*. It happens so often that acquaintances contribute information that is much more harmful than helpful. They're well-meaning, of course. But they're *not* well-informed.

Why women worry about feminine hygiene

The fact of the matter is that many young women, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness, are led into the use of caustic and poisonous antiseptics. It is indeed unfortunate that the healthful habit of feminine hygiene should be associated in the minds of women with the risks of germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names. And their worry has been confirmed by the doctor. Much as he approves of the practice, he will not condone the old-fashioned antiseptics.

There are no risks when Zonite is employed

A few years ago there was ample reason for all these fears and doubts. But that was before the discovery of *Zonite*, the remarkable World War antiseptic. This great germicide has revolutionized the whole attitude of women towards feminine hygiene. It is exactly what they have been longing for. A veritable godsend to them. For there are no risks when Zonite is employed. Zonite can never be accused of producing mercurial poisoning. Zonite is never guilty of hardening or deadening the delicate membranes. It leaves no areas of scar-tissue. Nor does it interfere in any way with the normal body secretions. These are the terrible hazards of caustic and poisonous compounds.

On the contrary, Zonite is really soothing in its action. And yet it is *powerful*. It kills germs outright, kills them swiftly too. It is *forty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is actually *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.

Zonite is absolutely safe with little children in the home. It may be held in the mouth. So there can be no accidental poisoning where Zonite is concerned. It means safety, security and peace of mind.

Free booklet has complete facts and directions

Because so much doubt and misinformation is current among women about this most important problem, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written for their enlightenment. This book contains all the facts and complete directions. It is frank. To the point. Scientific. Authoritative. It is free. Read it and give it to your daughter. Check coupon below and mail today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections, or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

How Zonite may be used

. . . .

Since Zonite *is* powerful, but *not* poisonous, it is recommended for every use when a germicide is indicated. General antiseptic, deodorant, mouth wash—Zonite is effective for all purposes. Remember: It cannot injure membranes.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 **Both in U.S.A. and Canada**

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 30-F

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

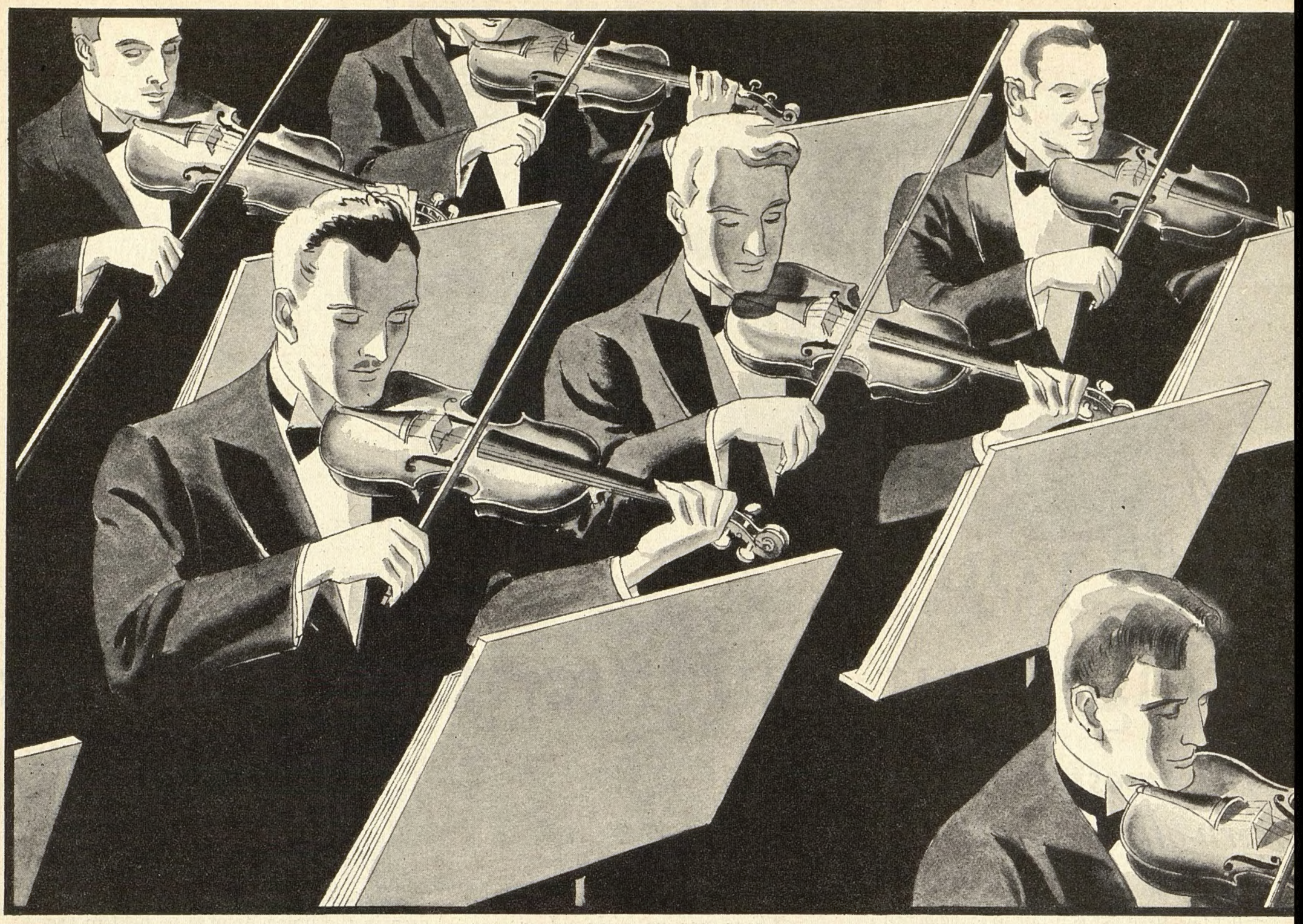
(*Please print name*)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(*In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto*)



Where working together is everything

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IT IS the aim of the Bell System that anyone anywhere in the country can pick up a telephone and talk to anyone anywhere else clearly and without delay. That is the meaning of universal service. To provide it, the means of telephoning must be uniformly good. Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System has full access to all the improvements and methods that are continually being made.

There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees of the Bell System to use in serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

It is fundamental in the policy of the Company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

DEC. 8, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 49

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

ONCE AGAIN: LET'S MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS

Lord Cushenden, acting Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, told the House of Lords the other day that the so-called "secret pact" between England and France has been called off. The idea was that they shouldn't "injure American opinion." They must find some other way. Which means, of course, that the same thing simply will be done over again, as has been the case since the time of Edward VII.

Well, this whole business of the Anglo-French pact seems to be a tempest in a teapot. Whether they build more battleships or not, England and France must continue as before, frankly and openly allies. If either nation detached itself, or even assumed a position of neutrality, the resurrection of Germany as a power would be almost immediate. The two governments have been side by side in the Rhineland, and the fear of Germany keeps them together.

On the other hand, to offset this situation, Germany is looking around for an ally. Her natural ally is Austria. At present France forbids them to unite, but in time they will unite, because both are a German people and both a stricken people.

Meanwhile, Germany is flirting now and again with soviet Russia and trying to take advantage of the growing hostility between fascist Italy and France. Italy is threatening Greece, making friends with Turkey, and being rather truculent toward Czecho-Slovakia. Germany is finding its relations with Poland continually more embittered. There is hatred between Hungary and Roumania, which robbed it after the armistice; between Bulgaria and Greece, which shuts it off from the sea.

Now, these various makeweights and counterbalances make your head swim, don't they? And you don't know what they mean, do you? No, you don't.

What we want to know, then, is why in the name of all that is reasonable the United States should get into this mess.

It is true that we have developed the radio, the motion picture, and the airplane—that the world has changed and communications are easier and all that—but in spite of arguments to the contrary these make our participation in European mix-ups no more logical than it was in the days of George Washington.

As for the Anglo-French pact, we think they are crazy if they don't have one. They are logical allies surrounded by potential enemies. France's army must be supplemented by Britain's navy.

Why any American should be disturbed about it, we don't see. It is none of our business. We can trade with France and England and have amicable relations with them. We don't want to attack them, and we can or at least should be able to defend ourselves against them if they start anything.

It is and should be our natural policy to keep hands off. We hope the Senate will continue to consider this, and will consign Mr. Kellogg's multilateral treaty, which is an entrance into Europe by the back door, to the dungeon of oblivion.

Let's mind our own business.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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The Lilac Jacket, a love story of the racetrack, by Elizabeth Carfrae

—and a new romantic serial, "The Last of Keno Cannon," by Louis Joseph Vance

December 8, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 49

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(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

"We are doubling our Baby Ruth advertising in Liberty for 1929"

Otto Y. Schnering, *president*
Curtiss Candy Company

THREE million customers a day!

What manufacturer wouldn't feel gratified over a sales record like that of the Curtiss Candy Company with its candy bar, Baby Ruth! The Curtiss Candy Company *is* gratified. But not satisfied. It wants to raise three million a day to four million.

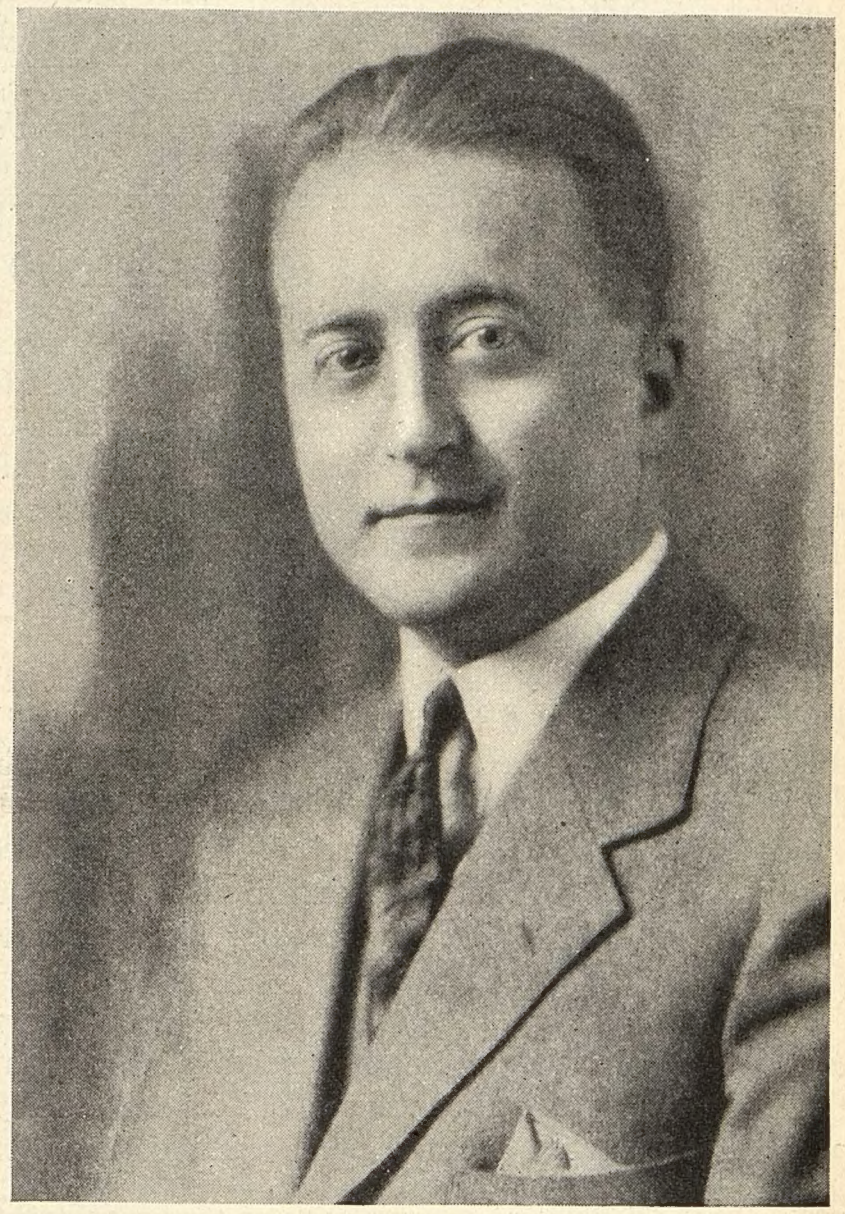
Liberty has played an important role in the sale of Baby Ruth. It is the only one of the 13 leading general and women's publications used by the Curtiss Candy Company.

And to help in getting this increase Curtiss will again depend upon Liberty for the major part of its magazine advertising. Liberty space has proved so successful that Curtiss will use twice as much Baby Ruth advertising in 1929 as in 1928. Otto Y. Schnering, president, writes: "We are doubling our Baby Ruth advertising in Liberty for 1929. The order we have sent you calls for 26 color pages.

"Millions more people have purchased Baby Ruth this year than ever before. Much of the success in increasing our per capita sales we attribute to the effectiveness of our present advertising campaign, in which Liberty has been the big gun."

Mindful of Liberty's whole family appeal, Curtiss directed its advertising to business men and women . . . featured Baby Ruth as the perfect teasing tid-bit for bridge teas, for house parties . . . told mothers of its purity and goodness, its nourishing value for growing children.

Visible advertising, whole family appeal, and 99% newsdealer circulation, concentrated where mass buying prevails, make Liberty the ideal base medium for a manufacturer—the first magazine to use; the last to relinquish.



OTTO Y. SCHNERING

Office of the President
Curtiss Candy Co.
Chicago Illinois

Otto Y. Schnering
President

America's Favorite
Baby Ruth

Liberty Weekly, Incorporated,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We are pleased to inform you that we are doubling our Baby Ruth advertising in LIBERTY for 1929. The order we have sent you calls for twenty-six (26) color pages.

Millions more people have purchased Baby Ruth this year than ever before. Much of the success in increasing our per capita sales we attribute to the effectiveness of our present advertising campaign, in which LIBERTY has been the big gun.

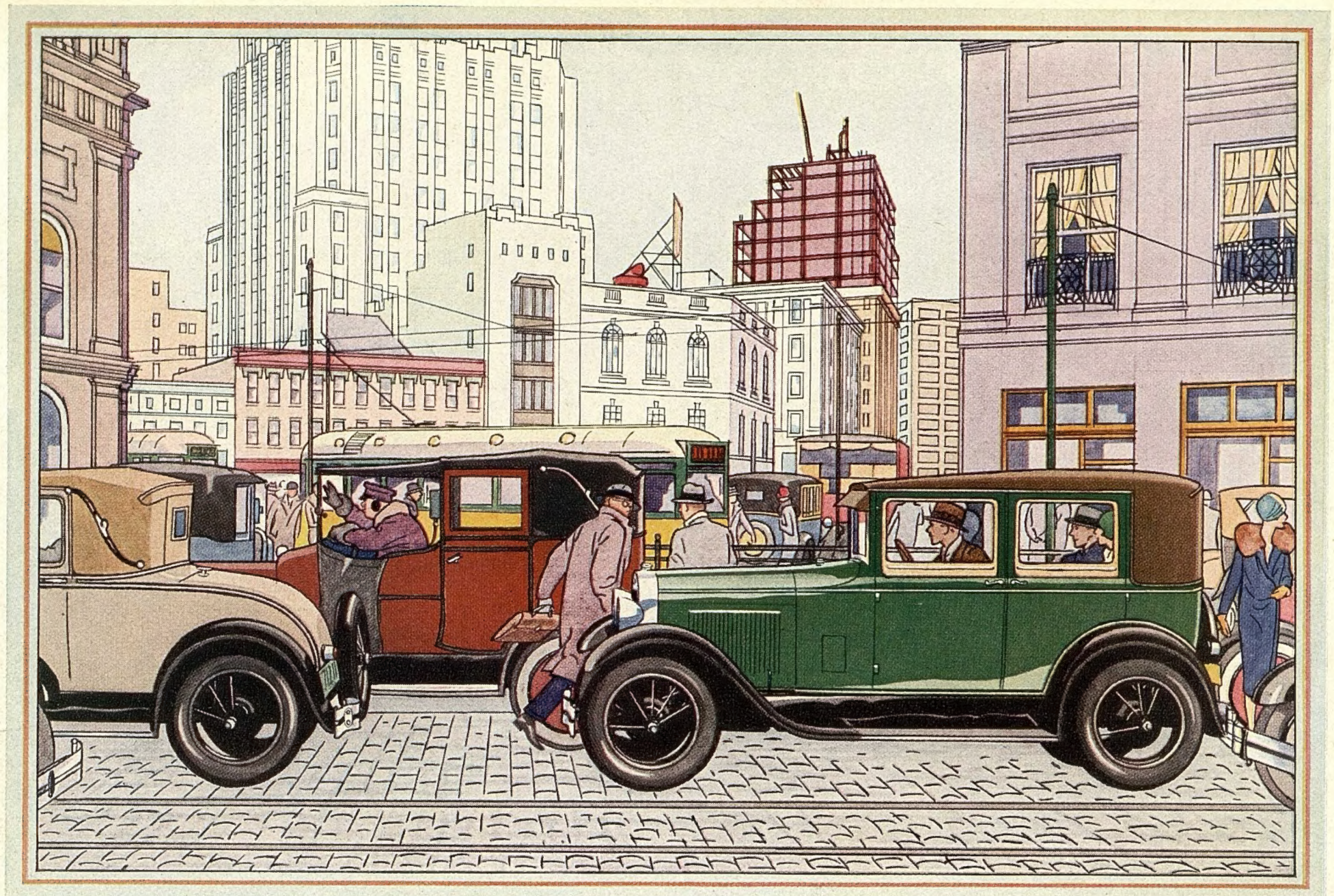
Our advertising has been a simple, straightforward story of Baby Ruth's purity and goodness. Our sales increases show that it has rung the LIBERTY bell so clearly that we are doubling our efforts next year to cultivate this receptive and responsive audience.

Our goal for 1929 is to increase our present sale of 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 Baby Ruth every day. We are convinced from past experiences that LIBERTY is the national medium that will most assist in getting this new sales quota.

Yours very truly,
Otto Y. Schnering
President
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

LIBERTY
GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody



Remarkable simplicity of design is revealed in the new Ford

"Make it better—make it simpler" has always been the keynote of Ford engineering and manufacturing methods. This policy has been carried forward to its highest, fullest expression in the new Ford.

Take, for instance, the six-brake system which works so smoothly and silently. This system is unusually reliable and effective because both the four-wheel service brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are of the mechanical, internal expanding type, with all braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against water, sand, dirt and grease.

For many years this has been recognized as the ideal combination. It is now brought to you on the new Ford because a simple, easy way has been found to accommodate two sets of full internal brakes in a brake drum on the rear wheels. Another exclusive Ford development is shown in the housing of the steering gear mechanism. This is made of three steel forgings, electrically welded together. The housing is then electrically welded to the steering column, making a one-piece steel unit.

Many other parts of the new Ford are also electrically welded, thus giving greater strength than if several parts were used and riveted or bolted together.

The ignition system of the new Ford also reflects much that is new in mechanical design. A unique feature is the elimination of high-tension cables from the distributor to the spark-plugs, these connections being made by means of thin bronze springs. There is, in fact, but one high-tension cable and this connects the coil with the distributor. The distributor head is water-proof and has been specially designed to prevent short circuits from rain, snow, etc. The breaker-plate is a steel forging, cadmium-plated to prevent rusting. When the spark is advanced or retarded, only the plate moves.

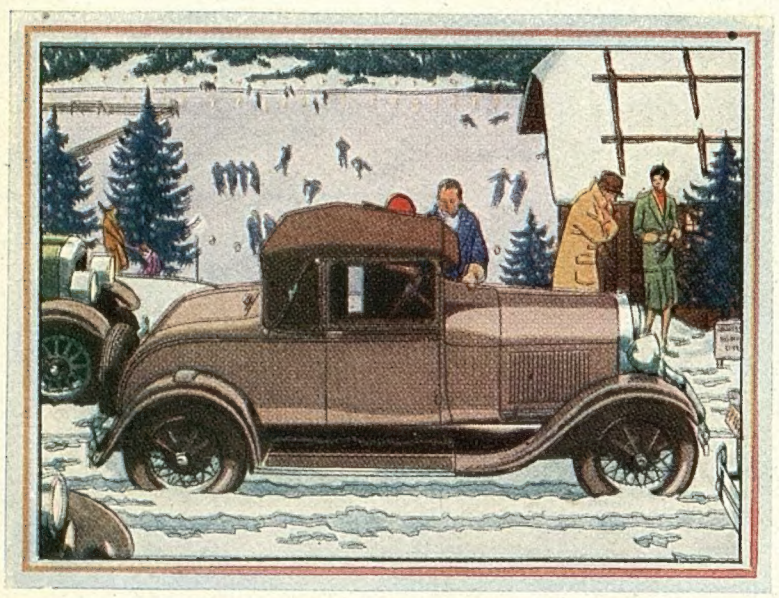
The Ford engine is unusually simple in design and represents a new development in automobile engineering because it develops 40-brake-horse-power at only 2200 r.p.m. (revolutions per minute). This means you can do 55 to 65 miles an hour in the new Ford, yet you do not have a high speed engine. This low revolution speed contributes to greater efficiency and longer life.

The whole idea back of the new Ford is to bring the benefits of modern, economical transportation to all the people and to help every motorist get the greatest possible use from his car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.

No matter where you live or where you go, every Ford dealer is your dealer—specially trained and equipped to provide prompt, intelligent service that will lengthen the life of your car and give you many more miles of pleasant motoring.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan



The new Ford Sport Coupe. Low, fleet, smart. An especially good car for a woman to drive because it is so reliable and easy to handle. Rumble seat is standard equipment. Your choice of a variety of beautiful two-tone color harmonies.

PLAY BILLIARDS FOR HEALTHFUL RECREATION

Victory or Defeat

The next shot tells the story! Advice is flying thick and fast. What to do? The shot looks easy—but with all the thrills and excitement of the game, nothing is ever certain—one of the reasons billiards is a great game.

YOU'LL like billiards, from the start. It's different, more thrilling, more entertaining than any game you've ever played. For no two games are ever alike. Each game you play confronts you with new situations—interesting possibilities.

And best of all, you don't have to be an expert to enjoy it. Your very first game demonstrates the fascination the game holds for you—the interest, the excitement and the absorbing lure of the game that never grows old. Everyone can play—regardless of age, sex or experience in sports.

Doctors and noted health authorities will tell you that there is no more beneficial or pleasurable form of exercise. It forces you to walk, twist, stretch and turn—provides mental relaxation. Takes your mind off worry and trouble, while developing a keen coordination of brain, eye and muscular control.

And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $8.95 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

A Low-Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters

The Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark on the rail. Sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, it is available in three sizes at $8.95, $18.50 and $49.75 at leading stores everywhere.

Prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada

Mail the coupon below for complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick tables. There is no obligation implied.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. **123** 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your Catalog, giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Average net paid circulation
Sunday, 1,443,648
Daily, 1,227,109

DAILY TABLOID
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

FINAL EDITION

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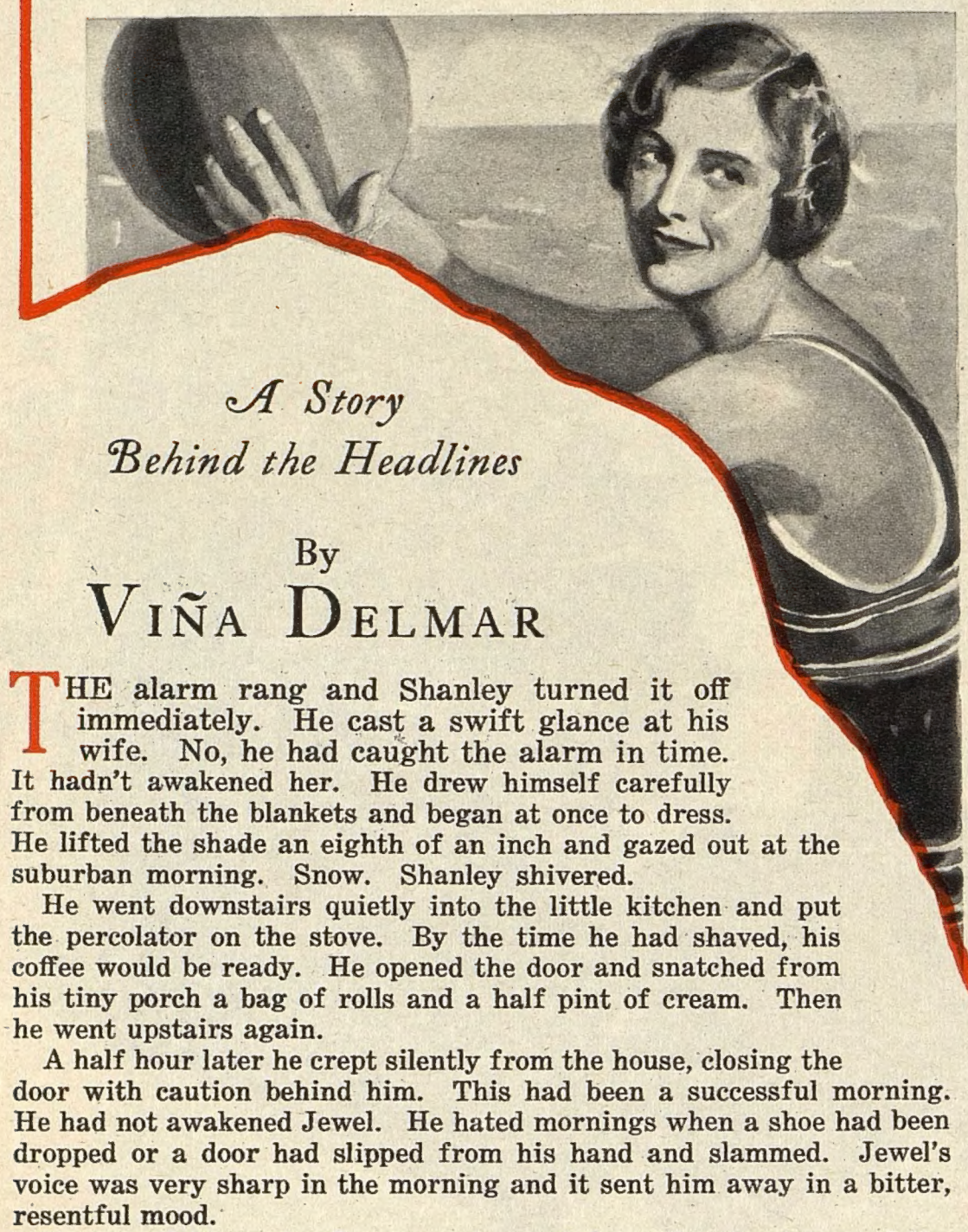
Vol. 10. No. 81 64 Pages New York, Saturday, December 8, 1928 2 Cents IN CITY LIMITS 3 CENTS Elsewhere

BEAUTY PRIZE WINNER WRECKS HAPPY HOME



A Story Behind the Headlines

By
VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by
G. PATRICK NELSON

THE alarm rang and Shanley turned it off immediately. He cast a swift glance at his wife. No, he had caught the alarm in time. It hadn't awakened her. He drew himself carefully from beneath the blankets and began at once to dress. He lifted the shade an eighth of an inch and gazed out at the suburban morning. Snow. Shanley shivered.

He went downstairs quietly into the little kitchen and put the percolator on the stove. By the time he had shaved, his coffee would be ready. He opened the door and snatched from his tiny porch a bag of rolls and a half pint of cream. Then he went upstairs again.

A half hour later he crept silently from the house, closing the door with caution behind him. This had been a successful morning. He had not awakened Jewel. He hated mornings when a shoe had been dropped or a door had slipped from his hand and slammed. Jewel's voice was very sharp in the morning and it sent him away in a bitter, resentful mood.

He turned his coat collar up as he sped down the street toward the station. There were other men scurrying for the 8:18 train, and some girls, too. Everybody said good morning to everybody else as they flew by.

Shanley wondered if the others hated commuting as he did. He'd never wanted to move to Perfectionville and become a commuter. It had been Jewel's idea.

He remembered so well when Jewel had found the ad in the paper. A nice big ad in the real estate section of the Sunday paper.

"Oh, look!" she had cried delightedly. "There's a new development called Perfectionville, and the sewers are in and they're going to have pavements."

"And mortgages, no doubt," he had suggested.

"Of course. You only have to pay six hundred and fifty dollars down and you have your own home."

"I know. And it's just like everybody else's home. A whole lot of rabbit warrens close together and the walls are cardboard and it's forty minutes from Penn Station and a twenty minute walk to the station and the rooms are small and they're going to have pavements after everybody's given up hope."

All that Shanley had said was quite correct, and they had moved there because Jewel had never had anything in her life but an apartment and she wanted a home of her own and he begrudged her everything she wanted in life and her heart was acting very peculiarly.

So now, Shanley thought as he hopped aboard the 8:18, they had a home in Perfectionville. Sometimes it was very difficult to be amused with this business of living.

Oh, well, life wasn't all pie and roses for Jewel, either. On his salary of sixty dollars a week there wasn't much in the way of pretty things that a woman could have. And Jewel was normal. She liked gleaming sheer stockings and hats that tilted at a rakish, Frenchy angle. Shanley felt very sorry for her at times, till he remembered what he always tried to forget—the little item that it had been Jewel who had married him and not he who had married Jewel.

But it wasn't all her fault. He had no right to take her for his wife feeling as he did. He had been weak. He had been unable to stand against Aunt Cam's technique. Too late to think about things like that now. Here was Penn Station. Good old Penn Station. It always arrived just in time to keep a man from thinking too hard about Perfectionville.

Shanley moved along with the crowd and gained the street. Three blocks and he was in the building in which he worked. He stepped into the crowded elevator and was whisked to the twentieth floor. There were the offices of the La Coquette Beauty Cream Company.

Shanley walked past the girls in the outer office into the room which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page nine]

he shared with two other men. He hung his hat and coat on a hook and turned toward his desk.

"Good morning, Shan." That was Rogers speaking, the boss' brother-in-law.

"Hello, Bill."

"Well, the beauty contest is over. All the dames in creation were judged and misjudged last evening in the appointed place. The bands played, and we all decided that you couldn't be beautiful without using La Coquette Cream morning, noon, and night, and the best advertising stunt we've pulled yet is over. Some red headed jane won a thousand dollars and a couple of columns of publicity."

"Yes?" Shanley picked up a stack of letters which had been placed on his desk and ran through them disinterestedly. "Who was the jane?" he asked. "The one who wrote in and said her measurements were too perfect for mere words?"

"No. It was a girl named Kay Sutherland. She'll be in this morning to see the boss."

"What? Did you say Kay Sutherland?"

"Yes. Know her?"

"I—I think so."

Shanley sat down and pushed his letters aside. His eyes wandered to the window and settled on the wintry skyline. He saw pictures there. Pretty pictures.

HE was a little boy again and Kay Sutherland was the little girl next door. She was slim and her skin was like apple blossoms, soft, and all pink and white. She wore her hair in braids. It was bright golden red hair. Burnished. He was a little older than Kay, so he helped her with her lessons and gave her books to read. She had given him a book for his birthday once. It was called Tom and Dick in the African Jungles. On the front page she had written, "To Shanley with all my love—Kay." There wasn't any embarrassment between them about things like that. They had taken it as a matter of course that some day they would marry and live in that big white house back of Hooper's farm.

Schoolmates had teased them, but finding that it made neither Kay nor Shanley bashful, they had stopped. Once in class the teacher had told the story of Pericles and Aspasia. She had been a wistful, little, gray eyed teacher whose romance had been blighted.

"I suppose," she had sighed, "that Aspasia was made for Pericles. From the beginning of time they were intended for each other."

For days after, Kay and Shanley were called Aspasia and Pericles by their schoolmates. When the chaffing ceased they continued to call each other in secret by the names of those long dead lovers.

"Always, always," they vowed, and believed it.

Then Shanley's father died. His mother had been dead for years, and the closest relative was Aunt Camille in New York.

She had come, a tall, unsmiling woman in crape. Kay's mother had asked permission to keep Shanley, but Aunt Cam had refused. Kay, a hysterical little figure with flying red braids, had kissed Shanley fervently and promised to write. She had written. It had been he who had ended the correspondence. At sixteen he had known that he would never be able to buy the big white house in back of Hooper's. At eighteen he saw that there would be an office instead of college for him. And at twenty he knew that some day he would have to marry Jewel Kemp. Jewel was Aunt Cam's adopted daughter and she had chosen to pin her affections and hopes upon Shanley.

"Shanley Clark, after all I've done for you, how can you treat Jewel like this? She's crying in there on her bed. Don't forget I saved you from being homeless. The least you can do is take that child out once in a while."

That child! Jewel, with her small, hot eyes and moist, eager lips. Her frail, quivering body that was always too close. So he had stopped writing to Kay.

He brought his eyes away from the skyline and closed them. He wasn't Pericles. He was a commuter from Perfectionville. It had been beautiful, though. Perhaps they had been intended for each other. He and his red haired Aspasia.

He opened his eyes and she was standing there.

"Hello, Shan," she said.

"Hello, Kay."

There was a moment's silence while he looked at her. She was holding her hat in her hand and he saw her burnished braids coiled one over each ear, her red, red lips, and smiling gray eyes.

"How have you been?" she asked.

"Fine. I'm married and live in the suburbs. How are you?"

Crude to tell her so swiftly that he was married. As though, without this bit of information, she would snatch him up and run away with him. Still, something had prompted him to sound that warning note—"I'm married."

"I've been all right," she told him. "I'm up here today to collect my thousand dollars. Somebody pointed to a door and I thought it was this one they meant. I walked in and there you were, Shan."

"I'll bet you were surprised to see me."

She shook her head slowly. "No," she said. "I've been expecting to see you around every corner and behind every door since I came to New York."

THERE was something terrifyingly sweet in the way she said it. Her grave eyes and lack of coquetry.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two years. My mother is with me. I came to study voice, but it seems there wasn't any."

"But there was beauty."

"Oh, that. I don't care about that," she said, and he knew that she meant it.

Silence again fell between them. Kay's eyes turned toward the skyline. He wondered if she was seeing pictures there. Perhaps she was remembering the forlorn little boy who had stood in a village station choking back his unmanly tears.

Presently she turned from the window and looked back at him. "You've not changed," she said. "You still have your wavy hair."

He ran a surprised hand over his hair and laughed with sudden self consciousness. He had forgotten that his hair was wavy.

SHE would sit at the upright installment piano, singing in her frail, sweet voice.

"I would like to know your wife," she said. "Couldn't you and she have dinner with us some night this week?"

"I'll ask Jewel about it," he said. "She might have some dates or something that I don't know about. I'll call you up."

"All right. That will be fine." She took the pencil and the scrap of paper which he handed her. When she had written she looked at him.

"I've been in New York," she said, "long enough to know this city's smart technique for breaking dates diplomatically. Now, for heaven's sake, be frank with me, Shan. If you know a lot of people that you'd rather visit than mother and me, don't go to the trouble of preparing an elaborate mesh of lies."

He smiled at her. How could she know what Perfectionville was like? But could she believe that he had forgotten the berry picking days and the songs they had sung together and the plans they had made?

"WELL," said Jewel, "I don't see why, just because you want to see the girl, I have to inconvenience myself. What do I care about her? Be sensible, Shan. Just because you went to school with her, must I drag myself to New York and be pleasant and entertaining when I don't feel like it?"

"Do you mean that you want me to go alone?"

"No, I didn't mean that. But if that's the cue you've been looking for, go ahead. Why should I worry if my husband wants to visit red headed women? There's plenty of men for me to step around with if he's going to do that sort of thing."

"Jewel, for heaven's sake! Kay is a respectable girl. Her mother will be there, and I'm surprised at you thinking so vulgarly."

As a matter of fact, he wasn't surprised. Somehow Jewel could always transpose a theme into her favorite key.

"Would you go alone?" she challenged him.

"Of course. Why not? Kay and I were close friends and I was fond of her mother."

"Will you buy me a new dress to go?"

"You're welcome to a new dress any time you want it, Jewel, but please don't put your request in the form of a bribe."

So Jewel and Shanley had dinner at the Sutherlands'. Mrs. Sutherland was a plump, pleasant woman, offering in cheerfulness what she lacked in tact.

SHE kissed Shanley warmly and bombarded him with questions about himself.

"I loved this boy like a son," she told Jewel. "I wanted to keep him, but that woman wouldn't let me."

"That woman? Oh, Aunt Camille. She was my mother, you know, by legal adoption."

Kay threw herself into the breach. "It's so nice to know you, Mrs. Clark," she said. "I really haven't met a congenial person near my own age since I've been in town."

Jewel smiled, but said nothing. She was appraising the little apartment. Nice drapes. Pretty snappy furniture. Jewel surveyed Kay and had to admit that she was a beauty. She wished that she had taken a few more pains with her own looks.

Mrs. Sutherland announced that dinner was served, and Shanley moved their chairs up to the gateleg table.

"You know," said Mrs. Sutherland, "Kay remembered every single thing that you liked to eat, Shan. She said, 'Now, mother, Shanley hates veal and boiled potatoes and puddings.' Oh, Mrs. Clark, you have no idea the good times these kids used to have together."

"I suppose," Jewel murmured.

"Why, they were together every minute. I remember, when Kay had typhoid fever, Shanley hung around outside of the house every hour that he wasn't in bed or in school."

"How touching," said Jewel.

There was an apple pie for dessert. "I made it for you, Shan, at Kay's request. She said you loved them. Are you an apple pie maker, Mrs. Clark?"

"I'm afraid not."

Dinner was over and Shanley began to help clear the table. Jewel sat smoking a cigarette.

"Now, Shanley, you sit down," Mrs. Sutherland protested. "I'll have these things done in a jiffy. Mrs. Clark, maybe you'd like to sit in the kitchen with me while I'm washing up. These two will bore you stiff talking over old times."

Jewel went to the kitchen and Kay and Shanley were left alone to talk over old times. Somehow, they couldn't.

Shanley knew, as he looked at Kay in that dusky, twilit hour, that she had been meant for him. He had been too weak to go against Aunt Cam and claim what was his. Kay stood up. Her tall figure in smoky gray chiffon moved across the room to the lamp. She stood for a moment with the pale light upon her face and their glances met and locked.

Kay dropped her eyes. "Do you ever remember—" she began, "—do you ever remember meeting a voice instructor by the name of Walsh?"

Shanley knew that she had not started to ask him that and was indifferent to his answer.

If he never told her that he loved her, if he never touched her, wasn't it all right to look at her? God, have you any idea what it is to commute from a stuffy office to a little not too clean house in Perfectionville? If it was wrong to see Kay, then, by all that was merciful, it had been wrong to shape his path so that it should recross hers.

It was Jewel who made the suggestion that it was time to go. Shanley, in parting, invited the Sutherlands to dinner at his home. They accepted.

He was scarcely out of the building with Jewel when she began:

"How come you invited them to dinner at our house without consulting me?"

"You invite the Griffins and the Turners without consulting me."

"Yes, but I have to cook the dinners and do all the serving."

"Well, I pay for them. That evens it, doesn't it?"

"Say, darling, don't start talking about money. What you earn I could stick in a thimble."

"You haven't got a thimble."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page eleven]

"Well, I'll buy a thimble and stick your annual salary in it."

"Better to stick it in a thimble than in bridge parties for the community."

"Bridge is my only pleasure."

"You're one up on me. I don't like bridge."

"But you like red headed women."

"I don't like Mrs. Turner."

"No, because she likes me."

"I don't hold that against her. I married you, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you're sorry."

"That's neither here nor there."

"You wouldn't talk like this if Aunt Cam were alive. You wouldn't dare."

Silence.

MRS. SUTHERLAND did not come to Perfectionville. She went to visit a sick friend in Jersey City. Kay came alone to the little house that was just like so many other little houses on the street.

Shanley was not home yet when Kay arrived. Jewel met her at the door. She was not dressed for company. Her hair was in curlers and her dress was spotted and torn. She gazed with envy upon the slim perfection of her guest.

"I thought you'd come in on the train with Shanley," she said.

"No. I'm sorry if I've inconvenienced you, but I thought that if I came early we'd have a little chat together and know each other better. It's been so lonely for me. Mother's terribly sweet, but it's not like knowing a younger person." Kay turned her beaming smile upon Jewel. "I do so want to know you well," she said.

"Precious little chat a person can get with a house to keep clean and dinner to get," said Jewel. "You're lucky to have your mother to do the work of your apartment."

"Oh, I help her," said Kay. "Heavens, I don't expect my mother to do it all."

Jewel led the way upstairs to the bedroom, where Kay laid aside her hat and wrap. It was a small bedroom and seemed to be still breathing hard from the exertion of hurriedly hiding all evidences of untidiness beneath its bed and in its closet.

"Not much of a house, is it?" Jewel said.

"It's plenty large enough for two," Kay answered. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, it's as good as we can expect on Shan's money. Say, why don't you go in a chorus?"

"Mother wouldn't like it. I wouldn't mind, though. She's old fashioned about things like that."

"How do you live?"

Kay turned wide gray eyes away from the mirror where she was smoothing down her braids. "What did you say?"

"How do you get along without working?"

"Why, father left us a little money. You see, country people are like that. They sometimes leave money behind them."

"Shan's father didn't."

"Well, that's a story you probably know and I've forgotten. Shall we go downstairs?"

And somehow Kay came again and again to the little house. She would stand moodily by the window as Jewel talked, or sit at the upright installment piano, singing in her frail, sweet voice.

"Sing some more," Shanley would beg.

"Sweet summer breeze,
Whispering trees—"

The trees rustling silkily. The moon gleaming silverly upon the roof of the house next door. Shanley Clark's house. God bless mama and daddy and grandma and the new baby at Smiths' house and—and Shanley Clark. Oh, same God who heard that little prayer, I waited so long for his letters and looked so hard for him in New York. If I'm never mean to Jewel and never let him know that I love him, is it wrong to see him?

"Close in your arms,
Safe from alarms—"

"Did you ever stop and think what a suggestive song that is?"

"No, Jewel, I never did."

"Well, I think it is!"

"Kiss me, kiss me again."

And Shanley took Kay to the station to catch the 10:22 train. Sometimes Jewel would walk with them and sometimes they would go alone. They would talk glibly of books, music, Shan's office, as they passed the houses that lined his street. But when they came to the park, where the trees bent invitingly above the iron rails and a breath of honeysuckle was in the air, conversation would perish for a time. Always they looked straight ahead of them and Shanley never took her arm.

Presently one of them would speak. Kay would say, "Oh, Shanley, I saw the funniest thing today. A couple of people in the subway—" and so on.

Gertrude Atherton wrote a book called The Immortal Marriage.

"Read it, Kay," Jewel advised. "It's grand. I was a little disappointed, though. I heard that it was real hot in spots and it wasn't at all. But I liked it, even so. It's all about Pericles and Aspasia. You know who they were, don't you? They were those Roman lovers."

"They were Grecians," said Shanley.

"Well, you don't have to show up how dumb I am," said Jewel. "Kay wouldn't have known."

"Yes," said Kay. "I knew. I remember hearing the story of Pericles and Aspasia."

Her voice lingered over their names. Shanley turned and lit a cigarette. Kay looked at him. His straight, clearcut profile, his wavy hair. He was very good looking. Pericles.

Jewel had a birthday. Shanley bought her a bottle of perfume which she had wanted for some time. Kay came in bearing a large box. A negligee.

"Dear me," said Jewel. "You two are so good to me, it makes me suspicious. It makes me think you've been up to something."

Shanley turned a livid white and walked away. Kay searched Jewel's face with distressed, unbelieving eyes.

"I suppose I'm nasty," said Jewel. She laughed to leaven with good humor her unpleasant words. But it was too late. The evening was ruined.

"Say," said Rogers to Shanley next morning in the office, "I hear from Con Sweetser that you see a lot of our beauty prize winner. He puts through all your telephone calls to her and spills the beans to me. Nothing mushy, Con reports, just invitations to your house. What's the idea, Shan? Tell Father Rogers. You haven't fallen for her, have you?"

"Fallen for her? Say, Rogers, you mightn't understand—you wouldn't, so what's the use? She's my girl, do you understand? I don't mean that slangy. I mean she's meant for me and I understand her and I—I love her. There's facts for you, since you're asking."

"Gee, Shan, that's tough."

"Tough?"

Shanley smiled and then buried his face in his hands. The boss' brother-in-law looked at him for a moment and shook his head. Gee, love wasn't always just a good reason for a story, was it?

"You know, Shanley," Jewel said one night, "I think we're seeing too much of Kay. I'm getting sick of her. We won't have her over for a while."

"That's pleasant. After rushing the girl to death, all of a sudden you want to stop."

"Who rushed her?"

"You did. After that first time I never asked her that it wasn't your suggestion."

"Well, she sings nicely and amused me, but I'm tired now of listening to her."

"You're a fine friend."

"She's no friend of mine. She's your friend."

"If she calls me up I'm going to ask her over," said Shanley. "You can't blow hot and then cold with regular people."

"She only came to see you, anyhow. Every time I turn my back she's making cow eyes at you."

"She isn't the type to make cow eyes, Jewel."

"You wish she were, I suppose."

"Oh, shut up. If Aunt Cam were alive I wouldn't dare to speak to you like that. There, *now* what are you going to say?"

SHANLEY did not telephone Kay and Kay did not telephone him. Instead, after a month had passed, Kay wrote a letter to Jewel asking if she had in any way offended Jewel or Shanley. The phrasing of it mollified Jewel to a great extent. She saw that Kay was honest in her complaint that life was very lonely for her and that she missed both Jewel and Shanley.

"Oh, call her up and have her over," said Jewel. "I suppose she did like me."

So Kay came again, to dry dishes in the little kitchen in Perfectionville and to watch Shanley in his married life. She had been lonely. She was not an artful person. She could not have written that letter to Jewel so appealingly had she been fired only by her hunger for a sight of Shanley.

"Now, remember," said Jewel, "I told you to invite her again only because I was sick of watching you moon around, but there's not to be any more of this behind my back flirting stuff with her."

"Oh, Jewel, for God's sake, Kay and I aren't that sort. We're decent, both of us. If we weren't—"

"If you weren't?"

"If we weren't," he finished weakly, "then I wouldn't mind you talking that way."

And so a year passed without one word or glance between Shanley

A New Serial

A SCREEN hero, having to play an old-time bad man, goes sauntering in search of California's hell-roarin' and gold-fevered Past—*and walks into it!*

What he finds develops a fascinating love story of Then and Now.

There are thrills and romance in

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The Last of Keno Cannon

By

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

who wrote The Brass Bowl and The Lone Wolf

It begins in next week's Liberty

and Kay that would have told the secret which they both held.

Right after Christmas Jewel caught a cold. She went directly to bed and had a doctor. It was surprising that with the unusual care she gave herself the cold grew worse. Grippe followed. She had fever and chills.

When she was at last in the convalescent stage she refused to admit it. Somehow, in spite of all the complaining she did, Jewel had enjoyed lying in bed with books and having Mrs. Turner wait on her till Shanley's return from the office.

It was on an evening two days after the doctor's last visit that Kay came. She had not known of Jewel's illness until that morning. She had had her dinner in town and had taken a train afterward for Perfectionville. She brought flowers for Jewel and a new novel.

Shanley opened the door for her.

"Jewel is a lot better," he whispered. "She has had her dinner and is taking a nap. I have to wake her in twenty minutes for her medicine, but I won't disturb her just yet. Sit down."

Kay took off her hat and coat and seated herself on the piano bench. She spoke in a whisper to Shanley.

"I've been posing all day for photographers," she said. "Your firm is having some pictures of me for that new vanishing cream of theirs."

"Yes, I expected they would."

"Do you like your work there, Shan?"

"It's all right. They're a nice bunch. I am not fitted for anything but an office."

"You were going to be an artist," she said.

He looked around the small room with its cheap, bright carpet and imitation antiques. He sighed.

"It was a nice idea," he said. "Is your mother still anxious to go back home?"

"No; she's quite delighted with New York, for the first time. She's met some people from Richardston. You know, that's only thirty miles from our town."

"Oh, sure. I remember Richardston. Didn't the Lorings have relatives there?"

"Yes, that's right. It's a nice little town. Mother's quite satisfied, now that she's met these people. Maybe you know them. Their name is Thompson."

He shook his head. "No," he whispered. "I don't."

"There's a father and mother and two daughters. They've taken an apartment on Morningside Drive. The girls are in Barnard. It was always Mrs. Thompson's ambition to live in New York, so when the girls decided to go to Barnard—"

KAY broke off suddenly and looked toward the staircase. There was Jewel, a figure in a faded pink nightgown, with flying hair and the light of murder in her hot, murky eyes.

She advanced rapidly toward Kay. "I knew it!" she cried. "Me lying sick in bed and you whispering down here with Shanley, hoping I wouldn't know you were here."

"Why, Jewel, I only—"

"I know. You only wanted to steal him. You with your treacherous, sweet face pretending you were my friend. Don't I know what you two have been doing for a year behind my back?"

"Jewel," said Shanley, "you're feverish."

"Who wouldn't be with a snake like this in the house? I've expected it. I have a little gift ready for you and your beautiful face."

It was just a little vial that flashed suddenly from the palm of Jewel's hand to her fingers. Vitriol. Shanley, unable, in that terrible moment, to move, stood rooted to the spot. Kay, tall and unruffled, remained with her lovely face turned to Jewel. She was not frightened.

For one fleeting millionth of a second Jewel saw that it was not beauty of face or form which Shan pursued, but some other quality which Kay possessed and she herself lacked. He would follow Kay though she were hideous to look at, and with what answer would Jewel then face the world?

The destroying vial fell from her hand, and Shanley looked at her. For the first time since their marriage he dared to see her as she was because it was over now. They were divorced. All the courts in the world could not do for him what Jewel had done tonight. She had made him feel that he was actually justified in leaving her. She stood before him, tears of anger trembling on her short, thick lashes.

He turned to Kay.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"I knew it!" Jewel shrieked. "This has been framed for ages."

"For long ages, Jewel," Shanley said.

He opened the door

Once in class the teacher had told the story of Pericles and Aspasia. For days after, Kay and Shanley were called by the names of those long dead lovers.

and together Shan Clark and the girl next door—

BEAUTY PRIZE WINNER WRECKS HAPPY HOME

Another "Daily Tabloid" story will appear in an early issue.

The Life of Barbara La Marr

The Tragedy of

By ADEL

Barbara La Marr (then Reatha Watson) with her mother in Los Angeles at the age of fourteen, before notoriety or fame had come to her.

LAST week's opening installment of this biography told of the childhood of Reatha Watson (who afterward took the name of Barbara La Marr) and her first futile efforts to get into the movies in Hollywood in 1910, when she was fourteen. The narrative now proceeds to a more exciting chapter of her career.

PART TWO

ON the 3d of January, 1913, the city of Los Angeles was thrilled and horrified by the news, spread over the front pages of the morning papers, that a sixteen year old girl named Reatha Watson had disappeared from her home under suspicious circumstances. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Watson, feared that their daughter had been kidnaped, either by some love crazed suitor or by an underworld gang bent on exploiting her extraordinary beauty.

Those were the days when white slavery was much in the public mind, and the public immediately associated the two.

When the father appealed to the authorities for help, the alarm was sounded from the Mexican border to the Golden Gate, and the hunt was on.

Headlines heralded the abduction of Reatha Watson, and they did not cease their condensed history until, thirteen years later, they informed a sorrowing world that Barbara La Marr had been laid to rest.

It was a weird tale, that kidnaping, and it is difficult even now to determine the truth of it all. At the time neither the courts nor the police nor the newspaper men were able to fathom the mystery.

Reports poured in thick and fast. A car with two rough looking men in front and a curtained back seat had been turned back at Mexicali by the Mexican border officials. Another car, containing two men, a woman, and a girl of startling beauty, had sped through the little town of Santa Paula, sixty miles north of Los Angeles on the San Francisco highway. A young girl, supposedly too ill to talk, had been carried on a stretcher aboard a liner bound for the Orient.

Where was Reatha Watson?

In the Watson home everyone was in the grip of agonizing suspense. For months the father and mother of this girl had known fear and worry and disappointment. Reatha had, beyond question, been caught by the gay life of a big city.

Men swarmed about her with attentions and she had gradually slipped away from that close, sheltered association that had been her mother's joy and her own protection. The Watsons—quiet, respectable, unworldly people—were totally unable to cope with the forces that Reatha's beauty had let loose about her.

Four days after she was first reported missing, Reatha came back. She came alone, dishevele, worn with fatigue, her clothing torn and dirty. At dawn she walked into the house, and sobbed like a kid who has been lost. Certainly the story she told a few hours later did not hold water. She had been kidnaped, she said, by her own half sister—Violet, the daughter of her mother's first marriage—and two men. They insisted upon her going to San Francisco with them, the girl stated.

What their designs upon her were she did not know. Finally she became frightened and succeeded in slipping away at a station south of San Francisco, boarding a train, and reaching home.

How the Los Angeles Evening Herald "played" the story of Miss La Marr's banishment from the city when she was seventeen.

The law took action. The sister and her friends were brought into court and asked for an explanation. But the matter was soon dismissed. No attempt had been made to conceal the girl.

The three defendants declared that she had gone voluntarily. Only her own story stood against them and no motive for such a plot as she described could be assigned to them.

PERHAPS Reatha was actually shielding her sister. Perhaps things took place which revealed to her that the "fun" wasn't so innocent as she had expected. But more probably what happened was this: She wanted to go to San Francisco with the party. Later she undoubtedly became frightened, either because of the serious results of her disappearance, or because of something that happened, and went home.

Always, Barbara got herself into things heedlessly, trustingly, and then found she wanted to get out of them.

I asked her long afterward, one night when we were sitting alone together before the fire in her gorgeous home on Whitley Heights, about that early kidnaping. Her eyes widened and she looked at me with a half smile.

"I know what you think," she said. "You think I was a bad little girl and was romancing to cover up for myself. But you're wrong, darling. I couldn't tell the truth then. First, because of someone else. And, secondly, no one would have believed me. It was too melodramatic. People don't believe in melodrama any more. But they're wrong. I know."

At the time her father was very angry. For the first time he spoke severely to his idol.

"You must be more careful, Barbara," he said. "You must think before you act. You can't make life a big and beautiful thing by sailing through it like a butterfly. Don't always let your feelings govern you, my child."

Probably she didn't believe him then. But two days before she died she harked back distantly to those words. Her father had carried her out into the garden. The flowers were very gay in the sunshine, and clouds of blue and white and yellow butterflies fluttered about them.

"Aren't they beautiful, Barbara?" he said.

Barbara La Marr looked at them for a long moment.

"Yes, daddy," she said, "they're beautiful. But they're not happy. *I* know they're not happy."

That was later. At the time she wept and promised to stay at home and do exactly as her father and mother wanted her to do. But it was a promise that was not kept. The tides were too strong for her. It was the first of many broken promises.

Here, for a moment, she stood upon the crest of life. Every gift was hers. And yet for a long time her path was to be downward, until

Story of La Marr

n American Beauty

OGERS ST. JOHNS

she found herself in the very depths. To understand that descent, it is necessary to try to understand Barbara as she was at that time, to understand her nature and her surroundings.

In 1913 and '14, when events moved so rapidly, she was, you must remember, a child in years, in experience, and in thought. Her father and mother knew little more, actually, than she did. No dynamic experiences, none of the raw melodrama of life, had come into their ken. They were woefully inadequate to meet the violence, the temptation, the tragedy that were sweeping up about the feet of their brilliant, beautiful child.

THIS first draft of living had intoxicated Barbara. Above all things, her nature craved excitement, variety, color. Actually, she was painfully innocent. But she did not look innocent. Nor, for that matter, act it. Her intense response to everything, which gave her that *n*th degree of charm beyond her beauty, made her part of her surroundings.

Even at sixteen she had that flexible adaptability, that responsive warmth, which later was to make connoisseurs call her the most charming woman in America.

During those years she was like a baby playing with pretty colored balls full of dynamite. She knew nothing of the forces of evil beneath the glittering surface that so fascinated her. She was busy making the acquaintance of man as a whole, of pleasure as a companion, and of flattery as a daily food.

How could there be harm in things that were so joyous? How could there be anything wrong in places where laughter and music reigned? Why, she was young, she was beautiful, she wanted gayety. She wanted to dance from darkness until dawn. Her father and mother were old. Their lives were behind them. Hers was all ahead.

The age old cry of hot blooded youth.

There is only one way to exercise charity toward such a woman as Barbara La Marr. And that is to put yourself honestly in her place.

If you do that, you will imagine yourself to be sixteen, so beautiful that the glance of every man falls like a bouquet at your feet, so innocent that all pleasure wears a gay mask, so eager for life that it is a great magnet—drawing, drawing.

During the year 1913 life was like that for little Reatha Watson.

Yet now, when I think back upon it, I seem to hear a bell tolling, "Her feet go down to death. Her feet go down to death."

Perhaps it was some inner tolling of that same bell that gave her face always that terrible wistfulness.

In January of 1914 her butterfly flutterings were brought to an abrupt close when a juvenile court judge told her from the bench that she was too beautiful; too beautiful to live safely in a big city; too beautiful not to be a menace both to herself and to others.

Strange, melodramatic words for a judge to pronounce. Yet I myself heard him speak them, the words that labeled Reatha Watson the "too beautiful girl" again in headlines.

It came about like this:

The Watsons had moved to El Centro, in the Imperial Valley. Mr. Watson, who had been working on a Los Angeles daily, had become editor of a small town paper.

Naturally, when they moved the Watsons wanted Reatha to go with them. But Reatha refused to go. Where before she had followed them quietly, without question, now she rebelled. Leave her friends? Leave her fun? Bury herself in a desert? She begged to be allowed to stay in Los Angeles, and they yielded.

At that time she was working in a department store. Her salary would support her, and so, against their better judgment, they left her there.

BUT soon tales began to come to her parents. Reatha was a well known figure in Los Angeles' night life. The crowds at the Vernon Country Club, at Levy's, at Tommy Jacob's, at McKee's, at the Alexandria, knew her well. She was the favorite beauty of Los Angeles after dark.

Her father made a trip to Los Angeles to beg her to come home. Again she refused. And Mr. Watson, realizing that a face like Barbara's could no more pass quietly through a world of men than a cobblestone could pass quietly through a plate glass window, acted drastically.

His daughter was still under eighteen. He went to the juvenile court and asked the judge to send Reatha Watson home with him to Imperial Valley and make her stay there.

Thus, the first time I ever saw her—this girl whom I came to love very dearly and whose death hurt me as much because of the waste and wreckage of so much beauty as because it robbed me of a friend—she was standing before the bar of the juvenile court of Los Angeles.

I was a cub reporter on the Los Angeles *Evening Herald*, and the case was one of my first assignments. Later Reatha Watson became part of my "beat."

I had heard about Reatha Watson, and I expected her to be pretty, of course, but hard,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The mature Barbara La Marr, famous screen vampire, as she appeared in 1925, about a year before she died.

[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR]
Continued from page fifteen

defiant, already stamped with dissipation. Instead, I saw a tall, slim young creature, with enormous, wistful eyes, a sensitive mouth, hands trembling in gloves that were slightly worn, and the expression of Joan of Arc about to go to the stake.

The judge listened to the facts in the case. A benevolent judge, with a wise and kindly eye. He saw, doubtless, the inevitable chemical reaction of that face, and youth, and life. So he pronounced his famous decision.

"You go home with your father, Reatha," he said. "You're too beautiful to live alone in a big city."

Reatha went back with me to the office afterward, so that we might photograph her. And she stopped everything but the presses. Even the managing editor, a well behaved and worldly dignitary, emerged from his sanctum to watch those photographs being taken. As for the reporters and the copy desk and the other editorial lights—well, how that paper ever got on the street nobody knows.

It took every male being in the office to superintend the photographing of Reatha Watson. And newspaper men are notoriously a hard-boiled crew.

The "too beautiful girl" went home to Imperial Valley. She went willingly enough, because she was frightened. Courts and judges and newspapers had not entered into her gay scheme of things. Home and mother were rather wonderful, after all. The hot days slipped peacefully by. The companionship with her mother was resumed.

Reatha helped with the housework and devoted several hours a day to practicing dancing. She had decided that she wanted to be a dancer and had taken a number of lessons in Los Angeles.

But that calm routine didn't last long. Friends of the family lived near Yuma, Arizona, and they wanted Reatha to visit them. Her father and mother willingly let her go.

There, in the home of her friends, she met a young man by the name of Jack Lytell, a tall, quiet, good looking cowboy, who owned a small ranch somewhere back beyond the Arizona desert. It took him two minutes to fall madly in love with Reatha Watson. It took him two hours to tell her so. Two days later he proposed to her.

Reatha said no. She liked him tremendously. His bronzed strength appealed to her. Her friends spoke highly of him. But she had known him such a little while. And she didn't want to get married. Her career still loomed paramount in her thought.

JACK LYTELL took her refusal quietly enough. Just smiled down at her. Didn't seem at all heartbroken. During the remainder of her stay he was devoted to her. No one suspected that his head had been completely turned and that he was so quiet only because he had determined to have her for his wife at any cost.

The day before Reatha was to leave for home she drove into town alone in the ranch flivver. On a deserted stretch of road she met Jack Lytell, cantering in the direction of her residence. She stopped and told him that he looked particularly spick and span in his new chaps and that the bright scarlet handkerchief about his throat was very becoming.

"Sure," he said. "I'm dressed for my wedding."

Reatha's eyes widened. And only two weeks before he had proposed to her.

"You're going to get married?" she said, a little breathlessly.

He nodded, looking straight into her eyes.

"And who," said the lovely Reatha, looking up at him a little wistfully—he was very young and very good looking, sitting easily astride a restless horse—"who is the lucky girl?"

"You are," said Jack Lytell quietly.

She laughed. "Oh, no. I told you—"

"I know," said Lytell. "You told me you wouldn't. But I reckon you'll have to change your mind. Because I've got to have you. I can't go on without you. If you'll come along peaceful, why, that'll be fine. But if you won't, I'm going to take you anyhow."

The girl blazed up at that, thrilled, frightened, defensive. She started the flivver and stepped on the gas. But she didn't do it quickly enough. As it leaped forward, Lytell's horse leaped too. The cowboy leaned down and picked the girl from her seat and swung her up on the horse in front of him.

Perhaps she fought a little at first. But in the swift, reckless gallop across the desert she forgot to fight and lay breathless against the blue flannel shirt of her young Lochinvar.

THE little ranch house was plain, but it was new, and all about them stretched the fantastic, romantic Arizona desert. Barbara's romantic imagination was stirred. It is not every girl who is recklessly kidnaped in broad daylight by a handsome cowboy.

Love like that makes an appeal to any woman's heart, and Barbara's heart was always easily stirred by dramatic trappings. Lytell kept her locked in the ranch house, but he treated her like a queen. No word came from her friends. They had always favored Lytell's suit.

Explanation.

SURPLUS BRIDE RETURNS HOME.

Leaves Haven Sought After Bigamous Marriage.

Asks Forgiveness of Father; Judgment Suspended.

Too-Much-Married Husband Pleads Drunkenness

Reatha Watson went home last night and tried to explain to her father, W. W. Watson, why she had become a principal in the second sensational marriage of Lawrence Converse, confessed bigamist. She was tired and crying. At her right was an attorney—her attorney, she calls him. On the other side was an old friend of the family, formerly a neighbor.

"Well, dad," she said, "I'm back home."

"You're back," said the father, "but I don't know yet whether it's your home or not."

The girl, whose beauty has made her, in a sense, a celebrity, went up to her father, threw her arms around his neck, and began to sob.

"I'm a naughty, naughty girl, I know, dad, and I don't want to hurt you, but won't you please hug me just as if I were a little kid again?"

It was at the Watson home, No. 220 San Jose street, Burbank, that the girl appeared and ended the speculation of the authorities as to her whereabouts.

Her father refused to tell where she had been last night, reporting only [illegible] he had been with friends. Converse

P. & A. photo

A clipping from the Los Angeles Times account of Barbara La Marr's marriage to Lawrence Converse. At right, W. W. Watson, Miss La Marr's father.

So, a few days later, Barbara married him and set up housekeeping on a ranch in Arizona. Gone glimmering her career as an actress, as a dancer. Gone the night lights and the wild parties. The too beautiful girl was a ranch wife.

One of the odd things about Barbara was her ability to be contented under any circumstances, if she was let alone. Her nature was sweet and generous, her ways were gracious. She was as adaptable as a chameleon. Now she wore riding pants and ginghams. She learned to ride. Her white skin grew gradually a golden brown and she laughed often.

"I was very happy there," she said to me once, years later. "The desert does something to you. There were a lot of things I didn't have. But there were many that I did, which I've never had since—security and quietness and work outdoors. You know I need a great deal of love. Jack didn't give me a lot of mental companionship, but he did give me love. Maybe I wouldn't have been content to go on there always. But I was content then."

They were the same Barbara—the gay, wild Barbara of the night life, the sun tanned, contented Barbara of the Arizona ranch. She hadn't the strength then, or perhaps ever, to make her own trail through life. But she would rather have been at peace, rather have been good. She had no active desire for all the turmoil and fame and money. They were, at best, substitutes forced upon her.

It is too bad that she couldn't have stayed quietly on that ranch for at least a few years. An inner strength and sense of values must have been the result. It would have been a bridge across the gap of flaming youth.

But death interrupted the desert idyl. Young Lytell got caught in an Arizona thunderstorm, stayed out all night in his soaking clothes tending his young calves, and came home in a raging fever. Two days later he was dead, and a pale, distracted girl knocked at the door of her friends' home in the middle of the night and collapsed when they let her in.

Barbara La Marr was a widow at eighteen.

She was to be widowed in one way or another several times after that, but this first time hit her hardest. For days she sat quietly looking out at the desert, refusing to eat, taking no interest in anything.

Eventually her father came and took her home.

The Watsons had moved to Burbank, a little town just outside Los Angeles where the big First National studio is now located, and Mr. Watson was working on the Los Angeles *Times*.

BARBARA went back to her dancing lessons. Soon her grief swung the full pendulum. Craving forgetfulness, longing for happiness, she was ready to believe she might find both in her old life of hectic gayety. It was always easy for Barbara to forget. I sometimes think she never remembered anything but her loyalty to her friends.

Among her friends at that time was a woman named Birdie Hughes. Mrs. Hughes was a widow, some years older than Barbara, and she knew the world. Her apartment on Pico Street was a "dropping in place" for a crowd of young people. A Bohemian atmosphere. Barbara, as usual, fitted into it perfectly.

Mrs. Hughes was a carefree, careless sort of woman, but she was well read, she had an interesting library, and Barbara began to read again. She soon became the idol of that circle of writers, artists, and professional folk who dropped into the gay little apartment at all hours.

There she met for the first time a young lawyer named Lawrence Converse.

I knew Lawrence Converse rather well in a casual way. As a reporter, some of his cases had come my way. I had met him, too, at Birdie Hughes'.

He was an interesting and attractive man. Dark, with clear, regular features, an unusually pleasing voice, and a passionate intensity of manner. The boys on the courthouse beat

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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A hearty, delicious meat-and-vegetable luncheon!

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Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. Then sit down to a midday meal of Campbell's Beef Soup. It's so convenient and you get such real pleasure and satisfaction from this "modern" luncheon.

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WITH THE MEAL
OR AS A MEAL SOUP
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Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

(Acoustic Products Company)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

thought he had the makings of a real criminal lawyer. His family was a good one, with some means and position, and he was well educated. His clothes were always the last word and I particularly remember the sudden flashing of his rare smile.

He came up to Birdie Hughes' apartment late one afternoon. The picture is still quite clear to me. A big, rather untidy room, curtains drawn, lamps lit, phonograph going, cigarettes puffing in careless good fellowship.

On the corner of a divan, her face illuminated by one lamp, rather quiet and a little wistful, sat Reatha Watson. She had a trick, even then, of making herself into pictures. When you think of Barbara, it is always visual —a series of pictures unwinds in your memory. Always there is one quality present—that wistful, seeking something that made her so different from the ordinary conception of a vamp.

The door opened and Lawrence Converse came in, dark, intense, full of high spirits. He stopped and stared at Reatha.

"Who is that girl?" he said to Mrs. Hughes.

He was introduced to Miss Watson and the universe stopped. He rushed her madly. There was to be no delay.

"This," he said, "was destined from the beginning. Out of all the world we have been brought together. I knew, the moment I saw you. My ideal came to life before my eyes."

He would conquer the world and bring it to her feet. Why wait? Why question? Under ordinary circumstances he was eloquent enough. Afire as he was under this spell, he talked poetry and drama beyond anything the girl had ever dreamed.

IT is not strange that Barbara was swept off her feet. His passion for her was like a tornado. She had done nothing to evoke it, except to sit perfectly still on the divan under a lamp.

But here again was the cry, "I must have you. I can't live without you." Like a man who has been lost in the desert, crying for water. Love hungry little Barbara responded to that need.

He kept everybody up all night because he couldn't leave Barbara.

Here again was drama for Barbara the dramatic. This handsome, eloquent young man unquestionably mad with love at the mere sight of her. Barbara yielded. Yes, she would marry him. But they must know each other better. They must wait a decent interval.

He shamed her of her fears.

"I am sure. You must be. Every day we wait and are apart is so much time wasted. I can never have you long enough, if I have you for all eternity. Marry me now, today."

Again the stage manager had swept the too beautiful girl into the third act without any first or second acts.

They would travel, he said. She could dance if she wanted to. He would give her every chance to make the most of her talents. He would educate her, pay for everything she needed.

Money had not been too plentiful in the Watson family; but that had nothing to do with her decision. Nor did she fall in love with Lawrence Converse in the way he did with her. She didn't know then what love was. Sometimes I wonder, for all her mad romances, if she ever knew. But she could not resist this man, his love, the romantic situation, the drama of haste, the life he opened up to her.

The next day, having sat up all night, they went home to Reatha's people. Converse talked convincingly and everything he said was true. He did love Barbara to absolute madness. He did have plenty of money. He was a rising young lawyer.

The only thing he forgot to mention was that he already had a wife and three small children.

The Watsons gave their consent.

The little house in Burbank was swept and garnished and filled with California flowers. There, on June 2, 1914, two days after she first met him, Reatha Watson, in white tulle and orange blossoms, became the bride of Lawrence Converse.

There was no concealment about it. The license was applied for publicly at the City Hall in the names of Lawrence Converse and Reatha Watson. Reatha herself called me to give me the story and we sent photographers.

Headlines announced that Reatha Watson, the too beautiful girl, had married the well known lawyer, Lawrence Converse.

Twenty-four hours later Lawrence Converse was in jail for bigamy and his bride had disappeared.

In his cell, separated from the girl whose beauty had driven him to this incredible step, Converse raved. He must see Reatha. Nothing else mattered. He was sorry for his wife and children; sorry if he had done wrong. But the enormity of his act, the inevitability of disaster, didn't seem to reach him at all. His wife pleaded and wept and stormed.

He beat his head against the bars and called for Reatha. Within two days he had been taken to the hospital suffering from an attack of brain fever. The best specialists in town decided there must be a clot of some kind pressing on the brain.

P. & A. photo

Brown Bros. photo

The Zone at the San Francisco Exposition, where Barbara La Marr danced in 1915. Above, Phil Ainsworth, her third husband, with Clella van Pelt, his dancing partner after he and Miss La Marr had been divorced.

THE headlines said that clot was the fatal image of the too beautiful girl. Perhaps it was. They thought an operation, trepanning, might restore his sanity.

And in the meantime the bigamy bride—again the headlines—was still missing.

Mr. Watson came into the *Herald* office the next day, looking for me. The poor man was beside himself with grief and anxiety. He asked me to help him find his daughter. My city editor had just given me the same task as an assignment. So Reatha's father and I started out on our search.

Where, in all the big, swiftly moving city, had Reatha hidden her shame and agony? Because we knew Reatha, we were both afraid that we might not find her alive. We knew how intensely her emotions would react to all this, how deep her remorse would be. And sincere.

What had she done, where had she gone, when the stern hand of the law tore her bridegroom from her arms and threw him into a cell? What was she thinking, realizing that in all innocence she had stolen another woman's husband, wrecked a happy home, and was once more blazoned in the newspapers—this time as the heroine of a bigamous marriage?

Two days and nights we searched.

Birdie Hughes didn't know her whereabouts. None of her friends had seen her. We made the rounds of hospitals and hotels, of cafés, of her regular haunts, followed false clues, tramped the streets, only to encounter one disappointment after another.

At last we found her in a little hotel on Ninth Street.

SHE was sitting in a rocking chair by the window. Her face was white as death and there were great purple shadows under her eyes. Even her lips were white. She just stared at us, waiting. Her eyes were tormented, accusing eyes—but they accused only herself.

You have seen Barbara La Marr play many tragic, dramatic scenes upon the screen. Well, she played this one in earnest, but she played it just as effectively, with just as sure dramatic instinct as she ever gave to any big moment later. It isn't difficult to imagine how heartbreaking she was.

Mr. Watson held out his arms to her, his face working. And the poor little bigamy bride sobbed "Daddy!" and went into them, and lay there as though she would never move again.

He took her home to her mother and she lay quiet, her enormous eyes full of a strange humility.

On the 18th of June the doctors operated to remove the image of the too beautiful girl from the brain of Lawrence Converse.

He died on the operating table.

And yet it is difficult in all this to place any serious blame upon Barbara. There are things in her later career for which I can find no defense. But in the Converse matter she was the victim throughout.

Perhaps really nice girls do not marry men two days after they first meet them. Doubtless it is a silly thing to do. But Barbara would not have been Barbara without that tempestuous emotional quality. Nor is the ordinary nice girl ever subjected to the rush and force of passion which the too beautiful girl knew on this and many other occasions.

As for the thing that actually happened, it seemed—it still seems—too fantastic to believe. That a young man of good standing, with a reputation for brains and legal ability, should, in his own home town, where he was well known and where his wife and children lived, openly marry another woman to the accompaniment of bridal photographs and headlines, is one of those things that only happen in nightmares.

Reatha paid bitterly for her impetuosity.

There was some talk soon after that about her going into pictures. She aroused herself at last. She must do something. But the pictures again refused the future Barbara La Marr.

Sometime in July the headlines recorded that Reatha Watson couldn't get a job in the movies because she had had too much publicity!

I remember very well a talk I had with her just after that. She was very unhappy and discouraged.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reading Time 45 seconds

Watching the clock

"laziness" often the first sign of cachexia (run-down condition)

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[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR]
Continued from page nineteen

"I think I was born under an evil star," she said.

Already she was a marked woman. Not yet twenty, she had been twice married and twice widowed. Both times she had been swept to the altar. Each time she felt that if fate had given her a chance she might have been happy. Now she had lost her footing in the current.

The feeling that she must support herself grew on her.

"I can't go on forever being a burden to dad and mother," she said to me. "And I can't stand this idleness. I'm burning up inside."

Grimly she turned in earnest to her dancing.

In 1915 she was dancing in the Zone—the amusement street—of the San Francisco Exposition.

It was a terrible comedown from her dreams and her ambitions. But she wanted most of all to get away from Los Angeles, where her reputation made things very difficult for her. She wanted to dance, and this at least gave her a chance, no matter how limited. It was experience.

Her life during that period was sordid enough. There was desperation in her heart. Her beauty continued to draw men, but her past and her position as a dancer in such a place did not draw the right kind of men. The battery of their desires was still leveled upon her, but with a different end in view. Recklessly she threw herself into whatever came to hand. There is no bitterness like the bitterness of disillusioned youth.

A FEW days ago I went up to the Los Angeles county jail to see Phil Ainsworth, who was waiting to be taken to San Quentin for forgery. And that man, sitting across from me in the barred reception room in his blue denim uniform, with his worn, handsome face and his haggard eyes full of the terrible fear of going to prison, was the dashing young Prince Charming of Barbara La Marr's third marriage.

"Barbara?" he said, and his eyes grew wet. "Oh, yes, I remember all about Barbara. I guess no one who knew her ever forgot her. What a couple of crazy kids we were! Just twenty, both of us. It only lasted seven weeks, our marriage. My fault, I guess. There was just one trouble with Bobby. She was too—flighty."

His gaze had been upon the prison wall. Suddenly he looked straight at me.

"Funny, isn't it," he said, "how everybody that touched Barbara's life was wrecked somehow or other? Did you ever think of that? She wasn't to blame, I guess, but—it's funny."

His face was whiter than ever, and it was easy to see that he was thinking back into the past and contrasting himself in his blue denim with the boy who met and married Barbara La Marr.

For, twelve years ago, Phil Ainsworth was a popular and talented musical comedy juvenile. He had been with Trixie Friganza, he had played Orpheum time, he was one of the hits of the coast's most successful musical show, Canary Cottage. He had been well educated and had had some reputation in school as an athlete.

The show was playing in Oakland in 1916, and one night after the final curtain dropped, Phil and some of the members of the cast went into the Saddlerock Café for supper. The Saddlerock was an all-night cabaret.

While they were eating, the lights dimmed, a spotlight hit the middle of the dance floor, and into it danced the most beautiful young girl Phil Ainsworth had ever seen.

"You should have seen Barbara then," he told me. "You think she was beautiful when she was a screen star, but you should have seen her then. You could hardly believe she was real. And in a place like that! Why, I realized then that some day she'd startle the whole world."

With her partner, Robert Carville, she did a sort of ballroom dance, of the kind made famous by Mr. and Mrs. Castle. Phil Ainsworth called the proprietor and asked who she was.

The next night he came back and asked to be introduced. That was easy, for Ainsworth was well known and very good looking. Anyway, it wasn't difficult in those days to meet Reatha Watson. That was part of her job.

They had supper together that night. The next night he proposed to her. Two weeks later, on Friday, the 13th of October, 1916, they were married. You see, Reatha was learning discretion.

But she herself had fallen this time, it appeared. Certainly she loved Ainsworth more than she had loved her previous husbands.

P. & A. photo

The screen star's former residence at 6672 Whitley Terrace, Los Angeles.

Ainsworth had seen instantly the possibilities in her beauty and her charm as a dancer. It was ridiculous for her to be buried in an Oakland cabaret. They would work up an act together, get booking in high class vaudeville, eventually go to New York. He was intensely ambitious.

"Together, we could have done anything," he said, with a trace of bitterness.

But seven weeks later they separated. Those seven weeks were crammed with delirious bliss, frantic quarrels, jealousy, hard work, and entanglements with the law. They were only twenty. Both of them were temperamental, unbalanced, extravagant, nervous, and madly in love in a crazy, kid fashion. They knew nothing of each other's character, tastes, background. No understanding of any kind existed between them and neither of them was old enough or wise enough to bring about such an understanding.

Phil had been spoiled and pampered by women from the time he was sixteen. His wife had been pursued by men all her life. They were living an irregular existence in a hectic, unnatural atmosphere where night was turned into day and gin was the remedy for every evil.

What chance had such a union?

THEY began to work up a dancing act and good booking was actually arranged. But before they could take advantage of it, they came to the parting of the ways.

Phil got into trouble about the sale of an automobile. Young Carville, who had been in love with Barbara and was still smoldering with jealous rage because Phil had replaced him in her affections, said the car was his. Reatha said it was hers; that Carville had given it to her. Phil said it was his, because Barbara had given it to him as a wedding present.

Phil spent a night in jail before the thing was adjusted. Later his wife had him arrested for assault. He had become jealous of some man who admired her in a café where they were dancing and had given her a beating.

Quite mad, all of it. Sordid, wild, crazy. Not even youth excuses it. Heartbreaking to see this beautiful creature, who had been the cherished idol of her father and mother, sunk so low.

Separated finally from her young husband, she went into cheap vaudeville alone, breaking it with engagements in cabarets in different towns. She had peroxided her hair for some reason and much of the distinguished quality of her beauty was dimmed.

Life was just an ugly whirlpool.

Of course, the amazing thing is that she came out of all this with anything left to give. But she did. It shows the unusual qualities of the girl.

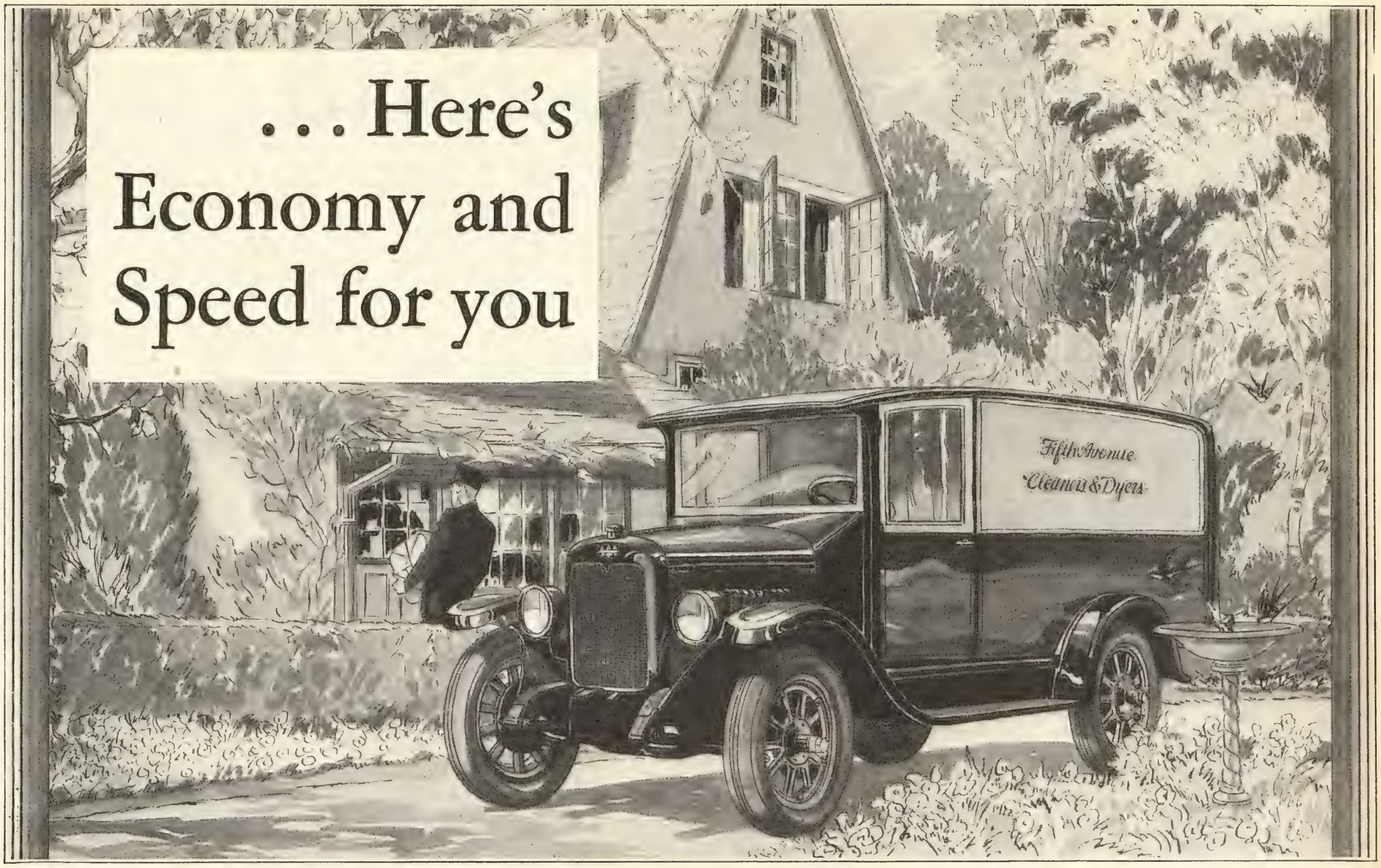
It has always seemed to me that life threw Barbara La Marr over a cliff and that she had to fight her way up again, barehanded and alone—only to find an unconquerable enemy awaiting her at the top.

But the story of that fight up is one which the best of us must salute.

For, as you can see, it was a long way up now for Reatha Watson.

That fight did not begin until some time after her marriage to Ben Deely, that marriage whose status the courts never were quite able to determine. She met Deely some time toward the end of 1917.

How Barbara La Marr assumed the name under which she became famous and found success in motion pictures is told in the next installment of her life story.



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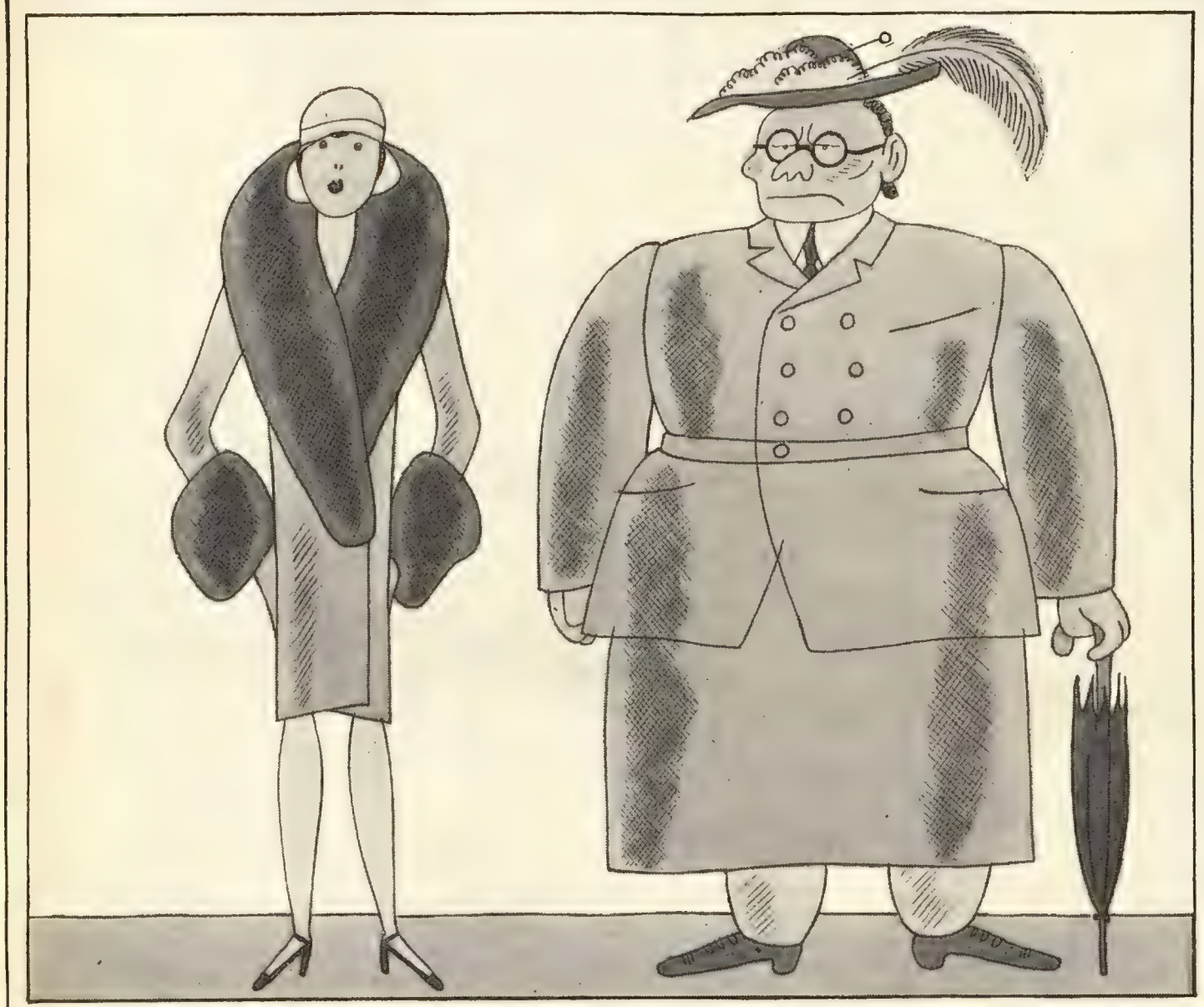
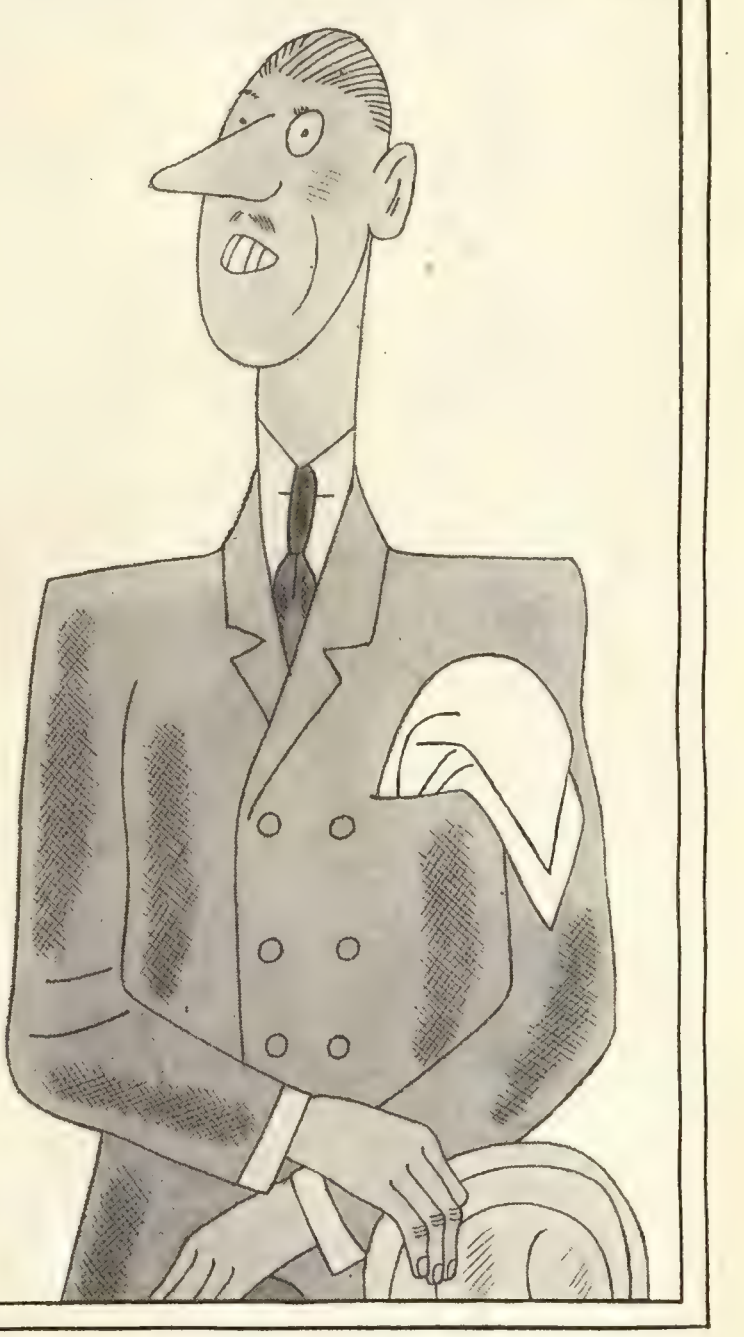
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



PROBLEM PICTURE. One of these ladies is a first class mother and wife, enjoys life, and feels that the world is a pretty good place to live in. The other is president of seven leagues for the betterment of things in what she feels is a hopelessly sin ridden and wrong headed world. Which is which? (See photographs in daily papers for hints as to solution.)



PROFESSIONAL SILLY ASS SOLVES QUESTION of how to get one's name in the paper without paying for it with one's life. Lord Piffle becomes the sixth husband of all the much married and divorced show girls as fast as they can divorce their fifth husbands.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT declares that college boys have reformed and now frown upon drinking strong waters. The statement is perfectly true between 9 and 11 o'clock every morning.

DR. USHWILER L. LOODENCRANZ stands ready to answer, during his radio hour, questions on life, death, and the hereafter which have staggered and silenced the greatest philosophers of all time. Write him your problems.

A safer, surer motor oil

Even at 45 degrees many motor oils begin to thicken and slow up—refuse to flow with the starter. At 35 degrees their *rate of flow* becomes still lower. Then for critical seconds your cold engine grates and grinds with dry, oil-less bearings—with pistons scraping and scuffing. From freezing to zero such oils are worthless—*while warming up, they cause greater wear than can possibly occur during whole hours of high-speed driving.*

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is scientifically refined. Clean and clear, it is *visibly* free of the impurities which cause oils to clog with cold.

With Texaco you can rest assured—*no matter how cold it is*—that this safer, surer motor oil is flowing freely, lubricating thoroughly, giving complete, full-bodied engine protection *every instant.*

Drive in today—wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T—Texaco is sold in every State. Drain and refill. The Texaco Lubrication Chart shows the correct grade to use.

Make this Test

Place a bottle of Texaco Golden Motor Oil in a mixture of crushed ice and salt. In about ten or fifteen minutes the temperature of the oil will be down to about zero. See how freely it pours at that temperature. Try other oils the same way!

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

FLOWS FREELY AT ZERO ~ THE SAFE OIL FOR WINTER DRIVING

TEXACO GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

These great values . . .

A C Electric GEMBOX *operating power speaker*

Here is complete modern radio enjoyment. Volume . . . station separation . . . distant reception . . . natural reproduction . . . fool proof operation . . . simple . . . positive . . . RELIABLE.

Genuine Neutrodyne circuit . . . modern illuminated dial . . . self contained . . . shielded. Powered by a power plant that permits *full* power being used. Mershon condensers stand sustained heavy voltages and are SELF HEALING if punctured. Sharp . . . this amazing GEMBOX is ideal where broadcasting stations are thickly located. Sensitive . . . it is just the set with which to get distant programs.

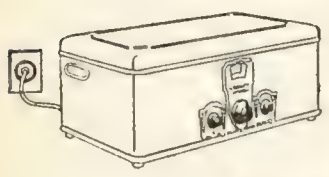
Small, compact . . . it fits anywhere. Brilliant . . . it is a modern note in decorative furnishing.

Crosley . . . experienced, stable, resourceful, has created through straight line production methods a VALUE at $65, too good to believe.

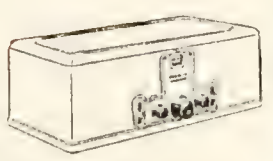
You must hear it—any Crosley dealer will be glad to demonstrate. If you cannot locate him write us for literature.

$65

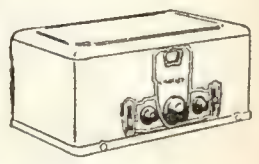
WITHOUT TUBES



Crosley 8 tube AC electric SHOWBOX [without tubes] $80.
Magnetic type MUSICONE—world's greatest loud speaker value $15.



Crosley 6 tube battery type BANDBOX operates new type power speaker [without tubes] $55.
Crosley drycell BANDBOX, Jr., operates loud speaker—portable [without tubes] $35.



CROSLEY RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Department 76
Cincinnati, Ohio
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher.

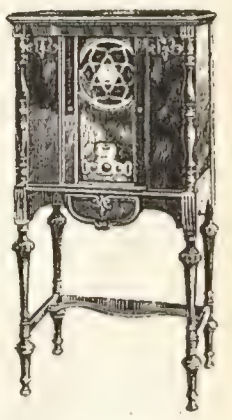
. . radio's great success

Walnut finished console - Power speaker built in - GEMBOX installed

Powel Crosley, Jr., approves this and other Showers' cabinets as fitting complements to Crosley Radio. They are ideal, acoustically and mechanically. Crosley dealers show them with Crosley sets installed ready to attach to your antenna.

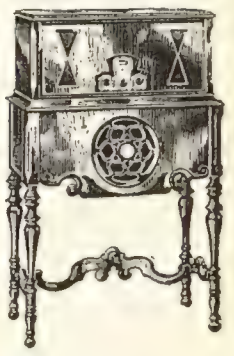
Showers Brothers are the world's largest general furniture manufacturers and are organized as the Crosley factory to produce in quantity that the price of each separate unit may be low.

Fine cabinet work—beautiful hand finishing—genuine wood carvings and exquisitely matched veneer mark this exceptional cabinet at the left. With the Crosley power dynamic type DYNACONE built in and the AC electric GEMBOX installed, it is an unmatchable value at



(Above) Slide door cabinet, modern walnut veneer, DYNACONE built in and Crosley 8 tube AC electric SHOWBOX installed—$159.50 without tubes.

(Below) 47 inch console with DYNACONE built in—and Crosley 8 tube AC electric SHOWBOX installed—$137 without tubes.



$115

WITHOUT TUBES

Write Showers Brothers Company, Bloomington, Indiana, Department 76, for illustrated literature of Showers-Crosley radio cabinets or inspect them at any authorized Crosley radio dealers.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher.

SHOWERS

RADIO FURNITURE

ROYAL PORTABLE

This Modern Gift

for the whole family

A great deal of the pleasure of giving a Royal Portable Typewriter lies in the satisfaction of knowing that you have selected a truly helpful and appropriate gift . . . one that is inexpensive, yet quite the finest to be had.

Christmas Day . . . and the Royal Portable begins its long life of usefulness to every member of the family. Father records many valuable ideas that take life in quiet hours at home. Mother's personal correspondence is quickly and pleasantly written. And the children find this sturdy little writing machine a speedy, fascinating way of doing their home-work better and more accurately.

The Royal Portable is the simplest and easiest to operate of all home typewriters—made with the same precision as the famous *Easy-Writing* Royal for the office. Your choice of beautiful colors or wood finishes. Priced at only $60, complete with carrying case. Many prefer our plan of ten monthly payments.

ROYAL
TRADE MARK
PORTABLE
TYPEWRITERS

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
316 Broadway, New York City
More than 1500 Royal Portable Dealers in United States

I DON'T LEARN TO FLY

OR IT'S TOUGH TO BE FIFTY

By

JOSEPH M. PATTERSON

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

After six months' instruction, I am convinced that I cannot learn to fly.

LONG after I had grown up, most people believed that for a heavier than air machine to fly was as contrary to the law of nature as perpetual motion. The Wrights did fly in 1903. This serves to fix my age. I am fifty.

I read about Santos Dumont circling the Eiffel Tower, of Wilbur Wright flying before (not with) the King of Spain, of Bleriot crossing the English Channel. But reading about isn't seeing. When I *saw* men flying about on wire and cloth contraptions above the Lake Front, Chicago, in the summer of 1910 or 1911, something turned over inside of me. Then and thereafter the world became a different place. I thought a man in a heavy machine, flying in the air, was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. I still think so.

The fascination was upon me. And though in those days before the war even to take a ride in a plane was considered a hazardous adventure (and perhaps in some ways it was), I went to Dayton and arranged with the Wright Company to have one of their aviators give me a ride.

This pilot's name was Howard Gill. He reminded me of a Bret Harte gambler, slight, cold, his eyes so blue as to be almost white, taciturn, and velvety in movement. I felt that he was, for some reason, contemptuous of me. In his presence I had an inferiority complex, though that expression was then not in use.

I believe Gill was killed in a crash not long after I met him. If he was not, I hope he does not object to the description.

We sat on the forward edge of the lower wing, our feet on a couple of bars that had been braced out in front of us. To save me, I can't remember whether the plane was a pusher or a puller, whether the propeller was in front or behind. I don't seem to remember the wind blast that is so evident in open cockpit ships today.

We got up 500 feet, flew a couple of miles, and made a forced landing in a cornfield. Gill got out and fiddled with the engine and asked me if I wanted to walk back to the field. I did—why not? I had flown and that was all I set out to do. However, I was ashamed to admit it. I waited until Gill got the engine started again. I helped him rock it, as one rocks a car stuck in the sand. I jiggled the gas lever when he told me. He spun the propeller. At last we took off again and landed back at the field.

I was grateful to Gill. I sent him some gold cuff links. Kipling sang (I quote from memory):

> Priests in your pulpits,
> Taxpayers in pews,
> Kings on your thrones,
> You know as well as me
> Ye've only one virginitie to lose
> And where ye lose it,
> There your hearts will be.

In the same way people remember the first man who took them flying.

I can't remember flying again before the war, except in a gas bag over White City, Chicago. It was a poor thing. If you crossed your legs roughly, it changed its balance. It had in-

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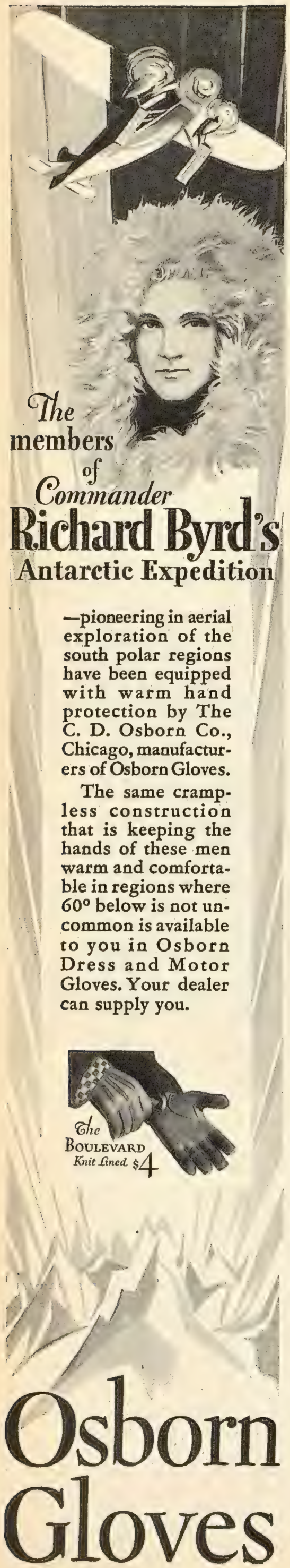


[I DON'T LEARN TO FLY
Continued from page twenty-seven]

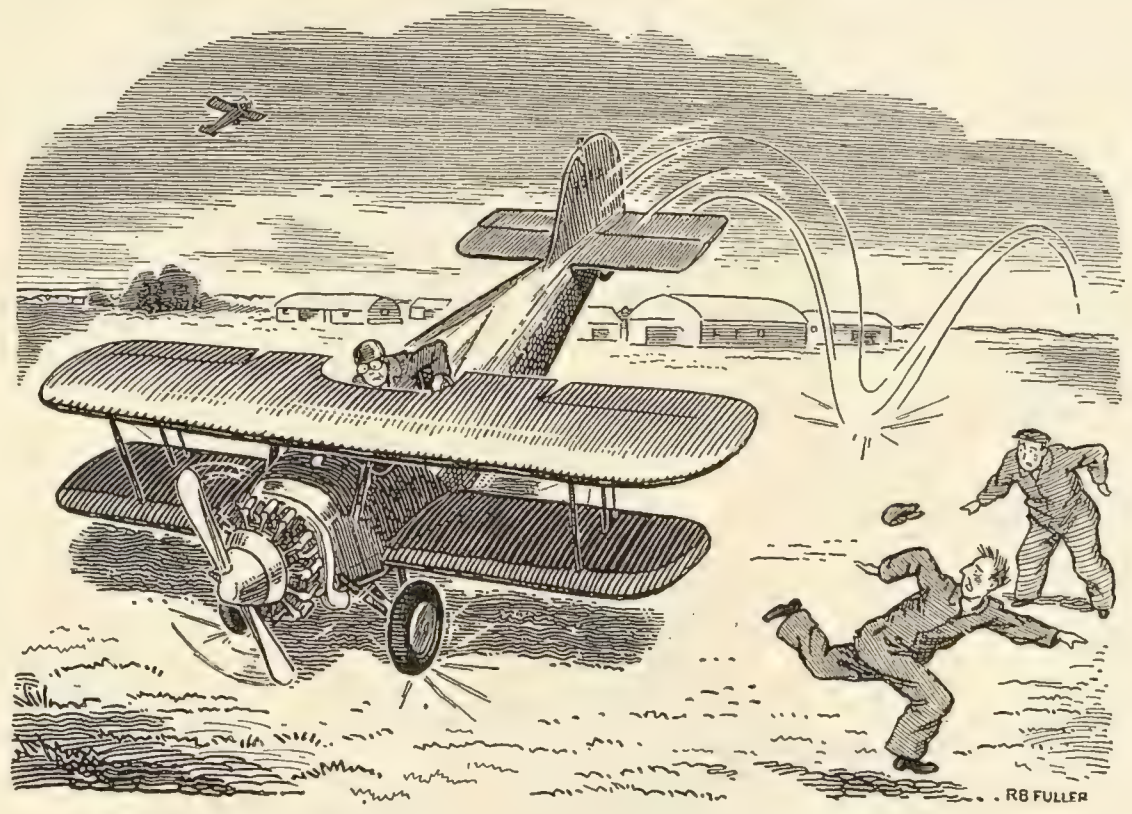
flammable gas and the engine exhaust too near the bag. Not long after this, it burned up and killed some people. It doesn't seem like flying anyway to be suspended from a gas bag. It's more like floating. More like a piece of newspaper in the wind—less like a bird. Personally, I don't like Zeps. They're not as romantic or wonderful. Indeed, they seem hardly wonderful at all. Perhaps that's because I had toy balloons as a boy and got accustomed to them. The lifting principle of the Zep is the toy balloon. The lifting principle of the plane is — well, it's magical. The plane is mostly pulled up by the vacuum above its wings—not pushed up by the condensed air beneath them.

I WAS in France in 1915 as a correspondent and managed to wangle an airplane ride at the Morane factory near Paris, which was running full blast making planes for the government. M. Morane, the chief of factory, was another of these slim, taciturn creatures, catlike in movement, and contemptuous, so I thought, of earth people and their silly questions. He strapped me in and when we got up 1,000 feet, he shut off the engine, turned, and said out of the side of his mouth, "Vous voulez looper?" I gulped and remained silent, so he looped me once and then came down in a steep spiral. I sent M. Morane a pair of gold cuff links also. My tribute to aviators who have done something to me for the first time is modest but sincere.

The war increased my admiration for aviation. There we were down in the mud. There they were up in the sky. Once in a while, one was shot down, but always by another and smarter aviator. I never saw one hit by a cannon or machine gun from the ground, and I've seen the thing tried forty million times, more or less. The groundlings can't fight them and they certainly can make life miserable for the groundlings.

After the war I went down to the Big Bend country of Texas on a hunting trip with John McCutcheon. He had friends at the military post at Marfa, Texas, and the C. O. sent us down to the Rio Grande, about seventy-five miles south, in a couple of airplanes piloted by young lieutenants. They were both young, blond, and Swedish-looking. I don't know whether the aviator type will have the coloring of the best sailor type—Nordic blond. I think most good aviators are slim, and most seem to me to be blond. Both Richthofen and Frank Luke were blonds. So are Lindbergh, Balchen, and Chamberlin.

Our young lieutenants took us low over some of the roughest, jaggedest hills I ever saw, where any sort of a forced landing would have meant a complete crash. There was nothing in sight to glide to with a dead engine except more wicked fragmented rocks. We landed on the Mexican side. Mexican officers raised their eyebrows a bit at this, but were polite and gave us beer and exhibitions of roping.



Each successive bounce seemed higher than the last.

Our young blond pilots took us back safely over the ugly rocks. I didn't give mine a set of cuff links. I should have, but there were no jewelry stores near. If he will write to me I will do so now. The debt is only nine years old; and is not outlawed until it reaches ten.

I made a few more flights, uninteresting now, but very interesting then, in seaplanes, etc. The kick of just getting off the ground never leaves one, I believe.

And this brings me to the point where I determined to find out if it was possible for me to learn to fly myself. After six months' instruction, I am convinced that I cannot learn to fly, and I shall give up trying.

I can learn, I have learned, to take off a plane in good weather, fly it around a bit, and return it safely, though not gracefully, to the landing field nine times out of ten. But that is not enough. A man good enough to fly alone should be able to do this a thousand times out of a thousand, and better ten thousand times out of ten thousand. When the weather gets bad suddenly, or the engine conks at low altitude, he must know what to do *in his fingers*. If the knowledge is in his head only and must work its way down to his fingers, it will be too late in the one case in a thousand or ten thousand. The knowledge must lodge in his finger tips and function instantaneously. There is a saying, "An aviator is allowed but one mistake." This is exaggerated, but mistakes in technique in the air are apt to be more serious than those made in an automobile or on a golf course.

I am in the publishing business and many stories and fact articles passed through my hands which concerned flying and which further engrossed my attention. There were some wonderful war stories—War Birds, The Red Knight of Germany, Frank Luke, the Balloon Buster, General Mitchell's memoirs, and others. Then there were many articles about peace flying. Stories of the air mail, of the flight to Hawaii, of the causes and cures for accidents, and so on.

In my capacity of reader for a magazine I found these air stories interested me more than any of the other material that crossed my desk in the routine of business.

SOME of these articles, I remember particularly one by Elliott White Springs, bore on the ease and facility of flying. He maintains that practically anyone not blind in both eyes and paralyzed in both arms can learn to fly and fly well. I may not quote him exactly, but that, at least, was the impression the article conveyed to me.

About this time, a young reporter whom I know, Richard Carroll, who had never been in a plane, suggested that he start as a complete greenhorn and learn to fly well enough to solo (fly alone) and tell the story of it for LIBERTY. This was assented to and Carroll began his work. It was most interesting to me to hear his day to day experiences. He is a man of twenty-eight, a natural athlete, who had served four years with the Canadian infantry in France and Gallipoli. He was an Irish Newfoundlander, a sailor from boyhood, thin, wiry, and blue-eyed. He looked like the flying type. Also he has a young wife, a big mortgage on his house in Greenwich, and a young baby. By this time there are probably two babies.

However, I wondered why I should not learn to fly if Carroll did.

Well, there were some reasons which I overlooked. One, I was forty-nine years old, plus. Two, I never was a natural athlete. I had none of the accurate and graceful bodily and nervous reactions that you can see on the baseball and tennis fields when good players perform. I think a man who is a good tennis player has the nervous equipment to be a good flier—i. e., judgment of distance, speed, and accuracy of movement.

The man who later instructed me, Frederick H. Becker, said that he could often judge how well a man could fly by the deftness with

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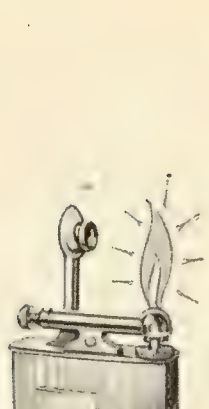
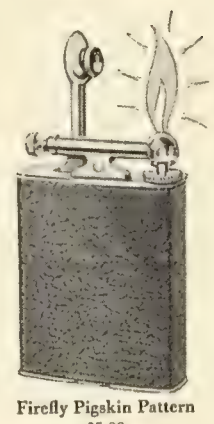
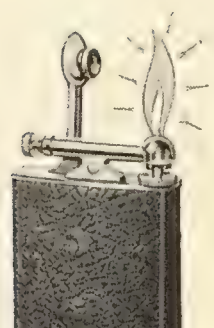

Clark Plain $7.50

Firefly Engine Turned $6.50

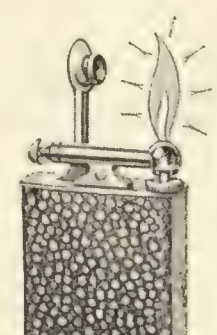

Firefly Pigskin Pattern $5.00

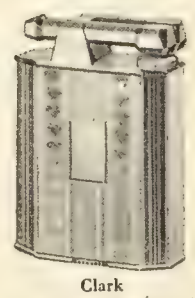
Clark Alligator $10.00

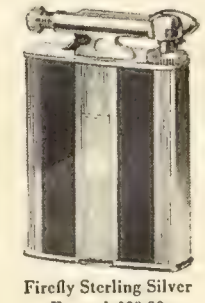

Firefly Ostrich Pattern $5.00

Firefly Signet $6.50

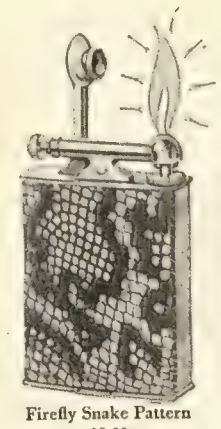
Firefly Gold Stripe Pinseal Pattern $5.00

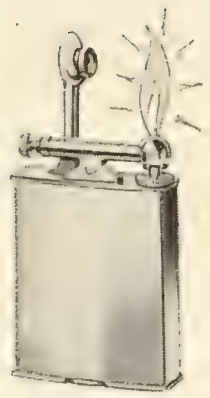

Firefly Pebble $5.00


Clark Eng. Turned Plat. Finish $10.00

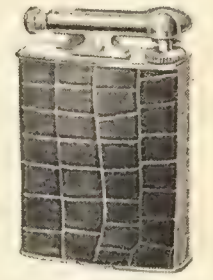

Firefly Sterling Silver Enamel $20.00

Firefly Modernistic Enamel $12.50 With Cigaret Case $20.00

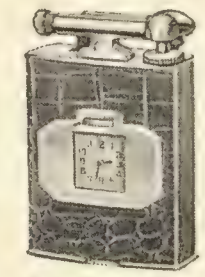

Firefly Snake Pattern $5.00

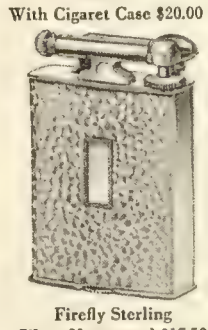

Firefly Plain Platinum Finish $4.50 Gold Finish $5.00

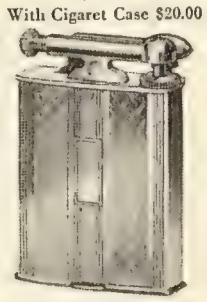
Firefly Modernistic Enamel $12.50 With Cigaret Case $20.00


Firefly Alligator Pattern $5.00

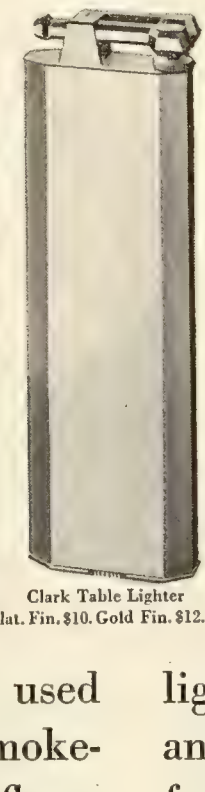
Clark Morocco Signet $12.50


Watch-Lighter—Swiss 6-Jewel $35.00


Firefly Sterling Silver Hammered $17.50


Firefly Sterling Silver Engraved $17.50

Watch-Lighter — Swiss 6-Jewel $30.00


Clark Table Lighter Plat. Fin. $10. Gold Fin. $12.50

These living, lasting gifts—

Clark Ostrich Smoking Set $20.00

What other article of jewelry is used so much and so happily as a smoke-lighter? Each time the cheery flame springs up at a touch, it is a warm glowing reminder of your thoughtfulness in choosing such a useful and beautiful gift.

Let your lighter gift be "made by Clark." Then you may be sure of a lighter that always works, that is safe and clean and provides smoke lights for weeks with one filling.

The lighters on this page are about half-size so that we can give you some idea of the many varieties and the range of prices to be found in jewelers' and other good shops. Clark Lighter Co., Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York.

Firefly Snake Pattern Smoking Set $8.00

CLARK FIREFLY

LIGHTERS ALWAYS WORK A CLARK LIGHTER

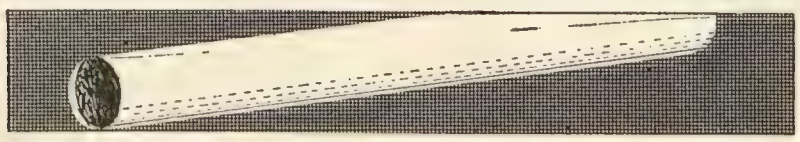
for quick relief

Coughing and sneezing are inexcusable—annoying to the victim, and those around him, for Luden's Menthol Action has made coughing unnecessary.

Luden's Menthol Action is unique—*exclusive.* A time-tested, jealously-guarded formula blends clear menthol with certain other ingredients in such a manner that the instant you slip a Luden's in your mouth—and take a deep breath—*quick relief.*

A soothing, refreshing coolness seems to spread through your nose and throat like a breath of fresh sea air—and you do not cough.

ONE LUDEN AFTER EVERY 10 CIGARETTES IS THE NEW RULE FOR SMOKERS WITH TENDER THROATS



In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere

LUDEN'S

[I DON'T LEARN TO FLY Continued from page twenty-eight]

which he cast a trout fly. Rhythm plays a part. The good dancer or musician is apt to be equipped with natural flying ability. He might lack other qualities—ambition to learn, a modicum of courage, fine eyesight—but he has a lead on nervous equipment.

I don't dance or whistle a tune. And I don't know anything about gas engines and am dumb about any kind of machinery. About all I had was pretty good eyesight for a man of forty-nine, and an ambition to learn.

So last April I went to Curtiss Field on Long Island and chanced to be assigned to Pilot Becker as instructor. It was lucky for me. The patience that man showed!

FREDERICK H. BECKER was a bank clerk, born in Minnesota, of a Prussian father and a Bavarian mother, about thirty-five years ago. He is lean, like most good fliers, but unlike many of them is very dark. His father was a vehement pro-German until America entered. Then, I learn, his hair whitened and his face grayed almost overnight. He called his son. "My son," said he, "our country is now at war with its enemy. Join our forces immediately and do your utmost to give the Germans hell."

Young Becker joined naval aviation, patrolled the waters from the base in St. Nazaire, hunting for submarines and escorting troopships in. Motors were not as good in those days and he had seven forced landings from twenty-five to a hundred miles out to sea. Two were at night and he waited for the dawn on his derelict plane, for relief, washed over by the Bay of Biscay. He stayed in the Navy for five years after the war, then became a test pilot for a manufacturer, had a number of adventures, including a crash which put him out of commission for more than a year. Then he took up instruction, while recovering his health.

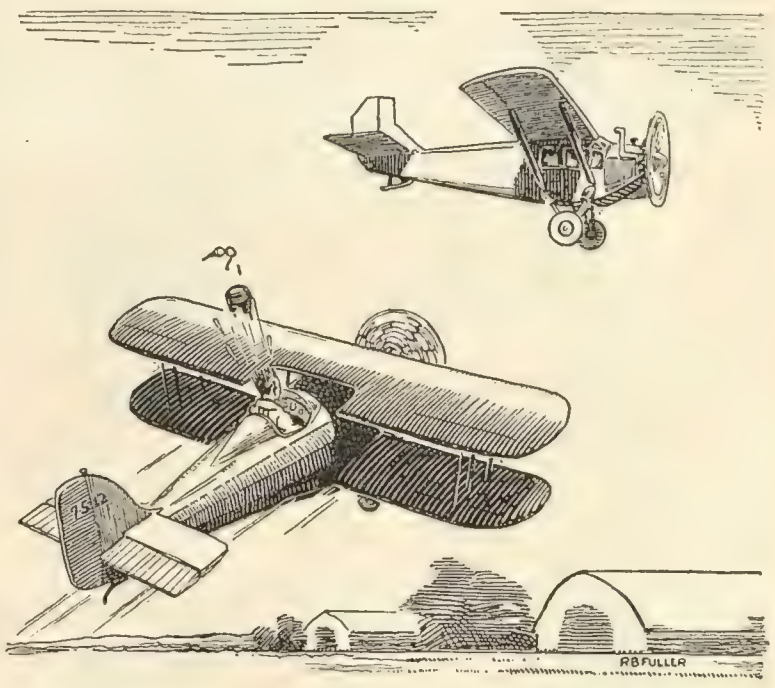
He says now he is sick of the monotony of teaching and wants to get back to testing, or into salesmanship.

I served under Becker in a Jenny (ancient type of training plane) ten hours. Whereas, after a short time the other pupils, if at all promising, flew with their finger tips (light touch) and the seat of their pants (balance), I flew with my head.

I would *think:* "Now I have had the signal for a turn, therefore I must first bank, then press the rudder bar, then reverse the process." The others, kids a third my age, would just do it as they would wing a baseball across the diamond. If I chuck a stone or a ball any distance now, I always reflect which muscles will creak afterward.

I felt that Becker was holding me back, so one afternoon, in his absence, I made arrangements for another instructor to take me out. His name was McMahon. From the despairing way in which he shook his head and the definite way in which he took the controls away from me, I knew that he thought I was worse even than Becker did.

However, those ten hours in the Jenny were among the most interesting I ever spent in my life.



It was directly crossing my path and it looked as if we might collide.

They were like a glorified game of golf. You make a good landing or a good putt and decide at last you've learned the secret of that. The next time is terrible.

Outside of a tail skid and a tire I didn't smash anything, but I was clumsy, clumsy, clumsy.

ABOUT this time, Elliott White Springs, the well known War Bird, blew into the office to sell a story, or refuse to revise one, or ask more money for one. I forget his exact mission, but I am confident it was one of these. It usually is.

We went to lunch. I told him I was taking dual. "Come out to the field with me," said he. "I flew up in my Waco. I am agent for them, and I'll give you a lot of dual in a short time."

The Waco is a light ship and his is powered with a 200 h.p. Wright Whirlwind. He sat behind me and directed me through ear phones. The front stick was cut down low, so a silly student couldn't do wrong against the leverage of the bigger stick behind.

Well! Everything. An hour of: "This is an Immelmann, this is a half roll. This is a full roll, this is a wide spin, this is a tight one, that is Belmont Park, see the horses, this is a loop, now you take it and when you turn don't bank that way, bank vertically, remember the controls are now crossed, pull the stick back, don't worry, we won't hit those trees, that is Mike Stevenson's place, this is a stall, do you feel dizzy, my wife learned to fly in three hours right in that seat, this is another variety of the Immelmann, don't be so hard on the controls, the delicate touch is essential, all right take your hands off altogether."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why LISTERINE full strength is effective against SORE THROAT

Have you tried the new LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Surely

. . . you'll want THIS gift to be of *precious metal!*

The chances are you've already thought of a new belt buckle—for that man you so wish to please. It *is* an excellent gift. Something he really needs, yet, manlike, puts off buying for himself.

Give him a new one, by all means! But be sure it's one made of *precious metal.* One that will keep its rich beauty for years. One that will fittingly harmonize with the rest of his attire. One he'll always be honestly proud to wear!

Make sure, too, that the buckle you select bears the Wadsworth mark inside. For Wadsworth Belt Buckles, made *only* in solid gold, gold filled, or sterling silver, have qualities unusual even for buckles of precious metal.

Style, for one thing. Smart, new designs, exquisite fashioning by the same artists and craftsmen who create style-leading Wadsworth Watch Cases!

New comfort and convenience, too. Each buckle is made permanently nonslipping with a special patented grip which locks itself tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

Your jeweler has a pleasing variety of designs in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chains.

Prices: sterling silver, $5 to $7.50; gold filled, $9 to $12. Sets: sterling silver, $10 to $15; gold filled, $15 to $20.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company
Dayton, Kentucky,
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case Makers for the leading watch movements

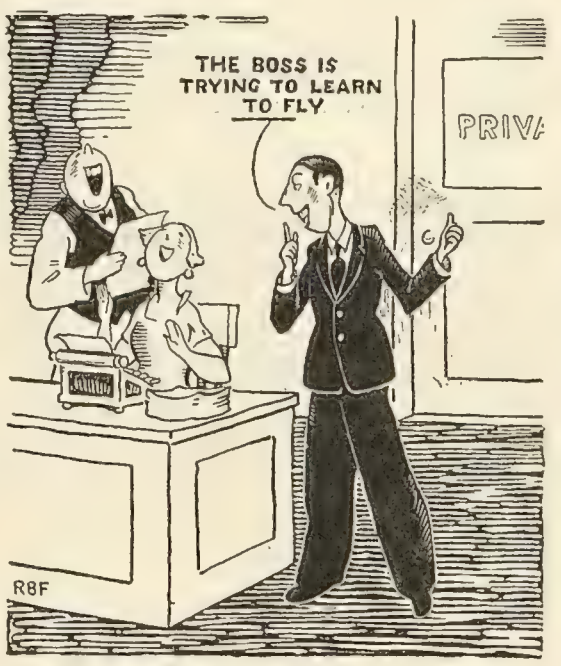
Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[I DON'T LEARN TO FLY]
Continued from page thirty

I was dizzy for two hours. Not until we had motored back to New York and had one, did I approximate normal. His last words were: "I think you can solo some time, but I'd advise you not to be impatient to do it. You have all the time there is, and if you rush it, you may not."

Then I went to Chicago on business and drove out to a school there with a single instructor, a handsome young man, named Condit. I must have improved since McMahon's verdict, I felt. Becker was holding me back, not through malice, of course, but simply because he didn't realize that I was really better than he thought I was. I told Condit I wanted to know if I wasn't actually able to solo yet. He said: "Well, get in and we'll see what you know." He took me up about 1,500 feet and signaled for a few sharp turns with vertical banks. On vertical turns your controls cross. It takes a little time to learn it, and I never had got that far yet. On alighting, Condit informed me I was NOT ready to solo yet and we bade each other adieu.



They knew the old man was an old man and was kidding himself if he thought himself kid enough to fly.

I returned to Mineola. At this time, midsummer, I began to half catch furtive smiles around the office. They knew that the old man was an old man and that he was kidding himself if he thought himself kid enough to fly. So to my colleagues, I was forced to tell white lies. I was going downtown to the other office. I was going to see the architect. I was going out to the country early to visit my sister. I was going to see a man about a dog. It wasn't so hard though, to get away in the summer, because of daylight saving and the long hours, you could get to the field at half past five or six and still get your time in. Sessions usually lasted half an hour in the air and a few minutes' waiting around before and after.

ABOUT this time we changed to a Travelair plane, lighter and more responsive to control than the Jenny. When it lands it seems to float along above the ground for a long time before it settles. I began to show some improvement at last. Becker told me one trouble was that I came out only once or twice a week and by the time five days had passed without flying, I had gone back to where I was at the beginning of the last lesson. So in August I arranged, in lieu of part of my vacation, to spend every afternoon for two weeks at the flying field.

I told Becker that those of my friends who knew of my secret ambition asked me, and for two months had been asking me each time they saw me, "Have you soloed yet?" I told him I simply could not stand it much longer—I had to solo soon.

The two weeks of flying every day was to expire on Saturday. Up to the Thursday before the end, I had not soloed. On Thursday, I made some fair landings. At the end of the day Becker said: "Tomorrow I guess is the day."

I slept poorly that night and spent a lot of time fussing. At the field Friday I went out for a couple of preliminary trial trips with dual control and did such wretched work that Becker changed his mind and would not let me solo. He said the weather was bad, but it wasn't the weather that was bad, it was me.

I WAS a good deal chagrined and ashamed that evening and decided that I might not be exactly yellow, but that was what it amounted to. I had pretended I wanted to solo and when a chance offered, I got nervous and flew so badly that even my good friend and instructor dared not let me take the chance.

The next day, Saturday, knowing I was not to solo, I did, for me, some nice flying, smooth turns and pleasant, gentlemanly landings. Then Becker turned and said meaningfully: "Now let's experiment with just one more." I knew he meant if my next landing was good enough, he then would have me solo. He kept his hands, as he always did now, on the edge of the cockpit, so I could see he was not helping me. I did so badly on this take-off, tour around the field, and landing, that he had to remove his hands from sight and help with the stick. He turned and looked at me quizzically.

"Well, what do you think?" said he.

"Oh, let me try it and get it out of my system, for gosh sake," said I. "I don't want to have anyone else ask me if I've soloed yet, and say no. I've thought of just saying yes anyway, but that wouldn't help my feelings. So please let me try it."

He hesitated and then got at the front cockpit and tied his silk scarf on the rudder. This means to other people in the air "His first solo. Give this fellow plenty of room."

I came down clumsily, but didn't hurt the plane, skid, or tire. I just bounced along, "porpoised," that is, the top of the plane suggested the back of a porpoise ducking in and out of the waves as we proceeded along the landing field.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

What *is* the matter with me?

WHY is she always "too tired" to get up in the morning . . . too tired to drag herself to parties and the other places she and her husband used to enjoy when they were first married?

No wonder her husband is more and more frequently "detained at the office" or "having dinner with a customer."

In a great many cases these quiet tragedies which spoil so many marriages are the wife's own fault. She simply does not understand those intimate details of her toilette which so largely determine whether her marriage is a success—or a humdrum failure.

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Ask your dealer for beautifully-colored American Flyer Train Book or write us direct for free copy.

Many models for early selection priced according to size and fun-making features. Electric trains $5.50 to $75. Wind-up trains $1.50 to $5. (Prices slightly higher west of Rockies).

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2227 S. Halsted St., Dept. L4, Chicago, Ill., Pilsen Station

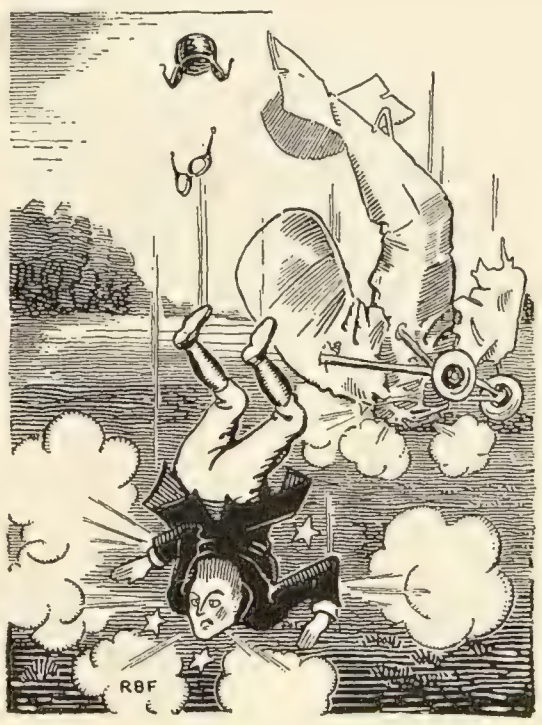
Recommended by 6½ million boy-owners

I DON'T LEARN TO FLY

[Continued from page thirty-two]

I told Becker I was sorry it was a bad landing. His reply, though intended to encourage, took on a cryptic meaning as I pondered it that night in bed. "Any landing is a good landing that you can walk away from," he said. But did he lay a special stress on *you*, "that *you* can walk away from"? I fancy so.

Well, I'd soloed, and I thought when I began that would be the limit of my ambition. But it seemed to be instead but the beginning. I bought a ship of my own, a Laird, equipped not only with dual controls but with a double set of instruments on the dashboards, one in each cockpit. A biplane, gold wings and black body, with gold and black stripes on the tail, Wright Whirlwind engine and self starter. Cruising speed 105, high speed 135. $13,500 with all accessories—oh, a good ship. Two open cockpits. The front one would hold two big or three little people.



Mistakes in the air are apt to be more serious than those made in an automobile or on a golf course.

Naturally, I continued my instructions in my own beautiful ship. I wasn't riding any more in livery stable planes which any Tom, Dick, or Harry may possess for $30 an hour.

MEANWHILE I continued with Becker and learned to do wing overs, side slips, get into and out of spins, make vertical banks and figure eights, make 360 degree spiral landings down to a mark; or 720 degrees, two complete turns. I even looped a few times. But always were these things done with Becker, never alone. He didn't often touch the controls, but I followed his signals and mostly his lack of signals. That is, when he kept his hands motionless on the cockpit I would know I was doing all right and proceed with confidence. With him in front I was never in doubt or fear. And fear paralyzes good performance in most lines of endeavor. I was getting on pretty well. My turns and glides were pretty good. I read the instruments easily and they supplied my deficiencies reasonably well. The seat of my pants wouldn't tell me, but the instruments would tell me if I was losing flying speed or if my turn and bank weren't in consonance.

I did not have much trouble with take-offs. The ship seldom yawed about as it gathered speed and then I was able to correct it. But my landings remained poor. I bounced. The first part of the landing was usually passable. I could get near the edge of the field at sixty miles an hour and twenty feet high, but the last part of the landing continued to stump me. I could not get that stick back. I knew I should, but I couldn't do it at the right time. I always did it too late. You'd think that sometimes I'd make the mistake of pulling it back too soon, but never.

A three point landing is what pilots strive for. That means the tail skid and the two wheels touch the ground at the same time. The skid acts as a drag and holds the wheels down.

My landings were all two point (or one point when one wheel touches before the other). With me the wheels would touch the ground while the tail skid was still up in the air. And as the contact is made at forty-five (or more) miles an hour and as the air in the balloon tires is pumped tight, naturally the ship bounces along before it stops.

I HAD finally learned to land the Travelair fairly well. The Travelair is a light ship and it floats a long way four to eight feet above the surface of the ground after the power is off. One has plenty of time to get his stick back before contact with the ground. In fact, if you pull it back too soon, it will send the nose up in the air and you may have an unpleasant stall near the ground.

Now, in order to offset my rough hands, Becker instructed me to fiddle with the controls as the Travelair prepared to settle. That is, jiggle it back and forth—an inch forward, two inches back—until she settled. As a rule of thumb this worked. I could make not good but passable landings.

In the Laird these tactics didn't work. The Laird is considerably heavier than the Travelair and once it has lost speed settles much faster. But for five hours in the air I kept trying to land it as if it were a light plane. With Becker in front it wasn't so bad, because he would signal me and I'd pull back the stick, but always too slow.

Day before yesterday he got out to have me do some solo landings. They were terrible. Each successive bounce seemed higher than the last till I'd fear the undercarriage would give way, turn on the gas and fly around again for another try.

That Friday night I returned to the city low in mind. I had, so to speak, averaged three putts on the greens and had not only found most of the traps on the course, but had cherished them and refused to part with them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SEND FOR THESE
GIANT
PECANS

YOU can't realize how delicious pecans can be until you have tasted KING COLE. These giant-size paper shells—*the pick of the crop*—are graded by our new improved sorting machines which automatically reject the small sizes and seconds, leaving only the giant-size, perfect nuts with solid sweet meats.

This process of grading allows us to cut out waste and price KING COLE Giant Pecans at $1.00 per lb., $1.90 for 2 lbs. and $4.50 for 5 lbs., postage paid.

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USE Cuticura Soap DAILY
as a health measure
to protect the skin and scalp from contagion and infection 25c.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Saturday was a beautiful day and Becker decided to go to a football game, so I decided to fly my ship as an independent citizen, without any sanctions or advice from him. He was, after all, holding me back. Just through overconservatism.

It's a sad story, mates. I telephoned the mechanic, Art Yaeger, I was coming out, but not to mention it to Becker, as I might try out a different instructor. I wanted Becker to go to the football game and I thought his German conscience might prevent him if he knew I was going out to the field.

I drilled myself the night before about the mistakes to avoid. Particularly about traffic. Saturday afternoon there is much—too much—traffic about Curtiss Field. So I knew I must, above all things, be sure not to take off as another ship was landing, that I must not take off parallel to another ship within 300 feet, that I must see if anything was taxiing across the field when I started, and that once up I must fly straight ahead for a mile or two and up to 1,000 feet before I turned. I decided when I came down to get far off to the side of the field, even though it was a rougher section, and eschew the runway. Then I remembered not to stall, to keep the air speed at least up to 80 and to come down into the field fast on landing. Even if I bumped it wouldn't be serious, but too slow at 100 feet up might be most serious. For artistic purposes, and as a decoration, I was also to pull that stick back and not hop along the ground.

ONE thing I didn't think about, because it hadn't been much of a problem, was the technique of the take-off. I was to see there was no one ahead of me on the runway or behind me in the air, but as to the run across the ground, I didn't think of it. I had done that probably a hundred times and the last thirty or forty take-offs had been quite O. K.

I waited for a clear lane, gave her the gas, put the stick down, and yawed all over the place. Then I ground looped. I taxied back to the line and Art Yaeger, the mechanic, volunteered, "I think maybe you better not fly today, there's lots of traffic." I said, "Oh, I'm all right. That was just an accident."

So I opened up again and the same thing occurred as I gathered speed back and forth. I was swinging my tail or yawing and I must have pulled the stick back when I shouldn't. I don't remember, but suddenly she climbed and too fast.

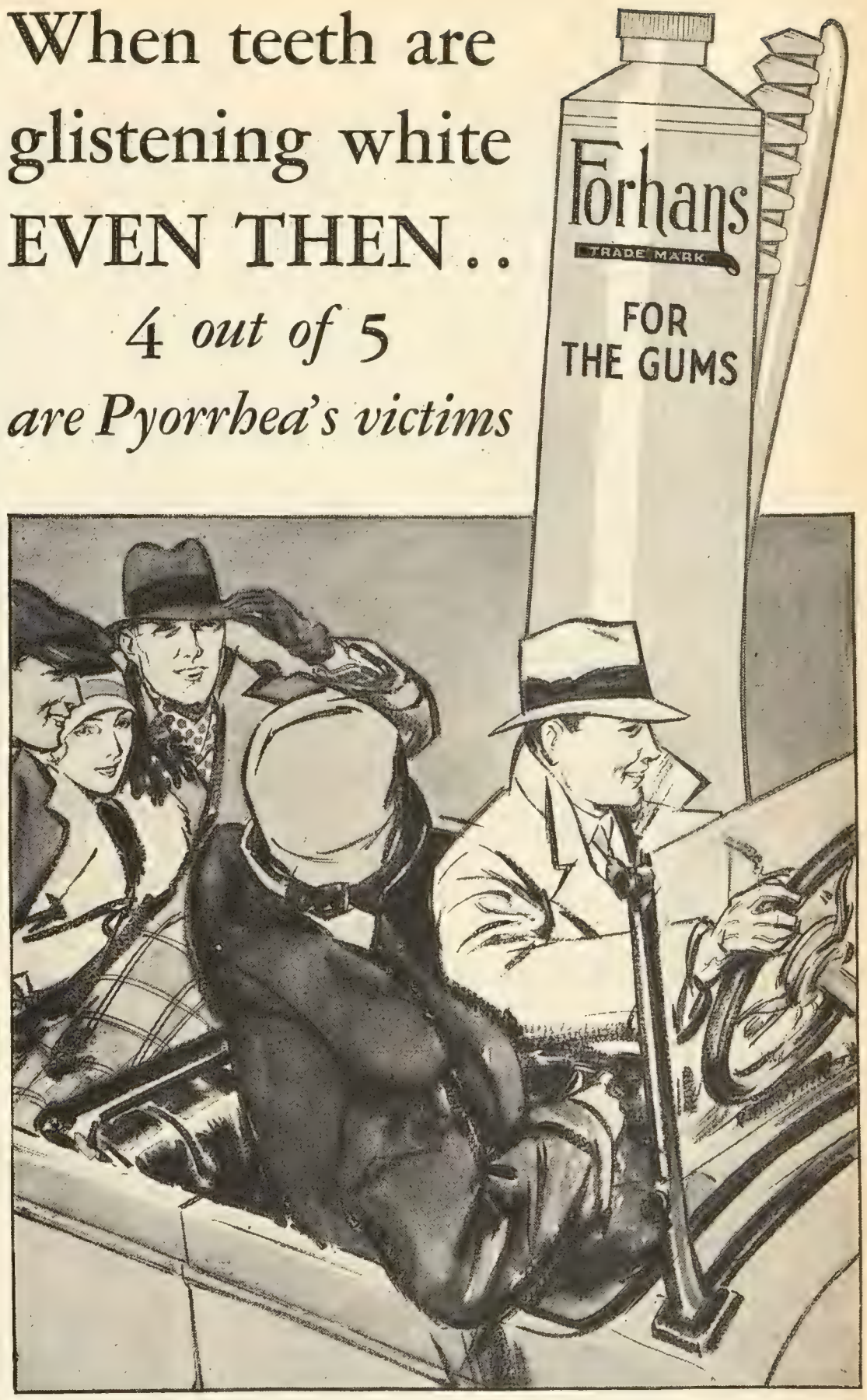
To make matters much worse, she took a direction almost at right angles to the direction I was trying to go. I had started off southwest and now she was climbing at a dangerously steep angle southeast.

And, to make matters still worse, approaching from the left was another plane. I remember it was a red cabin job with a Whirlwind motor and that was all I could notice. It was directly crossing

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

When teeth are glistening white EVEN THEN..

4 out of 5
are Pyorrhea's victims



UNAWARE of the fact that all is not well even when teeth are gleaming white, 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay the high penalty for self-neglect. They sacrifice health to Pyorrhea.

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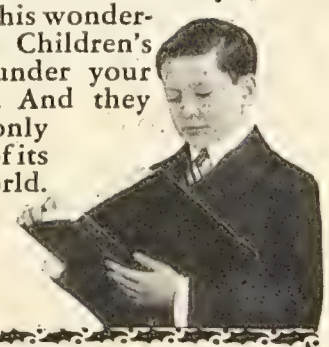

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[I DON'T LEARN TO FLY Continued from page thirty-five]

my path and it looked as if we might collide. It was flying southwest as I had started to do and I was climbing too fast and going southeast.

This red plane and my ship looked as if they would intercept. I don't know how far apart we were. I was told afterward 200 feet. But 200 feet at 80 miles an hour is not far.

I had a moment's remembrance that on a similar occasion Becker had suddenly grabbed the controls from me and passed behind the other ship. Whether I did anything I don't know, but anyway I did pass behind it, some 75 or 100 feet. I got in its wash, and wabbled about quite a lot, and my speed was too slow. And here is where I can thank Mr. Laird and Mr. Lawrance, inventor of the Wright Whirlwind motor.

Route of the author's proposed air cruise, starting from Havana.

THE ship somehow of its own accord regained its equilibrium and the motor pulled it through. I sailed ahead and proceeded two or three miles from the field until I dared to make a very gradual turn. Then I turned and headed for Lake Ronkonkoma, about twenty-five miles east on my first (and last) cross-country solo flight.

I was somewhat shaken and held the figure on the dial at exactly 80 miles per hour flying speed. I could only remember I was not to go *below* that and so kept it. It was blind instinct, at that. After a few minutes I saw I was 3,500 feet high. At 80 miles per hour, even when throttled down, the Laird climbs fast.

I circled Lake Ronkonkoma, leveled out, and found I came home at 103 miles an hour air speed. This was cruising speed, the engine throttled back. It had turned quite hazy by this time.

I came back to the rough end of the field, touched it, saw I was going to hop, gave her the gas, circled again, touched it, saw I was going to hop, gave her the gas again, circled, returned, and *pulled that stick back* and made a perfect three point landing. My only one and my last.

Next morning I called up Becker, confessed, and asked him to sell the ship on commission. I explained I had guarded mentally against every possible error, over and over, and it was as if lightning had struck me from a totally unexpected quarter. I hadn't been worried about take-off and my bad take-off had nearly wrecked me and another. And this I felt sure was because I could fly only mentally and not with the seat of my pants.

I SAID to him, and I truly don't think I was hypocritical, that I might be willing to take a chance on my own hide, but that it didn't seem fair for a man like me to be up in the air over a crowded field to endanger others. And there's no argument about that.

So he came in to lunch with me today to help me wind up my independent flying career. That is, I mean, my pilot career. Of course, I expect to fly as a passenger from time to time. Though to me it must always seem that pilot is to passenger as passenger is to pedestrian.

Becker and I and Floyd Gibbons and a couple of mechanics are going air yachting in the West Indies, starting about December 15 this year in a Sikorsky Amphibian. We expect to be gone four or five weeks and cover 10,000 miles from Havana to Yucatan, British Honduras, across Honduras to the Pacific, back over the Nicaragua route, the Panama Canal, Venezuela, the Lesser Antilles, Porto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, and up the Mississippi Valley to Chicago.

Becker said: "I don't think you will give up flying. You weren't so bad. I've known worse."

I said: "Oh, I'll have ten thousand miles of it on this trip. That ought to satisfy me, even if I am only a passenger."

He said: "No, that will mean only that you'll like it ten thousand miles better. How could a man give up flying?"

Well, he could, as I will prove.

Still, it's tough to be fifty.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

Evening Song

By SIDNEY LANIER

[Sidney Lanier, born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842, was equally fine as poet and as flute player. He wrote a novel, a volume of poems, and books about poetry. He died in 1881.]

LOOK off, dear love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thy hand in mine. . . .

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PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Dept. 97-69
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Wide World photo

A study in faces: Al Smith and his friends listening to the returns on election night in the Seventy-first Regiment armory in New York City. The Presidential candidate is easily identified; he is the fourth man from the right in the second row. At his right is Edna Ryder " of Manhattan "; at his left, his lifelong friend William F. Kenny. In the front row, left to right, are Senator Robert F. Wagner, Surrogate John P. O'Brien, and Thomas Lynch, three of the New York Democratic faithful; Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was in doubt for days as to whether or not he had been elected Governor of New York, and George Van Namee, the Smith pre-convention campaign manager.

What a Man Does *When He* Looses *the* PRESIDENCY

By EDWARD DOHERTY

CONFETTI fell from the windows, and torn pieces of paper danced in the winds over Broadway. Bands played. Kids went down the streets on bicycles covered with bunting and pictures of Al. Autos honked. Whistles blew. Mobs in the streets shouted, " Hurray for Al! " Boys and girls blew horns. A hundred thousand men and women packed Times Square and cheered and cheered and cheered.

And Al was in the Hotel Biltmore with his wife and his children and his close friends. He was celebrating his wife's birthday and his apparent overwhelming election to the Presidency of the United States.

It was a little after 8 o'clock. The polls had closed in New York two hours before. Returns were coming in from the city, from the state, from New Hampshire and Connecticut and Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Illinois.

Al had carried New Bedford, Mass., it appeared, and was sweeping down the valley carrying all before him. New Haven bowed to him, Stamford, Hartford. Utica was his, and Rochester, and Syracuse. Danbury was cheering him. Chicago was assuring him of victory—though the rest of the state looked bad. He had been given Tennessee by a 2 to 1 vote. He was losing Houston, Tex., but the rest of the state must go his way.

The radio talked to him as he sat at dinner with his family. The wires talked in a room down the corridor where a host of newspaper men sat writing and smoking and saying over and over again, " He's got a chance—he's got a chance."

There were many birthday presents in Al's suite, many telegrams. Waiters kept bringing in heaps of flowers. Bellhops kept bringing in telegrams. Crowds outside the hotel kept cheering.

Al Smith, the poor boy from the tenements of New York's East Side, had done the impossible. He had become President of the United States. He was a city man, and a wet, and a Catholic, and a Democrat. And the farmers, and the drys, and the non-Catholics, and the Republicans were for him.

So it seemed!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BAYER ASPIRIN

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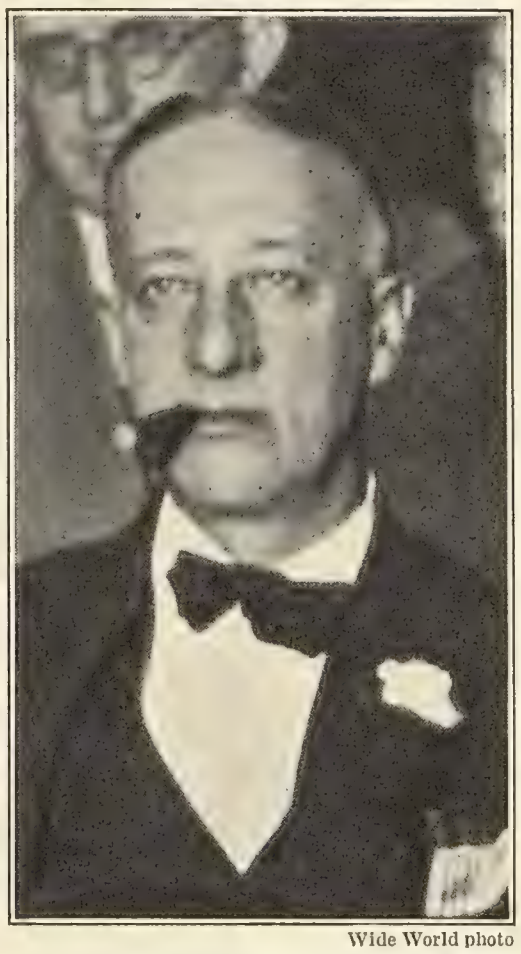
[WHAT A MAN DOES WHEN HE LOSES THE PRESIDENCY]
Continued from page thirty-seven

It was 9 o'clock when he came out of the room. He was dressed in a tux. His brown derby was canted over his right eye—a happy angle. In his mouth was a long unlighted cigar. Behind the breast pocket handkerchief with its white and black striped hem was a row of other long cigars.

The corridor shook off newspaper men. Al beamed. His smile was happy, confident, triumphant. It was all over but the shouting. He waved to the crowd—and one saw that his right hand was swollen painfully. People he had met in various parts of the country on his campaign trip had done that.

He walked into the elevator. A crowd of friends squeezed in with him. A crowd of friends waited downstairs in the lobby. A crowd of photographers waited on the wide steps leading to the Forty-third Street entrance. They made him pose. He was glad to oblige them. He stood there some moments, "the happy warrior," while the flashlights boomed. Outside the doors autos were honking and horns were blowing. Lights chased each other over the skies, red lights and white lights and blue lights and green, lights that held messages for those who looked.



Wide World photo

As the news turned against him, Al Smith sat quietly, chewing on his cigar, which had gone out.

AL got into the first car in line, the policemen shoving back thousands of people who wanted a better look at him. Men and women cried "Al! Al! Al!" It was a prayer. It was a jubilee. It was a battle cry.

He looked young. He looked vigorous. He looked supremely happy. He took off the brown derby and tipped it to the crowd, and the car got away from the mass of humans, screaming importantly, demanding the right of way, telling the world that it carried Al, the Governor of New York, the next President of the greatest country in the world.

After it sped the cars of other important Democrats and the taxicabs of the reporters. They shot through the noisy streets at top speed. One of the newspaper taxicabs—doing forty-five miles an hour at the time—almost collided with another taxicab. And the reporters in it hollered, "Step on it, Joe—don't lose him!"

Al's car stopped in front of the Seventy-first Regiment armory at Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue.

A hundred policemen kept the street open. They had come to handle the crowds. But there were no crowds!

The reporters sprang out of their cars. They ran toward the armory, excited, impatient. Already the flashlights were booming from the armory steps. One man turned.

"What do I owe you, Joe?" he asked.

"What the hell!" said Joe, more excited than the reporter. "What's the difference? I don't know what it is, buddy, and I don't care. Has he got a chance?"

AL SMITH was young and cocky when he entered the armory. There was a spring in his step, a light in his eye, a broad smile on his face.

Men and women ran toward him, calling his name, cheering, drowning out the voice of the radio announcer. Flashlights flared and banged as he walked to a seat in the second row with his friend William F. Kenny. Flashlights flared and banged for five minutes after he sat down.

It is a vast hall, this armory. It made the crowd within it look pitifully small, even insignificant. A few rows of chairs stood in the middle of the vast auditorium, facing a rough platform on which stood a microphone. Back of the platform was a sort of rude box in which sat men busy with figures.

In the balcony seats, just above the platform, sat a little bunch of men, mostly photographers.

This was the temporary Tammany Hall—these few chairs, these few people!

The reporters stood in little groups on one side of the rows of chairs, some of them making notes, some of them arguing with the police, some of them listening to the radio announcements—news from Texas now, and from New Jersey and Wisconsin, and Illinois and South Dakota and Florida.

Smith sat quietly in his chair, chewing on the end of his cigar. He had lit it. A thin wreath of smoke surged up from the tip of it now and then. Kenny sat on his left. On his right was a woman who gave her name as Edna Ryder "of Manhattan." She didn't know the Governor at first. She had never seen him before. She was getting the thrill of her life. Al spoke to her, seeing in her hands a chart on which she had been writing down election figures.

The flashlights were silent. The whispering died. The announcer could be heard plainly.

Something queer had happened.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Somehow his words always Stung

He hadn't meant to be harsh—wouldn't have hurt Mildred's feelings for anything . . . especially for such a little thing. He'd just lost control of himself and then—well he guessed he'd always have a mean irritable temper.

He knew of course that poisons bottled up in the intestines don't stay bottled up—that instead they seep out into the rest of the body, undermining efficiency and ruining the disposition. Yet he'd tried so many things already . . .

A WHOLE range of ordinary laxatives, for instance; some that took weeks to act—some so harsh they wracked the system . . . until the remedies had come to seem almost worse than the disease!

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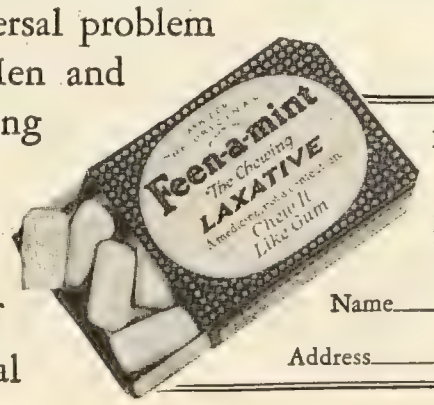

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EXCLUSIVE WITH
NOCKABOUT

[WHAT A MAN DOES WHEN HE LOSES THE PRESIDENCY
Continued from page thirty-eight]

Something that had been in that room when Al came walking in with his brown derby tipped to the winning angle—something fine and glorious that may have been enthusiasm, and may have been hope—something was dying, wilting under the breath from the loud-speaker.

It was Hoover who was winning Massachusetts now.

Even New York State was running to his side!

Smith chewed on his cigar. It had gone out. He chewed it nervously, now on the left side of his mouth, now on the right. The cigar moved like a conductor's baton in a staccato overture. Up and down it went, keeping the beat, this way, that way, never still.

And the radio voice drawled on, speaking of disasters in the East, in the West, in the North, in the solid South—even in New York City.

There were disappointing returns from the Borough of Queens. Normally Smith should have carried it by 150,000 or more. He would be fortunate, said the voice, if he carried it by 20,000.

The Governor sat unmoved, except for the motions made in chewing the end of the cigar. There was no expression on his face, even when he turned to say a word to Kenny.

ONLY once during the forty-five minutes of his stay in this quiet, barnlike place did he show any feeling.

The voice on the radio was explaining that Wisconsin had gone Republican by 150,000 or so. It was hard to estimate exactly, however, as the city of Milwaukee was keeping its polls open until 9 o'clock.

"Milwaukee," the announcer said, "is a Smith stronghold—and a very wet city."

Smith leaned over and smiled at Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was sitting in front of him, and who had half turned his head to catch Smith's eye. The two men laughed, and Smith put his head back on the edge of his chair and smiled happily up at the arched ceiling. Then he relit his cigar, smoked it a moment, and began again to gnaw its end.

Once in a while the loud-speaker was shut off, and one of the men left his figuring in the box back of the platform, and shouted through the mike—shouted encouraging figures that brought feeble and half hearted cheers.

PERHAPS Smith knew now that he had failed. It didn't show in his face, however. Nothing showed there. Nothing definable. Not even when George Van Slyke, political expert of the New York *Sun*, a Republican newspaper, took the air to end the agony of suspense did the Governor's features alter.

"This is George Van Slyke of the *Sun*," he said, "speaking through WNYC through the courtesy of Mayor Walker. I have completed an analysis of the Presidential situation, based on the latest figures"—and so on and so on and so on. "It's a Hoover landslide! It just isn't possible for Smith to win. He will not even carry New York; and even if he could carry it, it would do him no good"—and so on—and so on—

No, there was no definable change in the man's face—but everyone who looked at him could feel what he was feeling.

I have seen men and women condemned to death who looked ex-

P. & A. photo

At 8 o'clock men and women packed Times Square, cheering and cheering for Al.

actly as Smith did at that moment.

Mr. Van Slyke was shut off, but he might as well have kept on talking. The election was all over.

The Governor lighted his cigar for the third time, puffed it a moment, threw it away. Presently he arose and went out. And as he came close, one saw that he was old, that there were rings beneath his eyes, that his eyes were tired, and that his gait was slow.

But when he reached the door he put on the brown derby—at the militant, triumphant angle. A few flashlights saluted him as he walked toward his car. Autos honked. A drunken man cheered for Hoover.

Al Smith went back to the Biltmore.

P. & A. photo

Al stood on one side of the birthday cake, Mrs. Smith on the other—knowing he had lost, but seeming the happiest couple in the land.

He visited the state headquarters later, and finally the national headquarters in the General Motors Building, where, in a little room on the eighth floor, a huge birthday cake had been set for Mrs. Smith.

It was made in four tiers, with a couple of dolls on top under a trellis of roses and a wedding bell—a bride and groom doll couple made of candy.

There were other candy figures all over the cake, and various inscriptions, that seemed to take Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith back over their married life. There were the years of struggle, and the years in Albany, and the years of plenty and power, Emily's marriage, the coming of the grandchildren, and the promise of the greatest honors in the land.

Al stood on one side of the cake, Mrs. Smith on the other, while the moving picture cameras ground out a few feet of film. And this was followed by a sort of informal reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith seemed the happiest couple in the land, Al's face a wide smile, Al's voice booming "Hello, Andy," "How are you, Ned?" "Glad to see you, Tom"—Al shaking hands with his swollen hand and darn the pain; Mrs. Smith kissing friends and laughing with them.

In the rooms adjacent, rooms overlooking Broadway, girls and boys who had worked hard for months trying to elect Al now tore up circulars, pamphlets, and political literature of all kinds, and sent them whirling out the windows in a riot of enthusiasm. They didn't believe Mr. Van Slyke.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning before Al left for his home. All over New York the bright lights were blazing. All over town the bands were playing, and horns were blowing, and autos were honking in frenzy. All over the great city the lights played in the sky, lights that said "Herbert Hoover." All over town drunken men and women reeled through the streets, and wept for Al or hurrahed for Hoover.

It was much later when the reporters left the building. Broadway at this point was quiet and dark, and littered with the torn paper that had fluttered exultantly from the Democratic headquarters windows. The wind blew it in little whirls, swept it like snow across the sidewalk, into the street.

A fragment lit on the shoulder of a man's coat. He picked it off, and looked at it a moment.

"Up from the city streets," he read, and let it drop.

Next week: What a Man Does When He Wins the Presidency, by Sidney Sutherland.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page eighty-four)

1—Which state is called Little Rhody?

2—What biblical name is synonymous with liar?

3—What is the second largest state in the United States?

4—Who is sometimes credited with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays?

5—With what is the name Baedeker identified?

6—What Union colonel in the Civil War is remembered as an orator and atheist?

7—What German statesman was called the Iron Chancellor?

8—What office did Will Hays resign to become associated with the motion picture industry?

9—Where does the religious sect of Swedenborgians get its name?

10—Who was Circe?

11—What American composer wrote Old Folks at Home, My Old Kentucky Home, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming?

12—What is the Lucy Stone League?

13—What is the literal meaning of the French word *poilu?*

14—Where is the Bay of Fundy?

15—Name the first five books of the Old Testament.

16—What city was the first capital of the United States? The second?

17—What President of the United States was the grandson of a President?

18—How many pecks in a bushel?

19—What name, originally personifying malt liquors, is used to personify all alcoholic liquors?

20—What have the following in common: Bodansky, Mengelberg, Muck, van Hoogstraten?

When pearls lose lustre
··beware of
Acid Perspiration

**and what it may mean...*

ACIDOSIS, in its more common form, not only makes the body susceptible to various common ailments, but often causes conditions that are personally disagreeable. One of the most annoying is *acid perspiration.*

This form of Acidosis produces "sweat burn" under arms and on the feet and usually carries with it an objectionable odor. Silk hose and undergarment manufacturers state that "sour sweat" causes the rapid deterioration of good silk. It is also scientifically known that pearls lose their lustre when worn by people suffering with acid perspiration. Any one of these danger signals should be instantly heeded.

Acidosis may be arrested by correcting faulty diet. *Eat less* acid-forming foods such as meat, fish, eggs, bread and cereals and *eat more* alkaline-reaction oranges and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. If you follow this advice from a high medical authority you will preserve the body's necessary balance. Otherwise an Acidosis condition is certain.

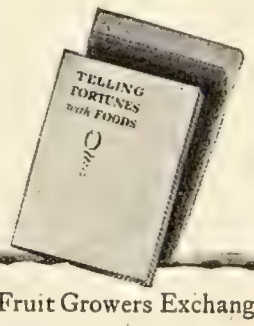
Fresh California Orange Juice or Lemon Juice with water (sweetened or unsweetened)—and plenty of it—will not only correct the average Acidosis condition but is a safeguard against the malady. Oranges, like lemons, while acid to the taste, are alkaline in their reaction and serve to balance foods eaten unwisely. Three glasses each day of either fresh Orange or fresh Lemon Juice will not only give you protection against Acidosis but protect your entire system in other ways because of valuable vitamins and mineral salts.

Any family can readily use simple but effective anti-acidosis measures. Drink delicious, refreshing California Orange Juice or Lemonade in liberal quantities daily; use orange salads (with other fresh fruits if desired); fruit cups and orange desserts frequently.

If you are half well most of the time, "loggy," tired long before the day is done, take the advice of Medical Science. Drink fresh Orange Juice or Lemon Juice. If your case is of long standing consult a physician.

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and entirely dependable. Look for the trade-mark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper.

You should know what Acidosis means. It is interestingly and clearly discussed in "Telling Fortunes with Foods" a booklet approved by an eminent diet authority. We will send it free if you mark and mail the coupon. This booklet contains a chapter on Safe Reducing diets and normal and anti-acidosis diets and gives a list of alkaline reaction and acid-forming foods. Send the coupon for your copy immediately.



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If *at First You Don't* SUCCEED—

Trying It Again with the Talkie and a Thrice Filmed Play

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Doris Kenyon, Richard Bennett, and, on the right, Gladys Brockwell in one of the scenes from the film version of The Home Towners.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

WITH the appearance of the Warner Brothers' The Home Towners, the pioneer observers of the sound film get another milestone out of the way. The Home Towners is a little better than any 100 per cent talkie that has gone before.

The Home Towners was written by George M. Cohan for the stage three years ago. It is typical Cohan stuff—of the narrow minded Main Street attitude in viewing city folks. An irascible old South Bend citizen comes to New York to visit his schoolmate of other years—and to act as his pal's best man. The big city success is about to marry a pretty flapper many years his junior.

The South Bend citizen succeeds in casting enough bigotries and suspicions about to upset the wedding and nearly wreck his old friend's future. Then, of course, the obstinate old crab discovers the evil of his Main Street pettiness.

The Home Towners moves slowly because the film version has lifted long comedy dialogue episodes between the reunited old pals.

The talkie, I fear, is getting away from action in its desire to reproduce the human voice. And action is the basic requirement of the movie. Still, even second rate Cohan dialogue is better than the sort of canned chatter that has been coming out of Hollywood.

Thus, the Home Towners has a shade on anything synchronized to date. Door slams sound just a wee bit better in this film than ever before and the telephone jingles are just a fraction more realistic.

Richard Bennett is the city success and Robert McWade is his South Bend pal. The honors go to McWade and to Gladys Brockwell, who plays the small towner's longsuffering wife.

★ ★ ★

Corinne Griffith's filming of Outcast probably cost a fourth of what her Divine Lady dented the First National Studios' pocketbook, but it is vastly more entertaining.

Geoffrey Sherwood is a young fellow endeavoring, via alcohol, to forget his faithless sweetheart. On a whim he picks up a girl of the streets, installs her in an apartment, and then, just as she comes to love him, decides to discard her. The ex-sweetheart, now the faithless wife of another, has reappeared.

I shall not tell you the whole tearful story of Miriam, the bird in the gilded cage. Corinne

Edmund Lowe and Corinne Griffith in that "naughty between the lines" picture, Outcast.

Griffith is Miriam and she always is a charming picture of helpless beauty in distress. Elsie Ferguson played the rôle behind the footlights and once—in 1922—on the screen. Ann Murdock played Miriam the first time she was filmed. The present version is the third.

When Outcast was written as a drama by Hubert Henry Davies the action took place in London. Director William Seiter has now moved Miriam to San Francisco. His direction isn't particularly distinguished, save for a sharply fantastic sequence of a millionaire roué driving his Rolls-Royce through a daisy field and revealing how Miriam first went astray. This certainly kids virtue. What *are* the films coming to?

Indeed, Outcast isn't the thing to take Junior to see, unless you are very, very glib with explanations. If you like a sentimental drama of the heartbreak behind the brassière of a modern Camille, here it is; naughty only if you read between the very circumspectly pictured incidents.

★ ★

An underworld picture has got to be good to get me to sit through it now. Me, Gangster, the film version of Charles Francis Coe's diary of a gangster, hailing from the Fox Studios, is good, but it is trailing a parade of gunmen and their molls that is still passing the reviewing stand.

Me, Gangster, is the first person confession of the son of an ex-stevedore ward heeler. The lad plays with the gang a little too long and a little too rough, so he goes to the penitentiary.

Me, Gangster, is vigorously directed by Raoul Walsh and the street boy is well done by Don Terry.

Personalities—

Don Terry, born in Natick, Mass., earned his way through Harvard by working in a coal yard. He has been briefly a professional ball player and a boxer. . . . Corinne Griffith's real name is Griffin. . . . Gladys Brockwell went on the stage as a child, her parents being repertoire players. . . . James Ford, who plays the hero's friend in Outcast, was a seven dollar a day extra in The Divine Lady.

Another movie of the underworld. The picture shows Don Terry and June Collyer in one of the scenes from Me, Gangster.

Inside Facts—

Corinne Griffith gets $10,000 a week. . . . Edmund Lowe receives $1,500. . . . Director William Seiter earns $2,500 every seven days. . . . Raoul Walsh is reported to get $7,500 under his new Fox contract.

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness, that full, round nourishing richness? Can it be cream? Yes, it *is* cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor. What a wonderful soup for dinner.

A friend of ours was visiting once in the country. Happening into the kitchen he found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner. The tomatoes had been picked half an hour or so before in the garden. But what interested our friend most was the big cupful of rich, heavy cream the cook poured in.

"It's the cream that really *makes the soup*," she explained . . .

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For the Good of the GARDEN

A Story of Murder in a Woman's Heart

By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Pictures by
R. F. SCHABELITZ

IN that moment, he might have struck her or kissed her. It would not have made any difference which.

IT had seemed to Irene Sutton, sitting so long and so quietly at her rosewood desk, chin resting upon the palms of her delicate hands, an insoluble problem—a problem that must be solved, yet that had no solution. Then, suddenly, it became quite clear; and at the unquestionable, the unspeakable clarity of it, color swept into her cheeks.

She would have to kill him. She would have to murder her husband.

Her gray eyes looked levelly out through the window at her garden in the lusciousness of its August blossoming. It was her own garden, the earth of it spaded by her own efforts, the sods wrung out by her own hands, the fertilizers dug in, the seeds planted.

In May, when these fragrant, colorful things—delphinium and snapdragon, zinnias and heliotrope—had been frail little green threads, her slender fingers had explored the earth about them, loosening it. And those fingers, for the good of the garden, had unflinchingly closed about the fat bellies of gray green cutworms, neatly dropping them to their death into the can of lime by her side.

She hadn't liked touching the cutworms; she found no pleasure in cutting short lives which to them were undoubtedly precious. But a garden is a garden. While, impersonally, one might sympathize with a cutworm's epicurean taste for fragile green stalks, still, there remained one's flowers.

Slowly—Irene Sutton was given to slow, delicious smiles—she smiled now. Of course Paul wasn't really like a cutworm. Not in the least. He was more like a caterpillar. Showy and handsome in physical aspect, a lovely creature, if one could disassociate him from his appetites.

Thomsine appeared in that square of the world which the window afforded. Thomsine, in a red wool bathing suit, looking exactly what she was, an unassimilated mixture of child and woman. Dirty bare feet and the legs of a child, tanned dark, mutilated with scratched mosquito bites, white scars of cuts and scratches, purple stain of bumps and bruises; the eager, open face of a child, and a body suddenly, surprisingly softening into curves where so little time ago only angles had been.

Anne, tagging behind her, was all little girl—the difference, reflected Irene, of eleven years and thirteen years made almost patronizingly manifest.

They came into the house through the kitchen. Irene heard the patter of their wet bare feet upon the stairs. She was glad, after all, that she need not face them now. It was suddenly so clear to her that she must kill Paul Sutton. And murder—her mind did not falter over the word—murder, after all, was a thing which demanded a great deal of poise and concentration.

Miss Lindon knocked at the open door of the sitting room, and Irene, turning her head, smiled warmly at her. Sometimes she felt, illogically, that it was Paul's fault that Miss Lindon was so homely. Of course it wasn't. Merely it was because of Paul that the children's governess had to be physically unattractive.

"Mrs. Sutton, the children want to go to the cinema this afternoon. There is a Chaplin film—"

"By all means," said Irene, and smiled again, in comprehension of the relief in Miss Lindon's pallid eyes. If she had said no, there would have been no associating with Thomsine for the rest of the day.

Thomsine stormed into the room, shoestrings flapping.

"Can we go?" she demanded.

"May we go," murmured Miss Lindon automatically.

"*Can* we, mother?"

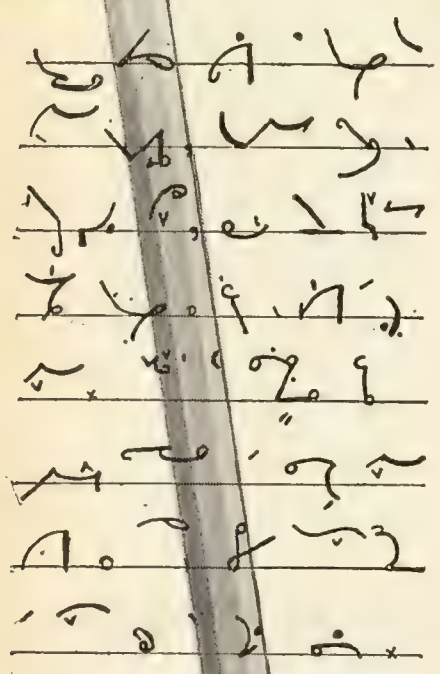
Irene nodded.

"Hooray!" The row of little Mexican plaster horses on the ivory tinted mantel shivered as she bounced about the room. "Hey, Anne, mother says we can go!"

"That's nice." Anne Sutton, shoestrings tied, brown hair braided smoothly, smiled in the doorway.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Miss Cecelia Melnick
Secretary to ~
Mr. George White
famous Producer of
"George White's Scandals"
writes



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[FOR THE GOOD OF THE GARDEN]
Continued from page forty-seven

"Now, if you'll trot along upstairs and make yourself presentable for lunch, you red Indian—" Irene's fingers rumpled Thomsine's damp uncombed hair, and again Miss Lindon sent toward her a wave of gratitude.

"Oh, bother!" Thomsine pouted, then grinned beguilingly. "Whyn't you let me have a permanent wave, mother? I don't see why—"

Irene cut her short: "I know you don't. But I do. Which settles that, doesn't it, lamb?" She smiled down upon her, remote and gracious, like some benevolent goddess.

Thomsine blinked. Her mother was the only person, in her thirteen years of experience, who had baffled her. She tossed her head.

"Oh, *ver*-ray well!" she said impudently.

Miss Lindon clucked her tongue.

"Gee, Thom's fresh!" Anne commented, and ducked low, holding her brown braids protectively close to her neck as her sister swept past her.

After the children had gone, Irene put on a hat and strolled out into the tranquil sunshine, past the little brook that came gurgling loudly down from the hills, mounting upward until she stood on the crest of green hill commanding unbroken miles of the sweet Connecticut countryside. Westward, where the sun was just commencing its descent, she could see the chimneys of Joel Torrey's house.

FOR a second her breath caught. With Paul dead, she would be free to marry Joel! She stared at the weathered roof of his house. It was strange that she had not thought of that before. Then the quiet rhythm of her breathing returned. Not strange, really, she told herself. She couldn't marry Joel now. There was nothing left of her to marry.

She sat down on the grass, remembering the tremendous thing that their love had been. Even then, nearly five years ago, she had thought herself incapable of feeling. She smiled faintly. She hadn't been incapable of feeling, but she had been quite incapable of acting. To leave the children and go with Joel—Paul would not give her a divorce. She was glad, now, that she hadn't.

And Joel Torrey had waited, seeing her daily, yet with no manifestation of his love toward her.

What would have happened if he had not accepted her decision five years ago—if he had not played fair? If Paul had been the lover instead of the husband, he would never have accepted it. Pretended to, of course, and waited, every nerve alive and tingling, for the moment when she should yield. He would have known, with that uncanny knowledge of his concerning matters of sex, at just what instant to speak.

But she was glad that Joel was not like that. People scoffed at innocence, especially in men, laughed at it. Joel's innocence was the most sheerly beautiful thing she had known in her life. Perhaps it was the one thing that had made it possible for her, through these years with Paul Sutton, to continue to believe in the existence of beauty.

Her gray eyes looked levelly out through the window at her garden.

Beauty. And now it was murder which she was considering! Murder. Her mind did not any longer so much as brush against her reason for this decision. Not once, since she had realized that something must be done about Paul, had she permitted herself to think of that. It mustn't look like murder; she had no wish to be put on trial, even though she had no fear that any jury would convict her. No; semblance of suicide—or, best of all, accidental death. With Paul's high blood pressure and erratic heart, it should be simple enough.

Her eyes—scarcely, she thought, mirrors of *her* soul—looked calmly out over the meadows and fell upon a figure that was climbing the hill. A girl in knickerbockers, with sagging shoulders; a girl who climbed the green slope purposefully, to reach the top, without regard for the freshness of the summer air or the loveliness of the summer landscape. She was heading directly for Irene; and Irene watched her, her head tilted back so that the soft, broad brim of her leghorn hat might not obscure her vision—leghorn, with daisies and a knot of black velvet ribbon.

"Hello," said Irene.

The girl halted sharply before her, a tired, dusty girl, young and thin, with a look of devastation in her dark eyes.

"Are you Mrs. Sutton?" There was doubt in the husky, throaty voice, doubt and a brusque catch of shyness.

"Yes," said Irene. Instantly, hardly aware that she had done so, she had linked the girl with Paul Sutton. "Sit down and cool off," she told her pleasantly.

The girl stared at her for an instant, then dropped obediently to the grass. "They told me at your house that you were here," she said dully. "I wanted to see you. I walked in from New York."

"From New York!" repeated Irene, her voice very soft.

"Oh, I got a coupla lifts. That was all right." The girl shrugged. "D'you mind if I smoke?"

"Of course not, child!"

"Child!" The girl laughed rather bitterly, and dug into her hip pocket for cigarettes, matches. "Gee, you look younger than *I* do! How old are you, anyway?" She blushed hotly. "I didn't mean to ask you that," she said. "I don't know what I'm saying."

"I'm thirty-three," said Irene. "And you're not twenty."

"Gee!" said the girl again. "You must be psychic!" She puffed at her cigarette, eyes on Irene's face. "I wouldn't have come, anyway, but I had to. My baby's sick. I lost my job because I stayed at home with him when they wouldn't take him at the nursery any more. And—"

"It's Paul's baby?" Irene's calm voice was asking gently.

For an instant the girl did not seem to hear. Then she nodded her head, her short rumpled hair matted down like Thomsine's. "Oh, I know what *you* think!" she said. "I—"

"Do you?" asked Irene, and smiled at her.

Little, dark girl with a bitter mouth and disillusioned eyes. Strange that she should remind her so of Thomsine. Strange—and in the circumstances quite terrible. "Are you glad you have your baby?" she asked.

THE girl stirred into sudden vigor. "You bet your life I am!" she cried. "I wouldn't care if—" The rush of defiance left her and she looked almost childishly at Irene. "How in hell do *you* know that?" she asked wearily.

"Silly!" said Irene, though she did not really think her silly. The "you" that this girl addressed was the outer, false Irene Sutton. "I'm glad I have my two."

She took the girl's hand in hers.

"This is one of the times when I'm glad I have money," she told her. "More than I need. We can do anything you like, you see."

The girl flushed and snatched away her hand. "I don't want your damned money!" she said. "Not for myself. I—"

Then she stopped, having met Irene's eyes. Like Thomsine, she discovered the absurdity of being angry with this woman.

"I'm a good stenographer," she went on quite calmly. "And I'm intelligent. I've had two years of college. If I could get some sort of secretarial job in the country, where I could have my baby with me—"

Impulsively she put her hand back into Irene's.

"I saw your picture in a newspaper. You looked nice. I didn't have anyone to go to. And, you

see, I just can't do anything, with him sick and not being able to leave him!"

"Of course you can't," said Irene. "And you shouldn't!" She stood up. "Let's go down to the house, and you can take a bath and have some iced tea. Then I'll have the chauffeur drive you back to New York and wait while you pack up and go out somewhere to the country." Her fingers closed tightly about the girl's hand, silencing her protests. "You've got to get your baby well first of all, haven't you?" she demanded. "How old is he?"

It was 3 o'clock; her children would not be back before 5.

At 4 she stood in her doorway, watching, as the mother of Paul's son rode away. What would that dark girl think if she knew that, all the time, Paul's wife was planning to kill him? Planning so unemotionally, with such a startling lack of bitterness.

For an instant she closed her eyes, standing very still, one hand resting against the fluted white column of the doorway. She had not yet decided exactly how she was going to do this thing. She wasn't nervous, or at all irresolute, but she felt suddenly very tired.

"Hello, there!"

Joel. He was coming up the walk between the narrow beds of delphinium, the sun shining on his reddish hair.

"You look like a romantic girl daydreaming in the sunlight," he said.

Irene laughed at him. That, she reflected, was funny. True humor. Then she saw the manuscript in his hand, and for an instant she actually forgot the thoughts which his coming had interrupted. "Joel —not the second act done!"

HE grinned. He was exactly her own age, but when he grinned she felt like his mother.

"Good Lord, man, they'll have to build a dozen new theaters on Broadway if you keep this up! I saw in today's paper that Echoes is moving to the Savoy."

He nodded and followed her into the house. In that peaceful living room, Joel Torrey stretched out on the couch and lighted his pipe, while Irene carried the manuscript to a chair by the window. There was no sound. He watched her, and she read.

Far back in her mind, layers of thoughts shifted like sands. How contemptuous Paul would be of them, sitting like this, with the width of a room between them! At first he had flatly refused to believe that Joel was not her lover. When, finally, he realized, he had put out his hands in that funny, incredulous gesture of his, and laughed uncontrollably.

"But why not?" he had demanded.

What fools he thought all people who did not see life as he saw it! His whole philosophy was so simple that, provided one could deny everything which civilization had added through the centuries, it was almost impossible to disprove. He took what he wanted; there was no other rule.

Irene was no longer reading. Her eyes on the manuscript, she was remembering the day when she had asked Paul for a divorce, so that she might marry Joel.

"Oh, no!" he had said, laughing at her. "What do you want to get married for, Renie? Go ahead and enjoy yourself, but—"

She remembered her passionate protests. It wasn't, she told him, a question of enjoyment, of indulgence. She wanted to marry Joel, to build a home with him.

Paul had shaken his head, his brown eyes dancing with amusement at her. "And me give up *my* home? Not a chance, darling! You're my idea of the perfect wife, Renie—d'you think I'd be fool enough to let you go?"

Divorce would have meant fighting and scandal, and he was the children's father. Thomsine had been eight years old, quite old enough to suffer.

AND now—she tried to define what she felt now for Joel. She liked being with him. He was all that was right in a world that so long had been tangled and tortuous. But as for love—one could not, she decided, love when one could no longer hate. And she did not hate Paul.

Once, of course, she had loved Paul Sutton. Centuries ago it seemed to her now. When, during the first few days of their marriage, he told her in such fine, artistic detail of all the other women he had loved, she had suffered. But there had been too many of them for her to be jealous. There was too elemental a quality in Paul's loving for so small and personal a thing as jealousy to enter.

She had been very young; she had felt that he was confessing to her his sins. They had been married a month when he brought her a new confession. At first she couldn't believe it. But she forgave him because she loved him.

The second time, she made a resolve. "I guess I wish you wouldn't tell me, any more, Paul."

It was then that she discovered that he enjoyed telling her—that an essential part of the pleasure of infidelity lay in confession.

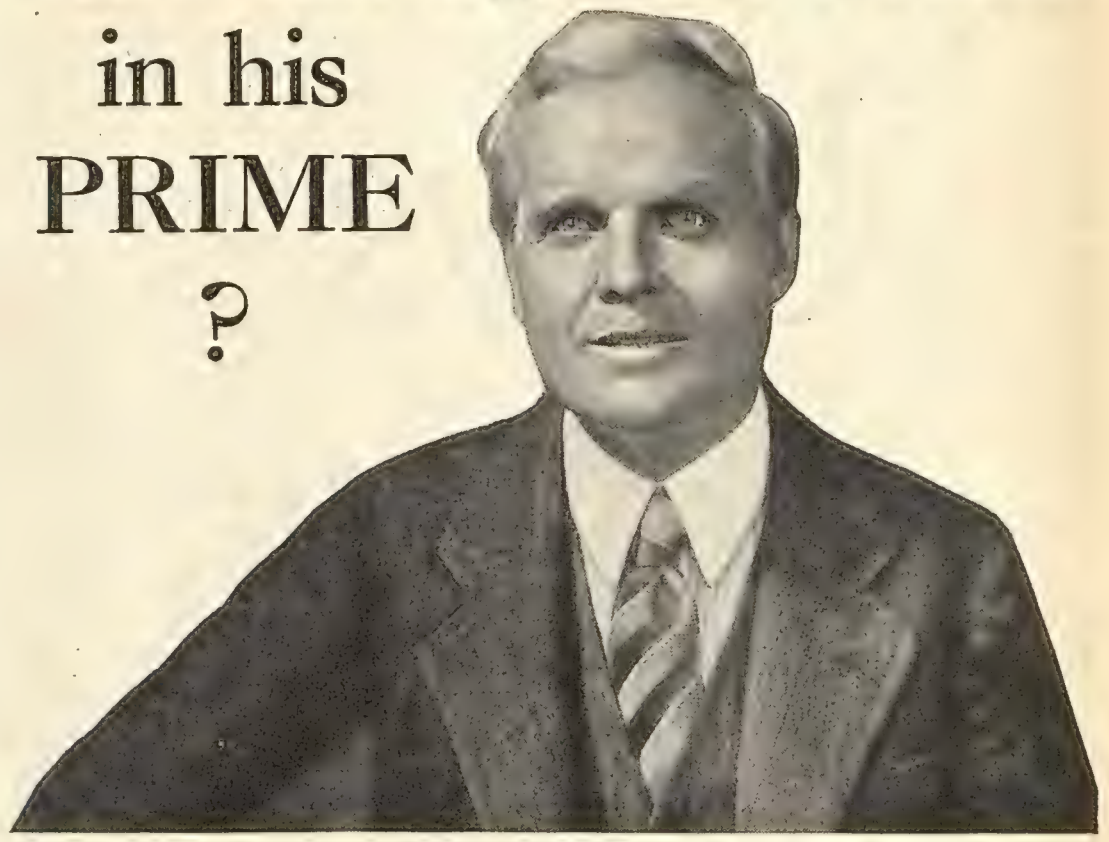
In the long, night long, arguments of that first year, she had tried, because she loved him, to accept his philosophy —his pretty, romantic words.

She had tried to accept it, and found herself, with the unequivocal clarity of her New England ancestry, adamant. "I have another name for it!" an old farm woman she had known in her childhood used to say, tartly, vulgarly. And Irene, too, had another name for it, a name not so pretty as Paul's. It was funny to remember, now, that she had made him blush!

It was all so long ago. Every-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At what age is a MAN in his PRIME ?



EVERYBODY will tell you something different. Some people are past their prime by the time they're 40. A few never know what it's like to feel in their prime. And then you talk to some hale and hearty man of 65, and he'll tell you he's been in his prime as long as he can remember.

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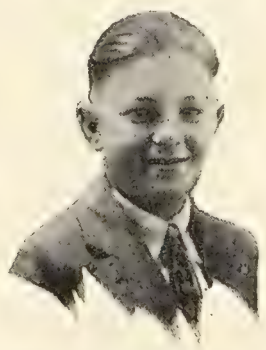

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[FOR THE GOOD OF THE GARDEN]
Continued from page forty-nine

thing seemed so long ago. Living with Paul Sutton, she had had, inevitably, to become one of two things—and she had become the nun. Tranquil, inviolable—even Joel, with all the eagerness of his young love, had not been able to break down those convent walls. She could have gone on so forever, had not this inconceivable thing arisen.

SHE turned the last page of Joel's manuscript and looked up at him. "Oh, it's splendid, Joel! There was something—back in the middle—"

Turning the pages, she crossed to his side. They were still discussing the play when Miss Lindon and the children returned—Miss Lindon flushed and troubled. Anne burst into instant speech.

"It wasn't Charlie Chaplin at all, mother! It was John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, and Thom knew it all the time! She's a nawful liar!"

Miss Lindon was biting her lip. Irene looked at Thomsine.

Anne continued: "She said she'd scream and bawl when Lindy said we had to go out! She—"

Irene continued to look at her elder daughter—brown eyes smoldering defiance, cheeks flushed high, lips curled.

"It was a swell picture!" said Thomsine. "Gosh!"

"Gosh!" Anne mimicked her. "You oughta have seen her, mother, when they kissed each other! *Soppy!*"

The homely little governess was flushing. Joel smiled at Irene.

"I'll be back after dinner, if I may."

"Come in for coffee, Joel," Irene heard her own voice remotely.

"You know," said Anne, in sudden wonder, "mother looks exactly like Greta Garbo!"

"*Mother!*" Thomsine's scornful laughter sent awful shivers along Irene's spine. Thomsine's eyes were measuring her mother's face. "Gee, that's the funniest thing I ever saw!" she admitted. "She does, sort of! But—"

Anne didn't know; Miss Lindon didn't know; but Irene and Thomsine knew the unspoken words that followed that *but*. Irene was shaken.

"Lying isn't considered very sporting, Thomsine," she heard her own voice, level and controlled.

Controlled! She stared at her daughter. She wanted to fling something, crashing, across the room. She wanted to scream. She wanted to call Joel Terry back—to kiss him there before her children, as Greta Garbo had kissed John Gilbert, to laugh in her elder daughter's astounded face. Of course Thomsine thought her incapable of passion; naturally she did!

"Well," Thomsine said, with all of her father's reasonableness, "I wanted to see the picture! Gosh! And I knew—"

"You're too old to lie," interrupted Irene. "You'll go directly to bed, Thomsine. I'll—"

She rebelled. No, she wouldn't talk with her. Later! Not tonight! "Oh—go away!" she cried.

Her slim hands clenched into fists, she whirled about toward the startled governess. "Take them away!" she cried out.

Her children stared at her, and slowly Irene's fingers relaxed.

"It makes me very unhappy to have you so deceitful, Thomsine," she said. How smug, how righteous her words sounded! But anything—anything—to get them away from her now.

She sank down to the couch where Joel had rested. The smell of his tobacco still hovered about it, but she had no consciousness of that. She was quivering, trembling, the outside shell cracking beneath the impact of inner chaos.

Deliberately, with her face pressed into the pillow so that she might not scream, she let herself recall in detail the scene of the evening before—the scene which had made her resolve to kill Paul Sutton.

THE children had come down to say good night, slim little girls in white nightgowns and pale robes, Anne in blue, Thomsine in pink. Anne cuddled in her lap, Thomsine in Paul's. Anne's cheek resting softly against her own, she had been content, at peace.

Then Thomsine's voice, strange and confused: "Don't, daddy, you tickle!"

Paul had laughed. "Good Lord, the child's acquiring a figure!" he said. "Stand up here, you great girl, and let me look at you!"

So often Irene's voice seemed to her to come from a distance, an illimitable distance from herself. So it was then. "Time for children to be in bed," it said calmly. "I'll go upstairs with you."

After dinner, when she and Paul were having their coffee, it was he who went on.

"Thomsine's growing into a woman," he said. "She's going to

be an exquisite little thing, Renie —made for love!"

His eyes were shining as though he were finding pleasure in the pleasures that would be Thomsine's. Vicarious enjoyment.

"Don't you go mixing her up with your Puritan ideas!" he said suddenly. "It would be a crime! She's like a little dryad, a little wood nymph. Just awakening. Not

"Are you Mrs. Sutton?" There was doubt in the husky, throaty voice, doubt and a brusque catch of shyness.

knowing yet what she's made for."

He was smiling hatefully.

"Lord, Renie," he said, "think of it! Let me tell her about life—about sex. Let me give her the ability to be natural, to enjoy herself as men and women are intended to!" He was upon his favorite theme, becoming expansive. "The sheer beauty of—"

Irene stood up. Paul Sutton's voice died. His eyes were trying to escape hers, were unable to escape.

She walked out of the house. She walked all night long, unconscious of where she walked, or how, in the sunrise, she was returned to her own door. Thomsine, her little girl! Thomsine, Paul Sutton's daughter! There had seemed, then, no way to avoid destruction, no way to protect her most precious possession.

And then, in the morning, at her desk, it had appeared so clearly. In the morning—could it have been the morning of this day?

SHE sat up, shivering. Paul would be home soon. And then —an overdose of veronal, almost anything would do. Joel was coming in; that would mean highballs. Perhaps—

The telephone rang, and her voice saying "Hello" was quite composed.

"Renie?" It was Paul. "I won't be home for dinner." There was a jubilant note in his voice, an undercurrent of excitement. His wife knew what that meant.

She closed her eyes. "Oh. But —but you *will* be home later?"

He laughed. "Why, my dear! You sound almost as though you wanted me to be!"

Her fingers gripping the edge of the table. "I do," she told him.

There was an instant's silence. "Why, Irene!" His voice was mocking her. "What does this mean?"

She drew a long breath. "Come home and see, Paul."

The words trembled over the wires to New York, and his laughter came rolling back.

"I'll be home sometime," he said.

She began to laugh as she put down the receiver—to laugh uncontrollably. She was no Delilah! Standing, one hand pressed against her breast as though to protect her body from this terrible racking of inner laughter, she saw herself reflected in the hall mirror. Straight and white, her mouth pulled out of shape, tears streaming grotesquely down that laughing mask of her face. The woman who was going to kill.

"No!" she cried out sharply, aloud.

MISS LINDON and Anne were already at supper. She could hear the murmur of their voices, low and casual. Thomsine, in her bedroom, would be sullenly consuming bread and milk.

Irene brushed her hand across her forehead and stumbled up the stairs to her room.

Between the windows was set a long glass, and she walked over to it. It was years since she had stood so before one, appraising herself. Five years ago she had used to stand like a girl, wondering at the flush which thoughts of Joel Torrey could bring to her cheeks, marveling at the soft luminosity which love had put into her eyes. Then, after she had accepted the futility of that love, the light disappeared.

Now she stood looking at herself—looking *for* herself. Trying to see, through that familiar outer casing, a woman. A woman who was going to kill a man!

The cool measuring in Thomsine's eyes was unforgettable. Thomsine knew that she was not a woman. A mother, a loved personification of various things, but not a creature of flesh and blood, like a moving picture actress!

To Paul— As she remembered her hollow effort at coquetry over the telephone, a blush burst through the outer shell and suffused Irene's cheeks. To Paul, too, she was an idea, the Mrs. Sutton of his background, who reared his children and entertained his friends and made a graceful companion for his public appearances. She had not enough reality, now, to persuade him from the least promising adventure.

And Joel—he, more than any of them, must believe her an empty shell. Like a dead radio, unable any longer to receive and re-echo that tumult of feeling which had once clamored between them. Joel!

She picked up the extension telephone from the stand beside her bed and called him.

"Joel? Why don't you come over and have dinner here? Paul's detained and I'm alone and we can finish talking about the play."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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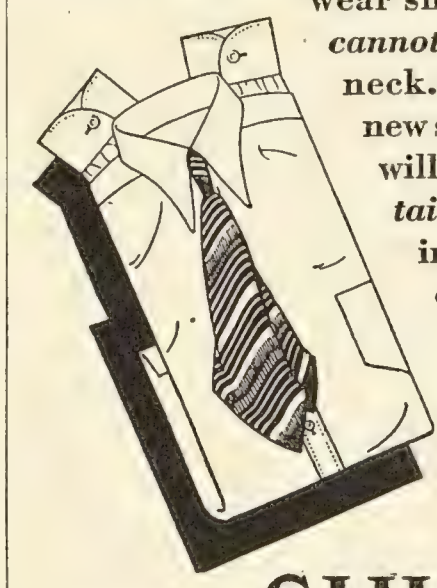

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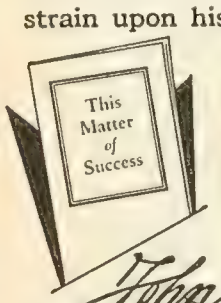

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LIB.

[FOR THE GOOD OF THE GARDEN]
Continued from page fifty-one

His cheerful acceptance made her shiver.

"I'm alone." Once that would have meant something so different!

She dropped off her dress, standing before a long mirror.

"You're dead—and you didn't know it!" she told the woman reflected there. No flash of resentment answered her from the reflected face.

Yet something burned hotly within her breast. This night she would kill Paul Sutton because it was necessary.

She began again to laugh, to laugh at herself. And it was scarcely five hours before that she had wondered if she would now marry Joel Torrey!

A woman who could so unemotionally kill her husband could not marry her lover! It was within her power to take life—but not to live it.

She bathed and dressed, dressed carefully, making herself lovely as a child might dress a doll. And it was a little girl's pleasure when her doll is admired that she felt when Joel's eyes lighted at the sight of her.

"You, Irene," he told her, "are my idea of the ten most beautiful women in America!"

"What would I do without you, Joel?" she murmured, faintly mocking.

His eyebrows made little arcs of surprise upon his forehead.

THEY had dinner, and Irene was conscious, as one is conscious of something happening upon a stage, of herself being vivacious. It was amazing that she could go through this evening in such a manner. Perfectly calm, contained.

"Irene, what in the devil is the matter with you tonight?" Joel's voice suddenly shattered her reflections, like a stone flung through a window.

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded.

They were having their coffee upon the terrace, sun sinking into a cloud bank in the west, sun sinking upon Paul Sutton's last day on earth.

"I don't know what I mean—but I don't like it!"

Irene stared at him. He was angry. Joel! He set down his cup so violently that the coffee spurted upward and splashed upon the wicker table. Scowling, he strode the length of the terrace and returned to her.

"But, Joel, what don't you like?"

She leaned toward him. Like action on a stage, removed by a row of footlights from reality, her interest in this anger of Joel's was astoundingly impersonal, apart from herself.

He stood before her, hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"I'm damned if I know! I—you—"

It was as though, thought Irene, he knew, but could not say it as he wished. Knew, but could not say it nicely!

"Perhaps," said Irene, very quietly, "I'm tired. It's been a trying day."

Her voice had that same remote quality of smugness that she had felt that afternoon when she addressed Thomsine.

"Oh, I knew there was something I wanted to tell you! I want to find a position for a girl—"

He listened impatiently, but after she had finished he returned stubbornly to his anger.

"Something's happened to you, Irene!" he said.

HER breath caught. If only she could let go! If only she could tell him! But she couldn't.

"A lot of things have happened to me, my dear," she retorted very lightly. "You ought to know that!"

He winced. "Oh, damn it—" He had turned away, but he came back again to her. "That isn't you talking, Irene!" he said. And repeated it, bringing out his words separately, like hammer blows. "It—isn't—you!"

He was making it unbearably difficult. She couldn't stand much more. She looked pleadingly at him, and before the insistence in his eyes her temper stirred, breaking through years' layers of cobwebs. This, at least, she didn't have to stand!

"Oh, don't be stupid, Joel!" she said. She stood up irritably.

The sun had disappeared; the twilight lay over the terrace. She wanted to shriek at Joel, "Oh, go *away!* Leave me *alone!*"

But that was what he would not do. "Don't you speak to me like that, Irene!" he said fiercely.

She had never, she realized now, seen Joel angry with her. In the twilight she saw his face tense, his eyes very hard.

"Well, don't be silly, then!" she retorted, and found that she swayed a little, as though the terrace had been a ship's deck beneath her feet.

"What's the matter with you, Irene?" His voice was hoarse. He had grasped her bare arms above the elbows and was shaking her.

She couldn't bear any more. "Let me *go*, Joel!" she cried shrilly. "You're *hurting* me!"

"I *want* to hurt you!" he said. "Damn you, Irene—"

Equally, in that moment, he might have struck her or kissed her.

It would not, she realized afterward, have made any difference which.

He kissed her, crushing her ruthlessly in his arms. Five years since he had kissed her—

"Now, then," he said, with no tenderness at all in his voice, "we'll have this out, Irene!"

She was at the end of everything, and she knew it. For a moment she could only stare at him.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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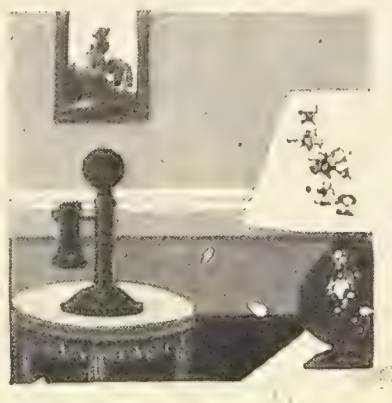
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

"Why—why did you do that, Joel?" she whispered finally.

"Irene—" He had not released his grasp on her arms; his fingers were pressing cruelly into her flesh. "Irene, I don't know why—but I believe that you do!" Accusingly his eyes searched hers.

"Wait, Joel." She closed her eyes tightly. "Wait!"

She wasn't a woman; she mustn't be a woman. Paul had to be killed—and killing Paul meant killing Joel. There could be nothing, nothing ever again between them after that. Not even friendship. She hadn't recognized that before, but now she saw it clearly.



Amazingly, she was getting herself in hand. A moment more—

"Something *has* happened," she said slowly, "but it's hard to explain. It's as if I were dead, Joel. There isn't any me any more. The Irene you loved is gone. Forever."

She had never said that to him before. She had never lied to him.

"That's not true!" He tried, through the thickening dusk, to see her face.

She was glad that he couldn't. No, it was not true. But it would be—tomorrow. If she could, as she must, kill Paul Sutton, impersonally, dispassionately, she would be forever incapable of human feeling. She knew that. It was her life or Thomsine's. She couldn't keep Paul and Thomsine apart in any other way, and they must be kept apart. She must think of that. She forced herself to think of it, of the futility of herself trying to steady Thomsine's recklessness while Paul Sutton worked at undermining it.

"Yes, it's true," she told Joel.

She walked into her house, and he followed her.

"Irene, I'll wait—forever," he said. "I love you."

"There's no more waiting, Joel," said Irene implacably.

It was strange for him to say it now, tonight; it had never been said before, between them. "Even—if he should die?" asked Joel.

She shook her head. "It doesn't matter," she said, "whether he dies or not. Don't you see, Joel, that that's it? I'm drained of feeling. I have neither love nor hate."

HE wouldn't accept it so, and she knew that now, this night, before he left her house, she must make him accept it. She, who later this evening was going to kill merely a man, must set about killing other, more precious things.

She looked at him mutely when the telephone rang. She was not crying, because she could not cry. But the telephone was a thing beyond her powers. The very fact of its existence seemed, in that moment, incredible. She leaned back in the chair, eyes closed, as he went to answer it. It was over, practically—everything, all life.

She opened her eyes and saw him standing in the doorway, looking at her.

"You'd better go now, Joel," she told him. "Paul will be back soon, and—"

He looked at her strangely.

"Paul won't be back," he said.

"Oh." She shrugged. "He telephoned?"

"No." Joel Torrey's face was queer and drawn. "No. A—a woman telephoned. I guess it's funny, Irene. I don't know. Paul's dead."

Irene Sutton sat up straight in the chair.

"Dead?" she repeated in a curiously thin, clear voice.

"The woman said a stroke. I don't know. He's at her apartment, and she—wants him taken away."

"Dead!" said Irene.

Then, suddenly, a tremendous thing happened. She stood up, and though, without any warning, she was crying—crying so that tears streamed swiftly over her cheeks—life seemed to rush into her body as though a hundred inner lights had been turned on. To Joel, looking at her, she seemed to become almost luminous.

Paul Sutton—dead—like that!

SHE lifted up her chin, high, almost defiant. *But she had meant to kill him herself!* She had wanted to kill him! For the first time she realized it. She had wanted to kill him, because she knew him for what he was, vicious and destructive and detestable—because she hated him! For a second, as she stood there, she felt cheated, robbed of fulfillment. But only for a second.

"Why—things don't happen like that!" she cried, and her voice was rich and full.

Joel came toward her. "We'd better get the car and go into town," he was saying, but his words bore no relation to the expression in his face. "We'd better—"

His voice choked.

"Irene! Look at yourself in the mirror!" he cried to her.

In the mirror! She turned obediently, and saw what he meant—what he had seen. Before dinner she had looked into a mirror for herself and found nothing. Now she was there alive, a human thing, a woman.

She blushed like a girl. "Why—it isn't right for me to look like that now!" she said.

Joel Torrey put his arm about her. "It wouldn't have been right if you'd looked any other way, Irene. But—oh, my God, I was so afraid!"

She dropped her head against his shoulder for an instant. Then—"Oh, please, Joel, before we do anything about it—I've got to cry!"

"Thank God!" said Joel.

He led her to a chair and stood, for a moment, watching as she gave herself up to weeping. Then he straightened his shoulders, and, whistling very softly, left her and walked out toward the garage.

THE END

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Why Modern Girls Are Scoundrels, and Other Matters of Interest

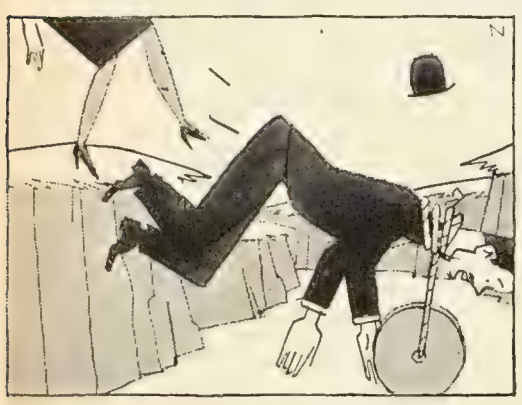
CLEVELAND, OHIO—I see that a woman signing herself "A Modern Wife—a Southerner, thank God!" sent in a letter in which she said she had a model, modern husband. She asserted that he never drinks, never whips the children, cleans her house week-ends, does the baking, gets his own breakfasts, walks with the baby at night, hands over every penny of his pay, does washing, errands, and is getting so he tolerates the "petting hour" she's training him to, every eve before bedtime.

It is people like that woman and letters like hers that make the modern girls the scoundrels they are today. Why preach such trash to the immature minds of our younger girls who are to become our wives?

They might actually be led to believe that all she says she's done could be done by them. Don't lose sight of the fact that all men are not made of rubber. I, for one, would battle to a finish—my wife's finish—if she ever attempted to lead me toward a dishpan.—*Sam.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—What a nitwit that "Modern Wife's" husband turned out to be! No doubt he crochets a mean loop on his nightgown.—*S. Corey.*

WORCESTER, MASS. — Does that woman who signed herself "A Modern Wife—a Southerner, thank God!" think she has a real husband? If he were my husband I'd take him to the



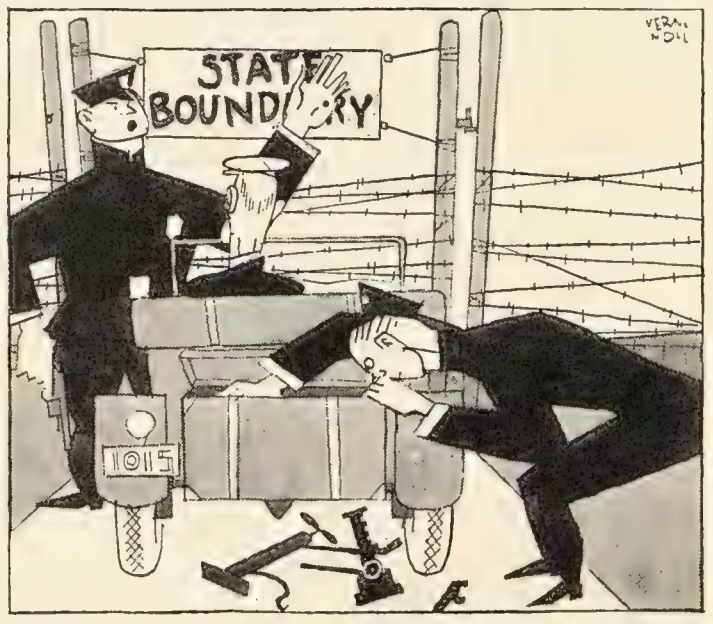
nearest river, tie a weight around his neck, and let my conscience be my guide. If that is a sample of Southern will power in a man, then thank God I married a Northerner.—*A Woman Who Married a Real Man.*

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—These few lines were inspired by the letter in Vox Pop from "A Modern Wife—a Southerner, thank God!"

Her husband certainly bats high as a husband, but there is just one question which I would like to ask, and if answered in the affirmative he must be a *perfect* husband! Does he have her babies for her?—*A Southerner—thank God!*

Well, What Were You Doing in Canada?

YORK, PA.—The question as to whether or not we should let each state decide the wet issue for itself has now been placed squarely before the people, and despite Alfred E. Smith's decisive defeat will furnish food for thought for many years.



What about the cost of such a scheme? Surely our present system of prohibition is expensive enough as it is. Such a plan would give us back our ancestral Europe, with its many kingdoms, barricaded with barbed wire fences. Sentinels, in shifts—how many of them?—on every state boundary, playing a searchlight or X ray on every passing car, with the slogan: They Shall Not Pass—Methinks Their Breath Smells of Liquor.

These sentinels would have to live, too. How easy to look the other way for a five or ten spot.

When you and I went to Canada we enjoyed having our luggage torn apart, now I ask you, didn't we?—*H. M. S.*

A Bouquet for Us—

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Your editorial, "Why Not Home Rule in America?" carried us back fifty years or more. I can remember twenty-five years ago when Michigan was trying to get prohibition by local option, which is another term for home rule.

It was fully decided by the leading drys of that day that one section *cannot* be dry and another wet. There was too much liquor slopping over into the dry counties.

This home rule argument belongs to the horse and buggy days. It's obsolete.—*An Interested Reader.*

—and One for Mr. du Pont

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO—The article by Pierre S. du Pont, "Why I Am Against Prohibition," surely fell flat. I can give Mr. du Pont one reason why the Eighteenth Amendment is not observed as it should be. It is because such un-American highbrows as he, who have made their millions, perhaps, in furnishing powder for such sport as wars, think themselves big enough to ignore the laws that do not suit their tastes.—*W. H. Gambell.*

It Will Be Simply Swell

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have read with a great deal of interest Dr. Straton's article, "Why I Am a Prohibitionist." I am sure that all right thinking people will agree with him in principle.

However, I think that Dr. Straton, as well as all the great moral leaders, is unduly stressing prohibition.

Enforcement is a simple matter once our moral leaders make up their minds to meet the issue squarely. They need only follow in the footsteps of the great moral leaders of an age of not so long ago. Such as, for drinking or selling booze: First offense: Hot lead in boots. Second offense: Lop off both hands. Third offense: Off with their heads.

This will surely lead our feet along the path of dry righteousness and open the way for the final great reform that will remove all sin, sorrow, tears, and misery from this world and make of it a moral paradise for other worlds to gaze upon with envy.—*C. V.*

Echo Answers "Why?"

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—Why has your magazine discontinued the practice of heading each article or story with the approximate reading time?—*Illini.*

O. K.—Don't Let Us Hurry You

GRANVILLE, OHIO — Congratulations on stopping the practice of trying to tell the reader in how many seconds he can read stories.—*Blair Willison.*

Remember Mary Martion? She's In Again

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I would like to state some true facts about the so-called religious intolerance.

One reader, over the signature "100 Per Cent Catholic," wrote in about bigotry. If he had read history he would know who started this bigotry. Certainly not the Protestants.

The Roman Catholic Church in one day had 25,000 people killed and their bodies thrown in the river, just because they were Protestants and wanted to worship God in their own way. Was that a Christian thing to do? Would Christ sanction the killing of those people, when one of the Ten Commandments is "Thou shalt not kill"?

If "100 Per Cent Catholic" goes to Brussels, Belgium, and takes a sightseeing ride, the guide will point out the square which was covered with Protestant blood when the Roman Catholics, with their church's order, killed the Protestants.

There are many similar places in France, where the Huguenots (French Protestants) were tortured before being killed. And this is the truth and *not* bigotry propaganda. Any history of the Inquisition will give these facts. The Catholic Church, if it got into control, would tolerate such killings.—*Mary Martion.*

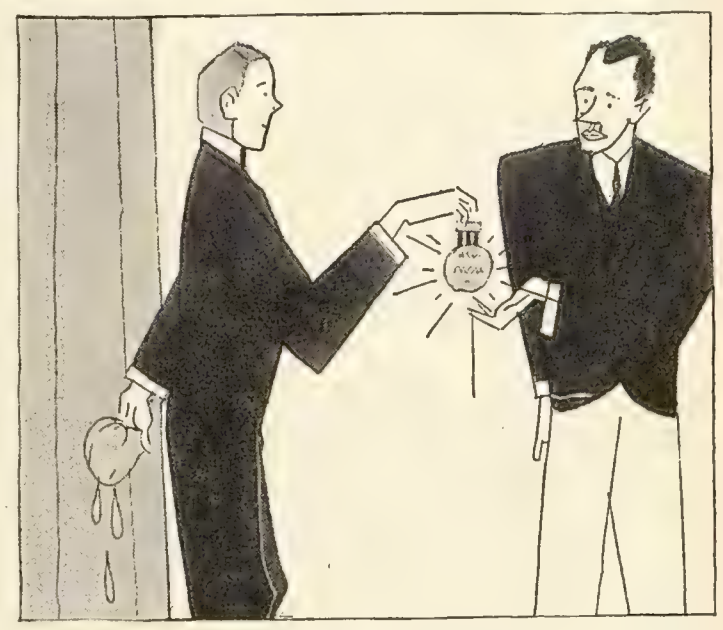
Canada Points With Pride

BRIDGEWATER, N. S., CAN.—After reading the election news of the recent American presidential election I have come to the conclusion that we people in Canada have more freedom and less sect prejudice than the people of the U. S. A.

For instance, Canada, with a population of more Protestants than Catholics, has, since its confederation, elected *two* Roman Catholic premiers: Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir John Thompson. This, I think, is proof of what I say.—*Edwin B. Cragg.*

Give, Throw, Then Run—What?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I'm sorry "War Bugs," like all good things, had to come to an end. There were so many things in it that went right to your heart, and so much slangy, outrageous flamdoodle, that reading it was like listening to a symphony or-



chestra and a jazz band, both playing together.

And now let's pick out a man to carry our thanks to MacArthur. A man with a big medal in one hand, and a big, ripe—too ripe—tomato in the other. Tell him to give one and throw the other.—*Bugs Lover.*

Mr. Thrasher Say No Fiftee Dollar for This

COEUR D'ALENE, INDIAN RESERVATION, IDAHO—I see you going to give away fiftee dollar to somebody who has idee for Mr. Thrasher.

I got a good idee what mak everybody happy. Get piece of hemp rope, sixteen foot long. Make loop and stick it around neck of Lil and Sandy. Tie other end to top high tree. Killum quick.—*Louie Wakna.*

Pop

Jackson and the Jelly Bean

ATLANTA, GA.—Without intending in the least to hurt the feelings of the gink who, in your Vox Pop columns of November 10, cast a slur at the memory of President Andrew Jackson by saying that he went unshaven and chewed tobacco, I want to go on record as per the following:

A man that chews tobacco thereby distinguishes himself from the jelly bean type. And not only this but he deodorizes his mouth and teeth and disinfects them by the use of tobacco.

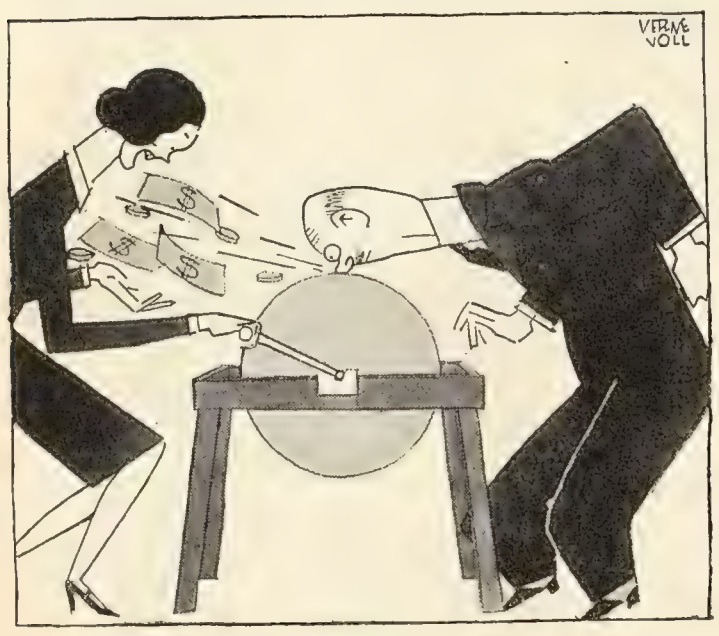
Then this gentleman should remember that "Old Hickory" lost the habit of shaving regularly while he was shaving others, including the British at New Orleans.—*A Regular.*

A Bachelor Looks at Husbands

BUFFALO, N. Y.—For gosh sake, give us an article on the predicament of the average American husband. Ho ho! A perambulating cash register without a thought, razor blade, or hole in the wall to call his own, suffocated with frou frou restrictions and feminine blah-blah.

Stoop shouldered, sunken chested, pot bellied, and with a skin the color of the cold storage chicken Darling buys at the chain stores, he is worked to death and back to life again to pay for women's extravagances.

Hurried, worried, and driven, his



nose always to the grindstone, he is finally brought home, gasping for breath, after years of pathetic endeavor to "keep up with the Joneses." The doctor then announces that it is only a matter of hours, the Little Woman begins to study the fine print on the back of the insurance policy, and the papers print that oft recurring headline: "Prominent Business Man Suddenly Stricken."—*Selfish, Unhurried Bachelor.*

We've Thought of It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why don't you print LIBERTY on asbestos? Your stories are so hot they sometimes singe your mag.—*Salamander.*

Yessir

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Anyone who says LIBERTY isn't worth the price would push little chickens in the creek and hold them there till they drown!—*D. G. W.*

Listen, Miss Patterson!

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—As a reader of LIBERTY, I feel justified in writing my criticism in regard to your recent story by Alicia Patterson, "The Shoplifters."

Defaming the character of the Polish people by mentioning a "Polish mother," "Polish lady," "Polish lady and her daughter"!

Do you not think it would have been better logic to say, "a Mrs. B," just as you said "a Mrs. A"? But you seemed rather free with "Polish."

I am not interested in the lady, but I do not like the idea of mentioning "Polish" and favoring "a Mrs. A." It creates an unjust impression.—*S. F. Dziennik.*

BLACKSTONE, VA.—I read Alicia Patterson's article, "The Shoplifters," with marked interest. I note, though, that she tried to make capital of the colored girl's case. She used very harsh terms in describing this individual and I dare say that if she should use such descriptive language to the average colored girl in the city of Chicago, the colored girl, no doubt, would endeavor to see if her heart was made of sand or striated tissue.

Why not write in a fair vein? The colored girl was a thief, but so was the wife of the policeman.

Relative to the position Miss Patterson now holds, let us look into the merits of her case. She admits that she was a flop in one department of the store in question. She was then sent to the most despicable job on earth—that of a sleuth. Suppose the average colored girl had the chances she enjoys as a white woman, does Miss Patterson think that girl would be found in such a position as she herself now holds? The position of sleuth. Ye gods!

If we must live in this country together, without serious bloodshed, we should "can" this better-than-thou attitude because, as sure as your head is hot, Miss Patterson, you may reap some day, with compound interest, the fruits from the seed of discord you are endeavoring to sow.—*A Reader of Liberty.*

We'll Try to Do Better

CAYUGA, IND.—I am a poor telephone operator—poor in all senses of the word—and can only afford a five cent magazine. But I can never buy a copy of LIBERTY here. The manager's wife takes it.

When I asked the news dealer for an extra copy of LIBERTY, he said to me, "Why, girl, didn't you know there isn't any such animal as an extra copy of LIBERTY?"—*Evelyn Newman.*

Heaven in the Home

BOSTON, MASS.—Y'ought to keep Sid Sutherland from writing things like "Havana Succeeds Florida." Honest to gosh, y'ought! Here I am, condemned to spending the winter selling hardware to women customers who look as hard as the hardware. No chance at all to go south. And yet you let Sid tell me just why Havana's a pocket edition of heaven.

The nearest I've got to swimming 'neath azure skies, and sucking at booze it's legal to suck at, was when I went home yesterday after reading Sid's article, climbed into a bathtub full of tepid water, and with a picture of Havana before me, and a straw—that ended in the Right Stuff—in my mouth, sipped and soaked and soaked and sipped.—*A Male Slave of the Counter.*

Reassuring News About Liquor Prices in Florida

CORAL GABLES, FLA.—An outraged sense of justice demands that I write you and ask if you consider it fair to publish, as you have done, just prior to the opening of the winter season in Florida, such an article as Sidney Sutherland's "Havana Succeeds Florida"?

The burden of Mr. Sutherland's complaint against Florida seems to be composed of three main items, viz.:

1. Hurricanes.
2. High cost of liquor.
3. Lack of horse racing, dog racing, and jai alai.

Taking these up in the order named, let us see what the true facts are.

1. Hurricanes. It is true that Florida is occasionally visited by these storms, but only twice in twenty years, on an average, has any particular locality in Florida been struck. Cuba is just as heavy a loser, if not more so, from hurricanes, as is Florida.

2. High cost of liquor. It is true that the government has within the past two years greatly augmented the dry force in Florida and liquor is higher in price now than it was in 1925-26.

However, I am reliably informed that an excellent grade of whisky is now obtainable in Florida in five gallon lots for fifteen dollars ($15.00) for the five gallons. This is at the rate of three dollars ($3.00) per gallon, or seventy-five cents per quart.

3. Lack of horse racing, dog racing, and jai alai. It is true that in 1926 and 1927 there was no racing and no jai alai in Florida, but this season the Miami Jockey Club has announced a fifty-one day meet and Tex Rickard and some of his associates have already started construction of a new dog track on South Beach, Miami Beach. This track will be in operation this season.

I have no definite information as yet regarding the prospects for jai alai this winter.

Were all liquor, all racing, all gambling to be taken away from Florida there would yet remain the glorious, health giving sunshine practically three hundred and sixty-five days of the year; there would yet be the turquoise seas that murmur gently on the wonderful beaches of Florida.—*L. D. Breckenridge.*

We Won't

WALKERVILLE, ONT., CAN.—Sometimes LIBERTY is good, sometimes not so good, but there is one page that is consistently good. That is Frederick James Smith's movie page.

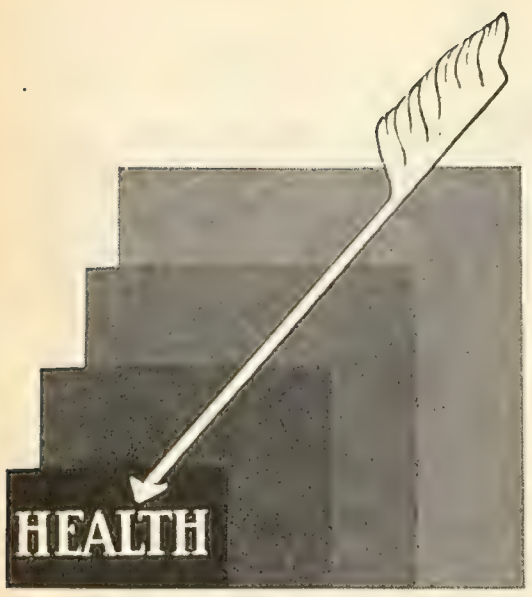
Mr. Smith knows what he is talking about. We are willing to take his word about any picture. Mind you don't lose him!—*J. M. Fox.*

Very Confidentially—Where Does It Hurt Most?

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Give us a LIBERTY story against spanking young girls! The other night I was

taken into the bedroom and soundly spanked, bi-gosh. Just like a five year old kid. With a hairbrush, too—just for coming in late.

Now I ask you, very confidentially, is this right, when one is eighteen? I'm spanked sometimes by ma and sometimes by daddy. It hurts my dignity and other places. Even if I do deserve it, should they do it?—*Smarting Marie.*



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"He's a Regular John L!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"A DENT! A dent in the rattle!" Uncle Ulysses beamed. "Some jaw power behind my namesake's one tooth. By next summer he'll be able to enjoy corn on the cob."

"I hope it'll be a good season for yellow bantam," Lil said, "and that the baby's teeth will all come in straight. I'm having a time with him about sucking his thumb. Nothing's worse for deforming the gums."

"Well, his first tooth is a fine dental sample," Uncle U. told her. He clicked his own false teeth excitedly.

"The minister's wife gave the baby a pacifier with a silver ring," Lil said. "I keep it on a string. Then he can't swallow it."

This week's cover picture.

"You'd be wise to tie strings to Sandy's collar buttons, my dear." Her uncle was clearing the kitchen table for the biweekly weighing the baby ordeal. "Where d'you want the butter to go?"

"In the ice box, please," Lil murmured. "Put it right on the ice. Please balance it between the celery and those two onions."

And as soon as Uncle U. banged down the lid the two loud smelling bulbs of the lily family wriggled right out of their many layered crackling jackets to merrily roll along the ice—and parked upon the butter.

Lil lifted the scales from the clothes basket under the range, picked off fatty remains from the steak she'd weighed the Wednesday previous, tinkered with the regulator until the hand pointed to zero, and took the baby manual from behind the pile of oyster plates.

"I've weighed him exactly eighteen times," she said, "but I always read the instructions just the same. Why, I could wrap the naked baby in a soft blanket, place him on the scales, and then watch to see that he didn't fall off with my eyes shut."

"It's subtracting the weight of the blanket from the total weight that gets me mixed," her uncle, president of one bank and director of another, owned up. "It's worse than figuring semiannual compound interest."

Lil draped back her yellow dotted kitchen curtains à la lambrequin. A trembling shaft of sunlight danced straight into the soap dish with its half moon of laundry soap, slanted off into a tumbler of used matches, and imprinted a two inch rainbow on the wall right over her What I Need Household Reminder.

"Turn the light off under the prunes," she told Uncle Ulysses. "The steam might eradicate the darling's dimples. He has a new one now on the left knee. Won't he look cute in little rompers? Sometimes I wish he'd been a girl."

"What would you have named her?" Uncle U. asked. "Ulyssesiana?"

Lil thought that sounded rather geographic, too much like one of the states along the Mississippi, but she didn't say anything.

"If he'd been a girl," her uncle sighed, "I know where there are two three carat diamond earrings. They belonged to your husband's great-grandfather's only sister. The one who settled in Oregon. You could have had the baby's ears pierced."

"Sweet thing!" Lil whispered, kissing him. While she hated the thought of her offspring's punctured ear lobes, she loved the mental picture of two sparkling diamonds reposing somewhere. "Sweet thing," she decided to say again.

She set the scales plunk in the center of the table. An altar to the God of Avoirdupois! Would the baby weigh more or less? Were the cereal feedings agreeing or disagreeing with his rapidly growing stomach? Should she increase or decrease the daily 8 A. M. strained tomato juice? And what about the 4 P. M. delectable dose of codliver oil? Only the scales, mysterious jury of sickness or health, could answer these weighty questions!

"Upsy daisy! Higgledy-piggledy! See the birdie! Upsy daisy!" Uncle U. suddenly got quite out of breath. And he had completely run out of intimate little expressions before Lil lowered this century's infantile wonder into the scales basket. "Now stay still. Stay still. Quit your kicking."

Up shot one leg. Up shot the other. Up went the hips. Then down they came. Lil dangled the rattle just out of reach.

"One, fourteen, six, two, seventeen, zero," said the scales.

"Isn't he athletic?" Lil asked. "Talk about Sampson and the Philippines!"

"Sampson?" Uncle U. was cross eyed watching the blurred pointer. "Why, he's a regular John L!"

NOTE—The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by J. W. M. Paxton, Box 298, Clifton Forge, Va. An award of $50 has been sent to Mr. Paxton.

(Next week's cover adventure: A Family Stroll)

HI-TOI Nursery chair

Trains baby *quickly* saves mothers' time

Keeps Baby Safe from Harm

MAIL COUPON NOW!

At last! A nursery chair that assures comfort and safety for baby at all stages of growth. Sturdy, wide-spread legs prevent upsetting. Special safety strap keeps baby from standing up or falling out. Mother can go about her housework serenely certain baby is safe from harm. Two-way adjustable foot-rest gives firm foot support—assures constant free circulation in little legs—aids them to grow straight and strong—and helps baby to walk weeks sooner than average.

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In Next Week's LIBERTY

DUSK OF THE GODS

A stirring tale of football glory

By EDWARD L. MCKENNA

THE LILAC JACKET

A romance of horses and chivalry and love

By ELIZABETH CARFRAE

and

LITTLE SOLLY DIES

In which a gangster goes the way of most of his kind

By WALTON GREEN

German troops returning across the Rhine at Cologne.

Ten Years Ago This Month—

The Germans March Home

By Sigrid Schultz

EIGHTY thousand mutineering sailors, armed to the teeth, were stamping through the streets of Kiel, Luebeck, Hamburg, proclaiming the Red Soviet Republic of Germany. Their leaders were organizing the march to Berlin to overthrow the government of the Kaiser.

Fifteen million men wearing the Kaiser's colors knew nothing of this. They were battling on in bloodsoaked trenches from North Sea to Alps, in the wilds of Russia, in the Baltic provinces, in Poland, the Balkans, northern Italy, in Asia Minor, Palestine, and Mesopotamia.

Fierce civil war threatened when the mutineering sailors tried to establish their reign of blood and terror. One of their first exploits was to send out a submarine to torpedo the battleship Schleswig-Holstein, whose captain had refused to hoist the red flag. A hundred young cadets had just been brought on board. They were all drowned with the officers and a handful of loyal sailors.

But all this was forgotten when on Saturday, November 9, at 11 A. M., the Kaiser abdicated the throne of his fathers in his own name and that of his son. A few hours later he crossed the border into Holland. But his soldiers were still fighting. Three and a half million of them were on the western front, where the battle was more terrific than ever.

French, English, American heavy guns which previously had shelled the rear were now turned against the German front line trenches. French, English, American light artillery that could be moved faster was pushed forward to shell the rear. And yet, the "most terrible moment of the whole war was November 11, at 12 A. M., German time, when the firing ceased." So the chief of the general staff of the Twenty-third Division, Major von Loeben, told LIBERTY—and he had stood in the front lines for almost four years and four months. He added:

"We received the first intimation of impending disaster on November 8, when strict orders were issued to place officers in charge of all wireless stations to prevent news from spreading to the troops. The appeals of the Red mutineers to the front soldiers were to be kept secret—at least until armistice was signed. The men remained at their posts until the last minute."

When on November 11, shortly before noon, orders came through to cease firing at 12 o'clock and to prepare to march home to Germany, the men understood. There was no shouting, drinking, or jubilating—only the grim anxiety of the men for their families, their homes. They knew nothing definite. For months they had sensed that there was something wrong. The reserves which had been sent out to the front ever since early in 1918 had decamped at the first opportunity, leaving a trail of alarming rumors. Why was ammunition running low? Were their families really as hungry as the shirking reserves claimed? Every man, from the North Sea to the Alps, had only one thought—"home to mother for Christmas."

The soldiers who stood in the front lines never questioned the authority of their officers who had fought at their side. The men behind the front were those who tore off insignia of officers, trampled them into mud, and elected Soldiers' Councils that knew nothing about the jobs intrusted to them. All they had acquired was a store of catchy phrases taught by Red agitators.

These were out in droves to win the German army for the world revolution. But Hindenburg and his front line fighters stopped them.

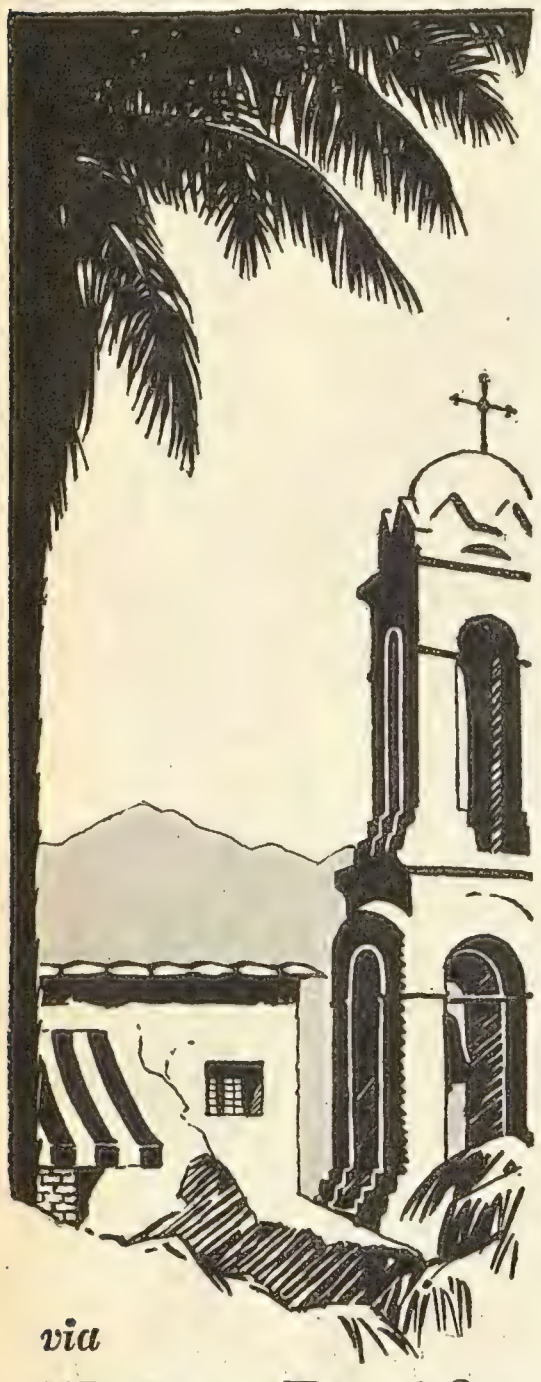
IT is thanks to Hindenburg that fifteen million German soldiers were not driven into the arms of Bolshevism and that Europe was saved from sharing the Russian chaos. At least that is what communists aver to this day, and they certainly ought to know. They still assert that their friends among the discontented Allied soldiers, especially among the French, could have swept Europe—provided their agents had won the returning German soldiers. But Hindenburg's personality loomed so big that Friedrich Ebert, Socialist deputy, former saddlemaker, and the five other masters of the revolution, turned to the former Kaiser's field marshal general and intrusted the army to his care.

Hindenburg told his troops, among other things:

"The Armistice agreement compels us to march home quickly—a difficult task under the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CALIFORNIA



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UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

[THE GERMANS MARCH HOME] Continued from page fifty-seven

prescribed conditions, a task which calls for self control and most devoted fulfillment of duty by each one of you—a hard test for the spirit and the morale of the army. On the battlefield you never failed your field marshal general. Again I depend on you."

And to the millions in Asia Minor, in the Balkans, southern Russia, the Baltic provinces, and Poland, he wirelessed that he expected all to fulfill their duty, now as before.

In exactly fifteen days all the German troops were to evacuate France and Belgium. By December 1 they must all have crossed the Rhine and evacuated the German territory which was to be placed under Allied control. Three and a half million men! Napoleon in his great retreat had 600,000. Behind the front all roads had been shelled or bombed to pieces. Automobile transport was impossible.

Three and a half million men trudged homeward—gray, sodden, bearded, emaciated, tired out, their vitality sapped. Every man took from the stores all the food he could stuff into bags and pockets. Small pieces of bacon were carried home as the most precious trophy for the hungering family.

THE story of the homeward march of the First Battalion of the Saxon regiment, 108th Schuetzen Fuesiliere (Rifles), is typical for the entire German army from the western front. When the order to cease firing was received, this battalion had dwindled to 250 men—it had been 500 strong on October 1, scarcely six weeks before. They were fighting near the Escaut in Ordeghem. They knew nothing of the Kaiser's abdication or of the revolution. On November 10, at night, their Captain Kirchner received word that armistice might be proclaimed the next day. The following morning at 11 the order to cease firing at 12 o'clock, German time, reached the captain.

(The difference of one hour between German and French time was responsible for the deaths of hundreds of soldiers in both Allied and German armies on November 11, 1918. The zero hour was 12 noon German time, 11 A. M. French time. Each following its own time, both armies ceased firing as ordered, but the hours did not synchronize and accusations of bad faith resulted.)

A few hours later the regiment was ordered on to Iseghem. They found the population singing and jubilating. Allied flags adorned the streets through which they marched in silence and dejection. Late at night a courier brought the exact route they were to follow to reach their homeland.

On November 12 they started. On the 14th they reached Spritoog. Here a weird message arrived from headquarters: troops were to elect Soldiers' Councils on the Russian Soviets' plan. The men clubbed together. The one with the most impressive beard came back to Kirchner and faced him squarely, saying, "We don't know what this means. Do you?" The captain truthfully replied that he did not. "We got on more than four years without a council. We need no council." Kirchner reported to headquarters and asked for information. All they told him was that Germany had a government of "emissaries of the people" and that he must force his soldiers to form a council. Again the soldiers clubbed together and he of the resplendent beard emerged again: "Captain, for years we have had the kitchen commission. You can use those three men as a council if you want to." And thus the council of the First Battalion of the Schuetzen Fuesiliere was elected—not in the least in the spirit the Red agitators would have wished.

Hindenburg's troops welcomed by the Soldiers' Council and the mayor at Frankfurt am Main.

After settling the council problem, the men marched on. At every halt they would try to get soap and water. Beards were shaved off, uniforms were washed as best they could. Meuwenrode, Elweit, Westbalno, Wesemael, Thielt, Cortenagen, Kosen, were their halting places until they dragged into Juprell on November 24 for a day of rest. Always the din of the victors' jubilation was in their ears. On the 25th they crossed the Meuse at Cherat, trudging on the whole day and night because good bridges were scarce and far between and they had to clear the road for the hundreds of thousands behind them.

Finally on November 26 they crossed into Germany near Morasnet, south of Aix la Chapelle. Now every village on their way was decorated with flags and bunting in their honor. Children and young girls brought flowers, tiny, bristly chrysanthemums, the only flowers that can be found in November.

The regiment staggered on and reached Aix la Chapelle. They were the first front line troops to arrive and the town turned out in their honor. That gave them new strength. With banners flying, with the band playing, the First Battalion marched on, proud of itself, proud of the welcoming tears and shouts.

Aix la Chapelle, the old town of Charlemagne, gave the soldiers the best cigarettes it had. There was hay in most of them. Coffee was poured—coffee only in name; roasted corn was the best variety; at least it was brown and hot. Sandwiches were served—potatoes and a little sawdust gave bread that special soggy, filling weight. But the troops had brought their own cattle along. All through southern Belgium they had driven and coaxed their oxen, sheep, and pigs, and the sight of the live stock was cheered. Here at least was one regiment that would not need any of the town's scanty meat rations.

Their sixth sense for danger at hand had grown keener in long years of battle. The men could not rest in Aix la Chapelle—they felt strange elements creeping around them. Mysterious individuals approached them, urging them to throw away their rifles, useless burdens.

A few young boys came up with red streamers. These boys were soundly thrashed. They had been without the supervision of their fathers for four years, and when the revolution broke out the fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen year olds thought their day had come. Their Red fanaticism knew no limit; they played a surprisingly large part in spreading the revolution throughout Germany—but only until the soldiers came back from the front.

GENERAL MAERKER tells how on his march home his regiments were suddenly halted by a terrible commotion in a small village. When the front line veterans tried to find out why the units ahead of them were marching wildly in all directions, they discovered a seventeen year old boy in uniform, with the red badge pinned on his chest, ordering the troops this way and that. Right beside him stood a simple elderly woman shrieking, "This Soldiers' Council fellow is my son. Can't you men give him a good licking and march on?" General Maerker's soldiers obliged her and the road was cleared.

The Schuetzen Fuesiliere found a similar situation in Aix la Chapelle. They saw young regiments parading with red flags, and without an instant's hesitation they threw down the flags and thrashed the youngsters. In alarm formation they spent the night of November 27 in front of the Aix la Chapelle railroad station. Early in the morning they were entrained for Duesseldorf.

It was not until they reached barracks in a suburb of Duesseldorf that they were given an authentic account of what had happened in their country. The Kaiser's abdication was confirmed. It seemed defection to the men who had fought for him. They heard of the new government, working hand in hand with their Field Marshal General von Hindenburg.

To emphasize their faith in the field marshal, the revolutionary Workers' and Soldiers' Council issued a proclamation:

"Hindenburg belongs to the whole nation and to the German army. He led his soldiers to brilliant victories and he did not abandon his people in their hour of need. Never was Hindenburg closer to us in his fulfillment of

duty than today. He stands under our protection. We know that the citizens and soldiers of this country feel only respect and admiration for him and that he will be protected against all annoyances. He is armed—now as before. So are the officers and men accompanying him."

Red agitators continued to lurk in the background. The 108th Schuetzen Fuesiliere regiment was assigned to guard the Rhine and prevent friction among the troops crossing the bridges. In Mainz, for instance, 25,000 men crossed the big bridge in one day with their whole train and baggage—which gives an idea of how easily jams could occur.

IT was when on duty near the Rhine that the First Battalion was invited to its first political meeting. The men went, their officers with them—much against the will of the politicians who began haranguing the troops. The men listened silently, but finally one of them got up: "Mr. Chairman, in which regiment did you serve?" The orator ducked the question—the soldier kept asking it. "Chairman, you look strong, healthy, and young. If you don't answer we shall know that you were a draft dodger and a coward." The politician fled. The party broke up with 250 husky front line veterans yelling "Coward!" No Red ever approached them or their comrades after that.

Drama often arose on the homeward march. The First Division, which had been in battle against the American forces during the "five red days" of September, saw far more of the revolution than the First Battalion of the Schuetzen Fuesiliere did. It was near Colmar and Gebweiler. Many of these men went to these towns on leave and came back ready to revolt. The general fever broke out in the First Division's field artillery regiment in Meienheim the day before the Armistice, when the men attacked Lieutenant Baron von Zedlitz, the regiment's aide. His insignia of rank were torn off his uniform and trampled. Sergeant Major Mueller, who rushed to the lieutenant's rescue, was beaten up.

Men from nearby units restored order. The assailants were forced to return the insignia to the officer and were threatened with punishment. Zedlitz could not forget "the insult to his colors." All officers were suffering bitterly—retreat, the defection of their Kaiser, revolution—but duty had been the keyword of their lives. They felt it was their duty to take their men home. But Zedlitz was young—to him retreat and revolution meant the end of the world, and he committed suicide.

The men who had insulted him had acted under the influence of agitators in Alsatian towns. His suicide weighed on their minds and served as a warning to the whole regiment, which united more closely than before to combat the "red danger."

Their commander, Major Count Eulenburg, addressed them the afternoon of November 11:

"We stand at the end of the most stupendous battle of world history. As you know, armistice began this noon. We cannot greet it joyfully, as we had hoped. The fatherland is sorely stricken.

"In four years we stood in more than a hundred battles; we never lost a position and never failed in an attack. On September 26 of this year [one of the "five red days"], owing to unfavorable conditions, the regiment, for the first and only time in its history, was forced to withdraw. Attacked by a far more powerful enemy, it relinquished the territory intrusted to its protection only inch by inch and after a bitter struggle.

"Since then seven weeks have elapsed in battles, in cold, in dirt, in wet. Only three times have we had roofs over our heads in all these weeks. It fills me with pride that the battling spirit of the regiment remained unbroken until the last day."

After spending several weeks in South Germany, the First Division arrived in Berlin December 22. The division was greeted by trumpeters. Escorted by Berlin's school children, they marched to the Brandenburg gate. The new Socialist government greeted them and then they returned to their barracks. Every soldier received fifty marks ($11) discharge money, and fifteen marks ($3.50) marching money, as well as a marching uniform. That was their last military pay.

"The good elements hurried to their families," Major von Loeben explained. "The scum remained in the big towns, an easy prey to revolutionary agitators in days of joblessness and hunger. Only then was the backbone of the Kaiser's army broken.

"The plan for the retreat was improvised by headquarters in no more than three or four days—the neatest bit of staffwork ever done.

"The entire front was divided into sectors in which each division was given its own marching route and schedule. The roads were bad, the bakers had fled, the stores had been looted, the hospitals were overcrowded, and yet friction had to be avoided at all cost. Friction meant delay and delay meant invariably that the formation lagging behind fell into the hands of Allied troops. By a joint effort officers and men accomplished what had seemed at the beginning a superhuman task.

A member of the Soldiers' Council distributing handbills to returning veterans.

"The division under my command started its march home together with seven others. We belonged to the Fourth Army, the north wing of the German western front. Seven divisions, each numbering 20,000 men, horses, guns, and an endless row of baggage, sappers, pontoons, and communication units — an everflowing stream all marching along one road, the only good available road in southern Belgium. What this means only a military expert can fully grasp.

"Day and night the troops marched, in a formation extending over more than 400 kilometers [about 250 miles]. Food and quarters had to be provided. Marching orders and time schedules had to be issued to each unit. When one group arrived at quarters, the formations marching ahead had just evacuated, leaving the beds or bundles of straw still warm for their successors.

"We marched on an average twenty-five to thirty kilometers [about fifteen to twenty miles] daily—a good average considering all the baggage we carried.

"The only serious delay occurred after we set foot on German soil near Aix la Chapelle. A congestion was made worse by a large number of pontoons we found piled up in the roads. We cleared the road and from then on the march continued without delays.

"HOW heavy the German losses had been during the war can be gauged from this instance: General von Schimpff had started out in the war with the Twenty-third Division and had been transferred to another. When the troops came back to Dresden he wanted to see his old regiment. There was not one familiar face left in it.

"Three thousand men had been killed in this regiment, hundreds of others wounded and taken prisoners."

Many a regiment had to battle with the Reds before the men could go to their homes. The Twenty-first Uhlans, one of Germany's crack regiments, which had been stationed in Alsace, tried to march back to its garrison in Chemnitz, one of the hotbeds of communism. The history of this march home was found among the confidential documents of the regiment. It reads in part:

"In the whole of South Germany, the newspapers as well as the Soldiers' Councils distributed bulletins and pamphlets warning the soldiers against the dangers of the Spartacist movement." (Spartacists were the rabid revolutionaries who wanted to join Soviet Russia against the Allies and overthrow all governments.) "To make it easier for the men to keep their heads in the flood of appeals and pamphlets, the regiment established for itself a list of principles, which was distributed."

Scanning these principles, it is amusing to note how the men who

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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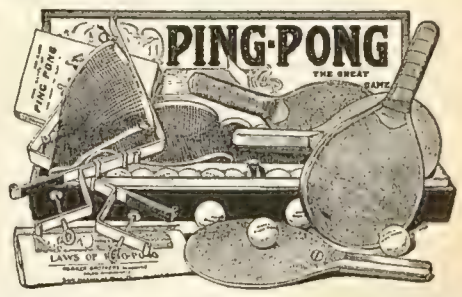

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[THE GERMANS MARCH HOME]
Continued from page fifty-nine

had fought for the Kaiser four years suddenly stood up for the Socialist government created by the revolution. Most of the officers felt bitterness against "that saddlemaker Ebert," but even then, in true self-denying patriotism, they bowed to his rule.

"We are unconditional supporters of the Ebert-Haase government," the regiment's principles read. "We are against any overthrow of the government, be it from the Right or from the Left.

"We want the new government to listen to our wishes and those of our relatives and therefore we demand that a national assembly be called.

"Whoever prevents its meeting is our enemy.

"What would happen if we went without a national assembly?

"1. A Left radical caste would violate our liberties and silence the voice of the masses.

"2. Bolshevism would reign supreme in Germany and it would be worse than in Russia.

"3. Our enemies would not sign peace with us, but would occupy the whole of Germany.

"4. Our enemies would hold back the food we need if we are to escape starvation in the next few months.

"5. Most German states would call in their own national assemblies. That would mean the disintegration, the end of Germany."

TO go on with the regimental history:

"After the sad demoralizing days in Mulhouse, the men felt keenly the warmth of the reception in Baden and especially in Emmendingen. This revived the Uhlans' faith in their country; the humiliations they had suffered in Mulhouse were seen as the work of the Reds and more than ever the regiment denounced them as the real enemies of Germany.

"The leaders made it clear to their men that it was a point of honor to march into their barracks with the arms they had carried in many a glorious battle." (This was to make it impossible for the Reds to arm themselves.) "It was scarcely necessary to emphasize this point to the men, since a few weeks earlier a Bavarian division controlled by Reds had tried to compel the men to turn over their arms.

"Chemnitz was the Uhlans' goal. They passed there in trains on December 6, but the train was shoved on to Mittweida immediately. The men stormed. The commander tried to calm them by promising to march them back to Chemnitz in a few days. He did not tell them that the Chemnitz Soldiers' Council had threatened to receive them with machine guns.

"The Uhlans' Council decided to investigate matters personally and proceed to Chemnitz on December 7. Two hundred men were sent out on leave for the week-end. In the afternoon the Council came rushing back, highly excited. They demanded that the regiment start for Chemnitz early the next morning because the Chemnitz Spartacists were preparing an attack on the regiment and must be taken by surprise. Besides, elections to the Chemnitz Soldiers' Councils were planned for Monday and the regiment must take part.

"On December 8 early in the morning the regiment started from Ottendorf near Mittweida.

"The Soldiers' Council wanted to load the guns. The commander refused to permit it until they met two tradesmen coming from Chemnitz who reported that the communists held a battalion in readiness near Ebersdorf with several machine guns. They also brought a communist newspaper. It clamored for the overthrow of the Ebert government. This increased the fury of the Uhlans.

"Near the inn in Ebersdorf their scouts reported machine guns trained on the road. The First Squadron swarmed out with orders to seize the machine guns without firing. As they were starting, a truck came up with civilians, who asked the commander for his political views. The answer was, 'We are for the Ebert-Haase government, all of us. Why?'

"'We want to negotiate about the disarming of this regiment.'

"But the commander replied: 'We see machine guns barring our way to Chemnitz—consequently we shall keep our arms until we find the authorities empowered to discharge us.'

Every man took from the stores all the food he could carry in bags and pockets.

"The soldiers had heard enough. They jumped on the truck and pulled down the civilians. One of these carried several pistols, though the civilians had given assurance that they were unarmed. The soldiers held the civilians as hostages, warning them that for every Uhlan wounded, one of them would be shot.

"In the meantime the First Squadron had started its raid on the machine guns ahead. The Spartacists fled, but many of them were caught and given the thrashings of their lives. Despite the exhortations of the officers the Uhlans fired after the Reds. Three Red machine guns with plenty of ammunition were seized and placed on the truck with the trembling hostages.

"In Hilbersdorf a company turned up, claiming to be the guard of honor sent out to meet the Uhlans. The commander ordered them to join the rear, and the Uhlans discovered that their welcomers had ammunition ready and some guns loaded. They took matters in hand. The company was promptly disarmed and taught how hard Uhlans' fists can be. The regiment's band now took the lead right behind a machine gun clear for action.

"A second so-called guard of honor was found ambushed behind the railway line near Hilbersdorf with loaded guns. The Uhlans had this one disarmed in less than no time. The public and the men were convinced that the Reds had tried to play a dirty trick on them and that all whom they had seized were Reds.

"IT was only in Chemnitz that they discovered among their hostages Herr Heldt, their own Socialistic candidate, and two of his friends who had really come to welcome the troops.

"When they finally marched into Chemnitz, the Uhlans went ahead and disarmed all groups of soldiers they met, without awaiting orders from their officers. The public cheered wildly when in the Schillerstrasse the Uhlans held up a whole string of street cars passing with reënforcements for the Reds. Near Barracks No. 104 a whole Red company tried to flee into the nearby houses, while another did not submit to disarmament by the Uhlans until machine guns were pointed at them.

"The Council negotiated for barracks for the Uhlans. In the meantime they mounted guard over two huge red flags they found on their old-time barracks. They watched them religiously, fearing somebody might tear them down and they would be suspected of being monarchists. The commander seized this opportunity to tell the crowds that had gathered that the regiment only wanted to go quietly to their barracks and deliver their weapons to the regular authorities and be discharged.

"The Uhlans were given their barracks. The hostages were released, and in a fire department car they proceeded to the town hall with the commander and the Soldiers' Councils. We must add that neither the commissioned nor the noncommissioned officers were responsible for the attitude of the Uhlans. The officers, including the commander, had to follow their men."

Then there was also the homeward march of the armies marooned in the wilds of Russia, of Mackensen's men frozen in the mountains of Roumania. It took more than a year before these could return to their homes after countless privations.

But in the meantime the mass of the men had settled down to work and succeeded in reëstablishing order and democracy where chaos and starvation had threatened.

THE END

YEARS and the WALK

By
EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by
CORINNE DILLON

"LOOK at the way that girl carries herself!"

We looked. When a man, and an attractive one, says, "Look at the way *that girl*" does anything, you look—if you're girl or woman.

The "girl" walked as lightly as if wings were wafting her along. Tall, slender as a sapling, she displayed with incredible grace the shadowy mauve gray frock with its oddly trailing ends. A gown, that! On the one wearing it. On another woman, without the brittle litheness of step, it might have been an exhibition, long ends trailing from the back, from the side back, from both sides, even from the front.

What matter that the alluring picture, on acquaintance, turned out to be a woman with a daughter, a recent bride? She still earned her right to the delighted exclamation:

"*Look* at the way that girl carries herself!"

Style, chic, that vague something which some women have and the rest pray for, is not so much an asset of clothes as it is of bearing. More than the label of a Louiseboulanger does the tilt of the head, the lilt of the feet, and the graceful rhythm of the body make the gown. Put a waddling Emma, a heavy footed Sue, a drooping Lillie, or a round shouldered Annabelle into a Chanel or a Lanvin sensation, and you have a waddling Emma, a heavy footed Sue, and so on. But put *that girl* of the gorgeous walk into it, and you understand why designers go bald and gray trying not to let the beauty of their gowns be overshadowed by the goddesses wearing them.

Style and chic have this right to consideration in a beauty department. Beauty and smartness of frock have become almost synonymous. There is no longer in the beauty seeker's ritual an appendix or a supplement for the beautiful but dowdy. Perhaps there never was any such allowance. But of recent years, noticeably, smartness, as a descriptive, has been wholesalely appropriated for the convenience of, also the aid of, beauty seekers.

Smart coiffure. Smart rouge. Smart powder. Smart silhouette. Smart walk. Smart jewelry, perfume—smart all the other accessories that lend influence to the making of a 1928 beauty model. In fact, so absorbingly has the word been taken over that a woman, though she may suffer a number of shortcomings in a straight beauty test, if smart, may be a popular candidate for beauty honors.

However, no matter how expensively or in what excellent taste she is dressed, a woman is no smarter than her walk. Which is our chief reason for introducing the fashion angle.

There are a couple of other little arguments up the sleeve of a wise director in the matter of how a woman should carry herself. If smartness is not a desirable enough quality, there is that elusive, indefinable, but universally wanted appeal known commonly (perhaps too commonly) as IT.

An investigator, at the time the age old lure was rechristened in two letter form and let loose upon an eager world, asked a well known theatrical man what if any one physical characteristic lent most force to the enviable box office quality. The man of the stage said:

"A woman's walk. There's more of the appeal you're talking about in her walk than in her eyes, face, voice, or ankles. And you can put that down in your notebook as coming from one who tosses them out after one brief test across the stage."

The lilt of the feet and the graceful rhythm of the body make the gown.

THEN, there is the youth angle, in the quest for which millions of dollars are spent annually. One hundred and seventy-six millions was the 1927 estimate for cosmetic sales alone. How much of this vast total was contributed by women who might have shed a year, two years, three, five, or ten by the simple and consistent habit of lifting head and chest and walking with a spring in the gait, is inestimable.

Not decrying the cosmetic expenditure—for cosmetics have their place in the scheme (or may we be permitted to say scheming?) of a beauty seeker—the fact remains that there is more youth in the soles of a good pair of feet and in the manner in which the body is carried than in youth promising lotions.

As long as a woman can keep those soles of hers flexible and her figure pliant and expressive of tenderer years, her chest lifted, and her head "lofty" but not arrogant, she needn't fret about being "mistaken" for her exact age. The time cheater unparalleled is the young and vital walk. Over and over again is this truth verified in women observed—women of the stage, women in active public life, and women in private life. They're young, not because their figures are surfaced and planed free of adipose, but because they *walk* young.

There's sound psychology behind this secret of youth. We have time only to touch on it here.

As a simple experiment, I ask you to go plodding down the street some day, heels dragging you down, your whole silhouette in sympathy with the crestfallen spirit, or it may only be a lazy or an indifferent spirit. Then suddenly snap out of the aged tread. Without forcing the shoulders back, bring them in line with a lift of the chest. Hold the head a bit more self respectingly, look a bit more as though you were eager for living, flatten the abdomen, and let the hips swing in an easier stride. Feel "fluidy," pliant—if you know what I mean. This for lightness.

WITH heels touching lightly, feet straight ahead as you walk, the weight will be balanced forward on the balls of the feet.

Then there'll be that spring in your feet that we're after. Note, with the reformed bearing, the immediate mental reaction.

Younger? Of course you are! So it is not the physical aspect alone that makes good bearing the perfect bait for the youth angler. The mental psychology is even more rejuvenating.

You get neither mental nor physical help, however, if feet are congealed in kid or leather casings. The muscles of the feet cannot be held in restraint. The "freedom of youth" may be exercised here to the point of license if you wish. It is necessary only, though, to have heels you can move on fleetly, a good support for the arch, and room enough in the fore part of the shoe to let the toes move easily.

Without this freedom there is no spring. And, as Ponce de Leon might have told you, where there's no spring there's not much hope for eternal youth.

An odd old character of World War disclosure was self-admittedly seventy-two years old. Active as one of thirty, with a mind and wit that served well her later disclosed purposes of conspiracy with an enemy country, she used to reply, when her extraordinary youthfulness was referred to:

"Oh, but I have a good pair of feet!"

You must have a good pair of feet, control over the body muscles, grace, and a certain serenity or co-ordination of the body parts, so that you have but to command and all of you is "attention." Otherwise you will not provoke a man to nudge his companion and say:

"*Look* at the way that girl carries herself!"

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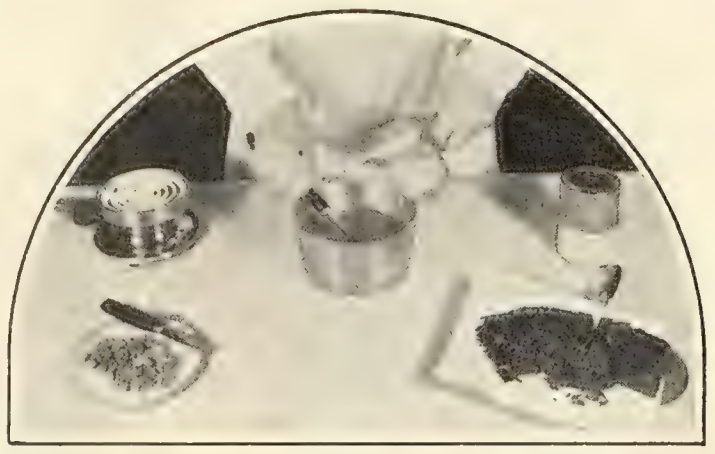
Making "Chewy" Candies

By Ethel Somers

Stir in the chocolate after the syrup has reached the boiling point.



Because of its richness, evaporated milk may be used instead of cream.

Cut caramel into strips before cooling, then into squares after cooling.

IN our candy article of last week we gave some directions for making creamy, fine grained crystalline candies. Success depends on preventing large sugar crystals from forming and producing a grainy product.

This week our recipes and discussion will be confined to noncrystalline types of candies. Our problem resolves itself into one of entirely ridding the sugar solution of crystals and solidifying the syrup in such a way as to be amorphous. Caramels, nougats, and toffees are "chewy" in texture. Should they crystallize either when made or on standing they lose this delightful quality. The problem of success in making such candies is one of converting a crumbling granulated sugar to a chewy nongranulated mass.

Changing the solid from crystalline to noncrystalline is easily achieved by one wise in sugar cookery. Success is attained by the addition of other substances to the sugar syrup. Acids tend to change the sugar in solution from a complex type easily crystallized to a simple type which crystallizes with difficulty.

Corn syrup, glucose, or molasses, being simple sugars, retard crystallization. Used in quantity, they entirely prevent the formation of crystals. Butter fat added in the form of butter, cream, or evaporated milk so combines with the sugar in solution as to prevent crystallization on standing. So the proper proportioning of these ingredients in the recipe becomes paramount.

Given the correct scientific formula, the cook is well on the road to successful amorphous candies. Still, she must be cautious in carrying out her sugar cookery if the product is to be noncrystalline. All crystals must be dissolved at the start, preferably before the boiling point is reached. Stirring must be gentle yet effective enough to prevent sticking and consequent burning. Vigorous stirring can cause damaging crystallization.

Lastly, the final stage of cookery must be definitely certain in regard to temperature. Syrups removed when below the correct temperature produce candies that are too soft and sticky, while if cooked too long they become too brittle or are liable to burn.

Once the knack is acquired, amorphous candies are the simplest of all candies to make, requiring no beating and lasting longer when eaten. Such candies are a particularly appropriate confection for children because the considerable chewing required furnishes exercise for the teeth and develops sturdy jaws. So why not conquer hard candy cookery at this season and enjoy "chewy" smacks throughout the year?

TABLE OF RECIPES FOR MAKING CARAMELS, NOUGATS, AND TOFFEE

Abbreviations: tb., tablespoon; t., teaspoon; c., cup; oz., ounce; lb., pound; min., minute.

Candy	*Sugar*	*Added Substance*	*Liquid*	*Butter*	*Flavoring*	*Special Preparation*	*Temperature*
Vanilla Caramels	2 c. granulated	½ c. white corn syrup	1½ c. evaporated milk undiluted, or 1 c. cream plus ½ c. milk	¼ c.	1 t. vanilla	See General Directions	239° or 242° F. (Use 242° in warm weather)
Maple Caramels	1 lb. maple, shaved fine	½ c. maple syrup	2 c. cream or undiluted evaporated milk	2 tb.	None	See General Directions	242° F.
Chocolate Caramels	½ c. brown ½ c. granulated	½ c. light or dark corn syrup or molasses	1 c. cream or evaporated milk	2 tb.	⅛ t. salt 3 oz. chocolate ½ t. vanilla	See General Directions	248° to 251° F.
Coffee Caramels	2 c. brown	½ c. dark corn syrup	1 c. cream or evaporated milk	¼ c.	1 c. strong coffee, cooled	Add the coffee to the cream and add this combined liquid as described in General Directions	242° F.
Nougats	2½ c. granulated	⅔ c. corn syrup 2 egg whites	½ c. water	None	1 c. candied cherries ½ c. walnut meats (black preferred) ½ c. almonds or filberts, if desired 1 t. vanilla	Add all of the liquid at the start. Boil to 237° or the soft ball stage. Pour 2 tb. of this syrup on to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Let the rest cook to brittle (280° F.). Pour slowly and beat into the whites. Beat very stiff and add the fruit, nuts, vanilla, etc. Mold as for caramels.	280° F.
Toffee	½ c. brown ½ c. granulated	¼ c. corn syrup	½ c. cream or evaporated milk	1 tb.	¼ t. salt ½ t. vanilla ½ c. chopped nuts	Add all of the cream or evaporated milk at the start. Cut in pieces 1½ by ½ inches.	232° F.
Nut Caramels	May be made by scattering chopped nuts over the buttered molding pan and gently mixing them in after pouring in the candy.						
Coconut Caramels	May be made by scattering chopped coconut over the buttered molding pan and gently mixing it in after pouring in the candy.						

General Directions for Making Non-Crystalline Candies

KEEP in mind that corn syrup renders candy noncrystalline and waxy. Acid, such as cream of tartar, vinegar, or fruit juice, makes it brittle. Corn syrup, cream or evaporated milk, and butter improve the texture.

After assembling the ingredients, place the sugar, salt (if used), corn syrup, and ⅓ of the cream or evaporated milk in the pan for cooking. Stir constantly until the mixture starts to boil and occasionally thereafter to prevent curdling. If chocolate is used, cut it fine and gently stir into the boiling candy.

Continue to boil briskly until the mixture thickens considerably. Then add a second ⅓ of the liquid and boil until the mixture thickens a second time. Add the remaining liquid and stir constantly.

At 240° F., or just before removing from the fire, add the butter. Cook to the hard ball stage, 242° to 251° F. At the hard ball stage, ½ teaspoon of the candy dropped into a small bowl of cold water stays in one mass which may be shaped into a firm ball. This should be plastic rather than brittle, yet hard enough to hold its shape when taken out of the water.

Gently mix in the nuts or coconut and add any flavoring used with as little stirring as possible. Pour into a greased square cornered pan. Cut caramels into rows while still warm, and when entirely cold remove these from the pan and cut into individual caramels, wrapping each in *heavy* wax paper (lightweight paper will stick).

Imperfect caramels may be reshaped by pressing between two knife blades.

DELICIOUS confections can be bought at many reputable shops, but there are occasions when women like to display their own versatility. Miss Somers has included many hints on the making of candies, frostings, and icings in 100 Standard Recipes, which she has prepared for Liberty readers. In the other two Liberty cookbooks, listed below, she gives directions for preparing additional varieties of sweets. Each cookbook is 10 cents; but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Use the coupon, please.

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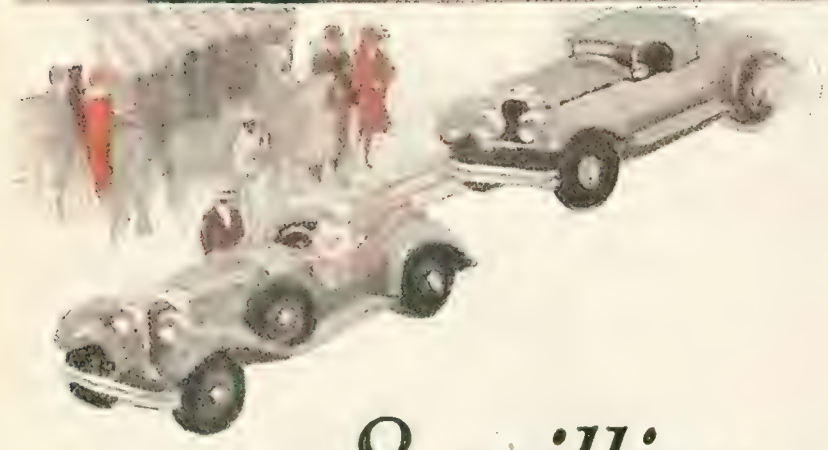

8 million a day

Just a drink but—what a drink! Pure, wholesome, delicious and refreshing. Before Coca-Cola had its beginning, the few scattered soda fountains over the country were closed down from October to April. But the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment brought realization that "thirst knows no season" More and finer fountains quickly followed

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—open and inviting you to pause and refresh yourself throughout the year. ❀ ❀ The first year of Coca-Cola an average of eight drinks a day were served. During this year the average is more than eight million a day.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

A Second to THINK

Harvard 10, Yale 3, in 1921— A Gridiron Gamble that Paid

A Football Reminiscence by
WALTER ECKERSALL

OVER the span of years that Yale and Harvard have met on the gridiron, brilliant playing has generally featured some of the bitterly fought struggles. Players who wore the blue of Yale and the crimson of Harvard during those years will be remembered as long as the game is played, because of their feats.

Many of these achievements were the results of quick thinking. Those players of former years possessed coordination. They thought and acted in an instant. In many cases they had less than a second to think, but in the great majority of cases they exercised judgment in a manner that brought the desired results.

In 1921 Yale had a powerful team before meeting Harvard. The Blue had won all its games, including the 13-7 victory over Princeton. Old Eli numbered among its other victims such teams as the Army, Brown, Williams, and Maryland.

Harvard was not so strong. The Crimson had gone down in defeat before Princeton, 10 to 3, and Center, 6 to 0. Penn State played Harvard to a 21 to 21 tie.

As a result of the performances of both elevens in that year, Yale ruled a 2 to 1 favorite when the elevens went on the field for their annual struggle. It was the general opinion that the Yale back field, composed of Captain Aldrich, Jordan, Mallory, and O'Hearn, supported by a strong line, would not have much trouble in battering its way to a touchdown.

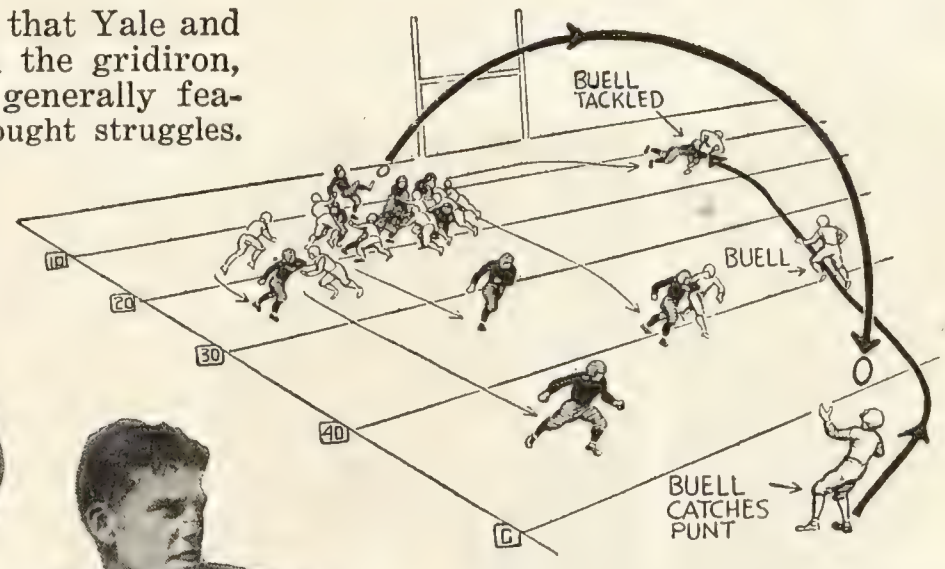
George Owen, the halfback, was the most respected player on the Harvard eleven, although Chapin, Coburn, Fitts, and Buell, splendid ball carriers, came in for consideration.

The game opened as expected. In the first quarter Yale drove the ball deep enough into Harvard territory to permit Captain Aldrich to kick a field goal. Those three points ended the scoring in the first half, but it was apparent that the Crimson had gone on that field determined to give its respected rival a battle until the bitter end.

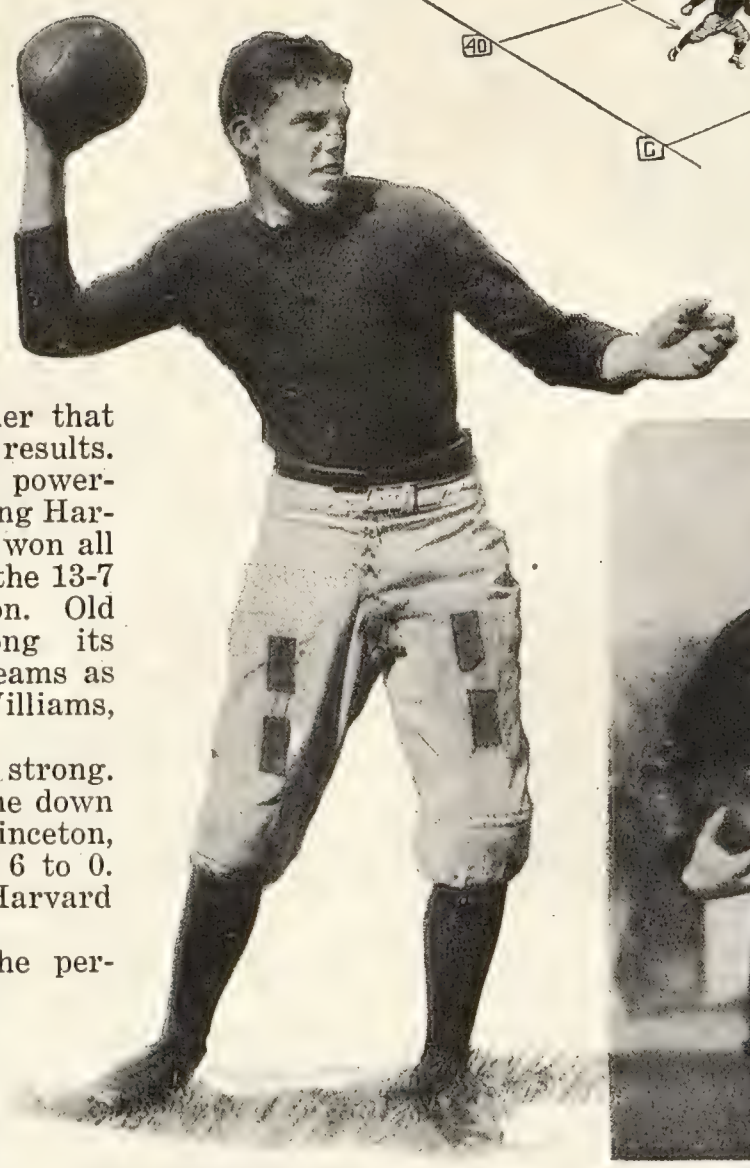
In the third period Harvard kept forcing the play and took the ball into Yale's territory. The Crimson backs, aided by deceptive formations and those of the smashing variety, tore off the Blue tackles, and drove into the line for consistent gains. The Harvard offensive was a surprise even to its stanchest supporters.

Charley Buell, Crimson quarter, whose daring catch and spectacular return of a Yale punt paved the way to victory.

Underwood & Underwood photo



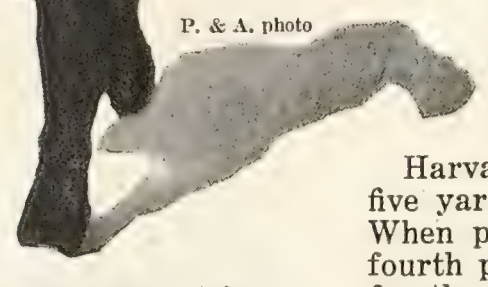
How Buell did it— Aldrich punted, Buell refused to play the ball safe, caught it, and ran to Yale's fourteen yard line.



Underwood & Underwood photo

The leader of the Bulldogs' 1921 team, M. P. Aldrich.

George Owen, Crimson half, who carried the ball over.



P. & A. photo

Toward the end of the third quarter Yale finally secured possession of the ball in its own territory. Yale decided not to take any chances and the punt signal was called. Yale players assumed their set positions to protect the kicker. Harvard was bent on blocking the punt.

Then came the critical moment during which Charley Buell, the Harvard quarterback, had only a second to think. Captain Aldrich got away one of his customary fine punts. As the ball traveled through the air, Hulman and Sturm, the Yale ends, raced down the field, determined to down the catcher in his tracks.

BUELL, who was an accurate punt catcher, was confronted with a choice of one of two things: Should he catch the ball and try to make a return, or should he play the ball safe and permit it to strike the ground? In that brief moment Charley realized what a fumble meant. He knew that Yale would probably recover the ball, with the possibility of one of the players scooping it up and running for a touchdown. Buell also knew that a substantial return would again place the ball in Yale territory, where Harvard would have either a chance to tie the score with a field goal or to win the game by scoring a touchdown.

These possibilities ran through Charley's mind as the ball sailed toward him. He made his decision in a second. He decided to catch the ball and take the chance which all football players must take at some time or other in their careers. Although the Yale ends were close upon him, Buell gathered in the oval and made an excellent return to the Yale fourteen yard line. It was a spectacular run, which had a lot to do with breaking down the morale of Old Eli for the time being.

Harvard had advanced the oval inside Yale's five yard line when the third quarter ended. When play was resumed at the start of the fourth period, George Owen finally went over for the touchdown which was the reward for Buell's judgment in catching the punt and making the beautiful return. Late in the game Owen made a field goal and Harvard left the field on the long end of a 10 to 3 score.

THE END

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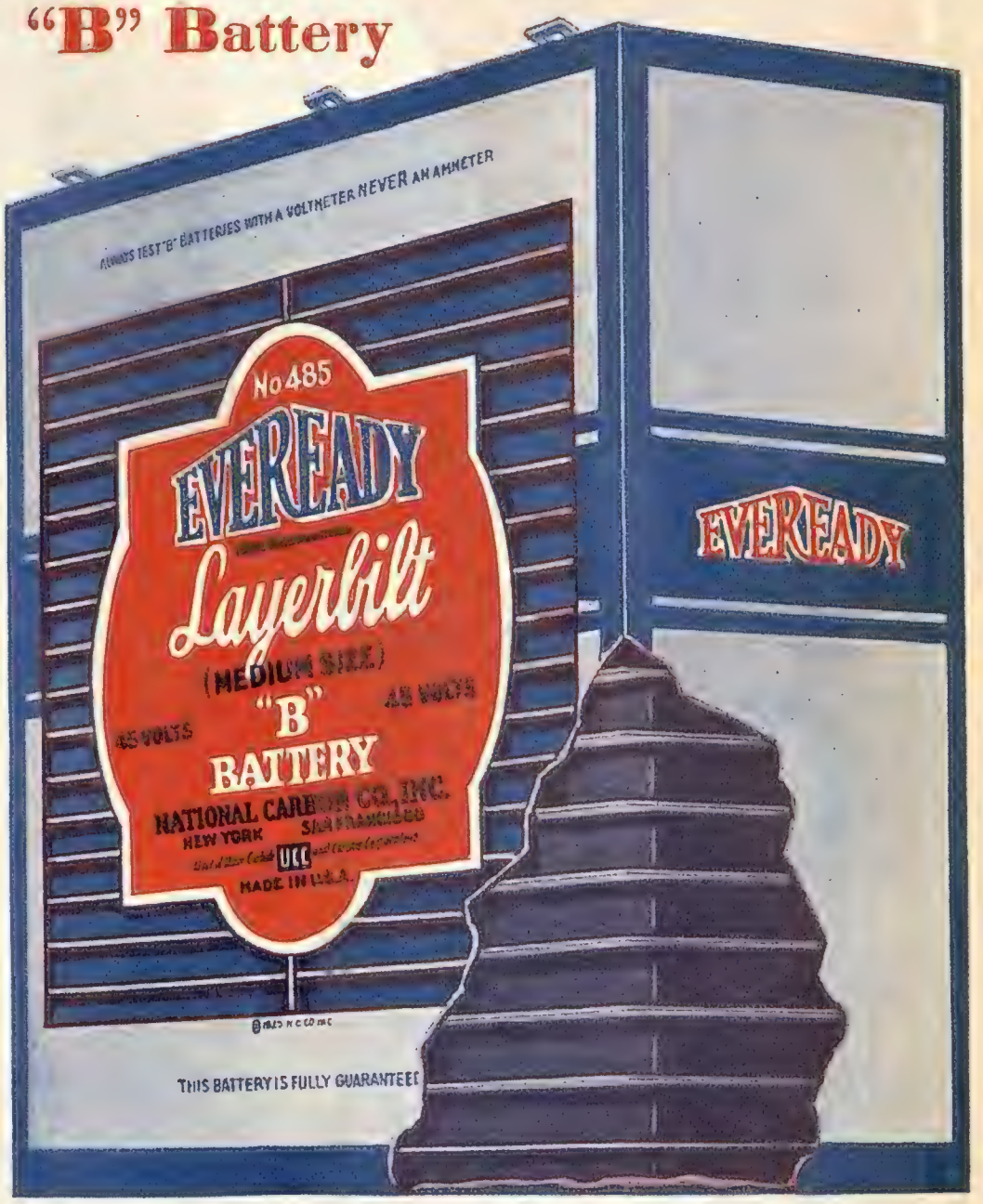

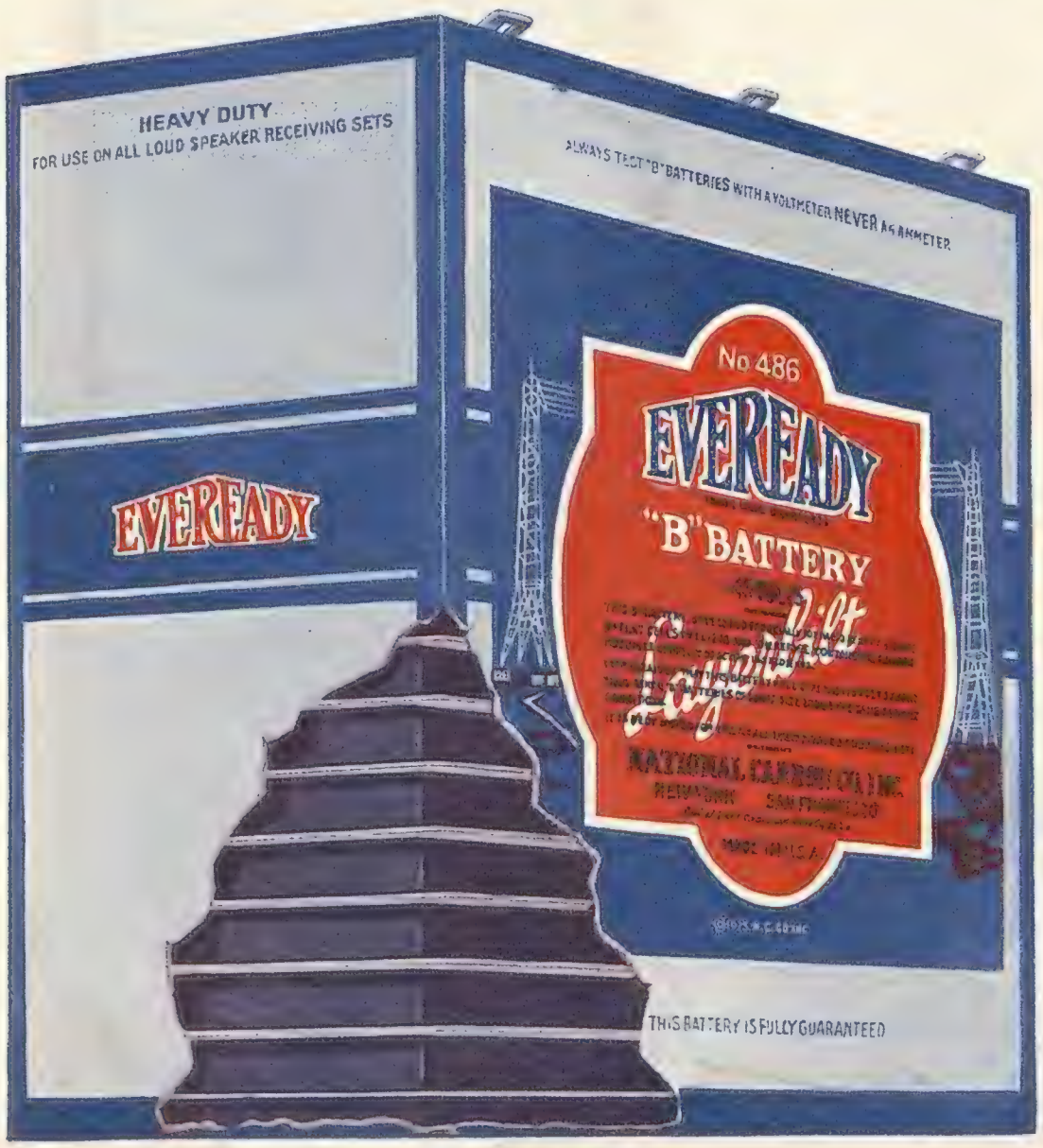

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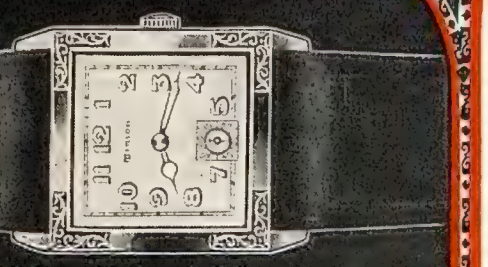
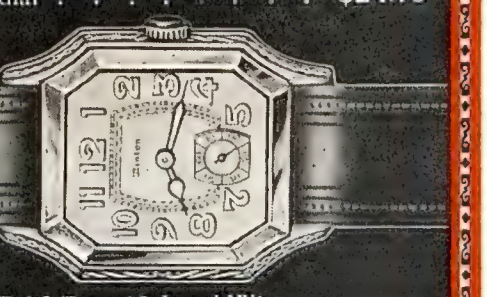


WINDALE—15 Jewel Winton movement. Radium dial $24.75



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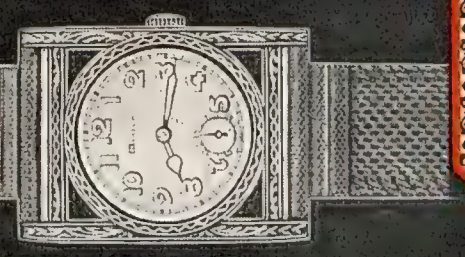

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VALDIA—15 Jewel Winton movement $25

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Winton WATCHES

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Pictures by
ROSS SANTEE

Fred once again fought the big horse to the engine's side. This time the horse could not escape, for Steve on the black was forcing him in.

The TRANSFER

An Incident in the Day's Work of the Movie Death-Defiers

By LAURENCE STALLINGS

FRED'S legs were bowed cowboy fashion, but his gastrocnemial muscles were never those of the cow hand. No slim and attenuated hooks to grapple a horse, but the brawny calves of an Olympian supported him. As he balanced on the springboard I noticed that the right leg was out of drawing, and was mottled with scars.

"I got that making a transfer," he said.

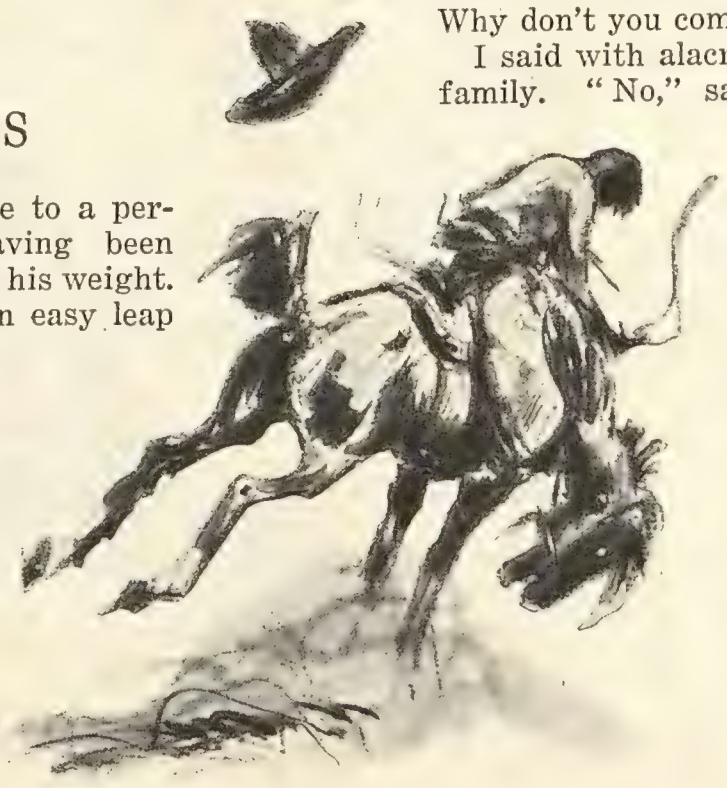
Transfers were new to me. "What's that?" I asked. "Something to do with acrobatics?"

"Stagecoach," said Fred, and dived into the pool.

"A transfer," said Fred, emerging from the water, "is any action gag in pictures that requires a transfer from a running horse's back to other moving objects, such as an airplane, a train, motorboat, stagecoach, or another horse."

Fred was swimming slowly, exercising his pectoral muscles, for he had torn a few ribs loose from his wishbone the day before. He had been doing a kip from the roof of a house to a pergola in the garden below. The gag was an escape sequence. The hero (Fred) had eluded his oppressors and had reached the roof of the house. Detected and fired upon, he had leaped from a cornice to a pergola, the latter having been strengthened to carry his weight.

Fred counted on an easy leap of twenty feet, ending with a breast of the pergola bar, a somersault through a garden hedge, a vault over a brick wall, and a landing in the saddle of his trusty steed. Things had gone wrong. Fred had leaped, and an assistant cameraman, wishing to light the scene, swung a sun reflector upon him. Fred hurtled down through space, sun blind, his hands missed the bar in the pergola, and a few ribs were torn from his sternum. Fred was swimming slowly to reduce the inflammation.



"We come out double action. He melted into pure chain lightning."

"Just an ordinary transfer isn't interesting," he said. "All Westerns have a transfer tucked away somewhere in the fifth reel."

I asked how transfers were made novel.

"In about a month," said Fred, "we'll try one with thirty men—train robbers—who'll board a train at twenty-five miles an hour. Why don't you come along?"

I said with alacrity that I'd even bring the family. "No," said Fred, "there'll be too many loose horses afterward."

In the interim I had the story of his crooked leg from the production manager. The leg was knocked out of conformation in his early days, when Fred had little money to spend on pictures. He was effecting a transfer from his horse to the center pole of a stagecoach rig. His horse was the same brilliant mount he now has, but the stagecoach nags were the best fifty dollars could buy.

Because Fred weighs 200 and is built like a brick woodhouse, his momentum when he landed among the jades of the stagecoach was too much for them. Down went horses and Fred, and the heavy coach rolled into the medley, piling up the road. He was dragged from the mêlée with a pair of broken legs, and the movie

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE TRANSFER

[Continued from page sixty-seven]

industry was without his services for the next six months.

The day of the great transfer arrived broiling. Fred did not seem at all nervous when we started out, for he drove his roadster up the San Fernando valley at its customary seventy-five miles per hour. We were hurtled past fruit ranches, rabbit farms, garden patches sweating in the sun. Presently we left the main stem of hot dog stands and realtor kennels, and turned into a flat Eden of orange trees and bean vines.

We came to a railroad crossing. Blocked about it were numerous vans in all stages of mechanical eccentricity. Some of them supported gun platforms with stanchions for cameras, for all the world like the bridge of a destroyer. Others had sliding panels that produced revolvers, or carbines, or sabers. Still others offered black masks, hair pants, jack boots, Western sombreros, Mexican saddles in silver, fancy shirtings. And there was one, as God is my witness, that gave forth stuffed eggs, ham sandwiches, chocolate cake, and ice cold milk in half pint bottles.

"That's the layout," said Fred. He looked around for the horses.

Over in the tall grass some fifty cowhands lay doggo, horses on picket lines near by. The bandit gang.

FRED turned out to inspect the sides of the tracks. He and some others began knocking off the clumps of earth between the ties that gave bad footing. I wandered over to the bandits.

Assuredly all these men were about to risk their lives willingly, and for no more than a second lieutenant's pay. There was about them something of the calm of a man about to be hanged. They were sprawling. They might have been awaiting the platoon commander's call to fix bayonets. The transfer in question was not mentioned.

They were all ages, ranging from one slim lad in basketball shoes to an old fellow with a white imperial and black Stetson, who might have been in Napoleon the Little's rout at Sedan.

A dark, swart fellow, breeches skintight over hips that were cowboy snaky, came strolling up, his left leg considerably shorter than his right. He tacked through the grass. His face beneath his Stetson had a pallor that denied its power.

"Well," said the old man, waving, "heah he is."

There were cries of greeting to Steve. A tough egg grinned.

"Where you bin, Steve?"

Steve sat silently. Then he drawled, "You-all knows God damned well where I bin." He offered to hasten the colonic action in any of the curious, and relapsed into the silence of chewing a straw.

Fred came up and sat by me. He whispered that Steve was the best of the lot, but had been missing for months.

Steve had gone north to the Pendleton roundup, avowedly to ride a particular cayuse, and was just returning from hospitalization.

Fred smiled and waved to Steve. The fellow grinned back sheepishly. Fred had a way with him. "Come on," he said. "We got to hear all about it."

Steve removed the straw and began an exceedingly short narrative.

"Well, I tell you . . .

"That little black horse I'd been telling you about.

"He had a hump on his right shoulder.

"Hell.

"I had a mind, when we was cinching him in the chute, that when they turned him and me loose I'd git the upper hand on him by working on that hump. We come out double action and I kept the daylight off my pants bottom about two minutes. So I was pretty sure of a prize. When the judges tells me to fan and scratch both ways, I fans plenty and scratches that hump real pretty, first time.

"Goda'mighty, when the rowel hit that hump, he melted into pure chain lightning and looped the loop good enough for me."

Steve had finished.

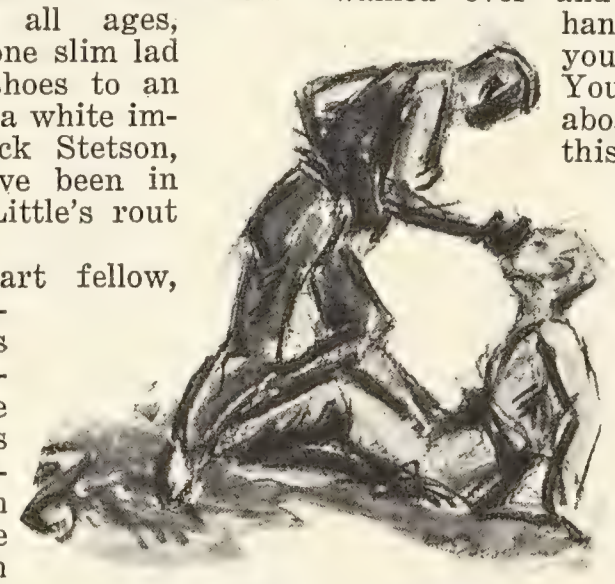
Fred nudged me. "I suppose the boy that came after you left him get the upper hand all right."

Steve darkened. He eyed Fred. The cowboys laughed. Fred, a good captain, was diverting his men. Steve perceived the diversion.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "I just come out here to borrow five dollars off you, Fred, to send him. He needs Durham. That hospital don't furnish makings."

The others laughed. "He got you, Fred."

"All right," said Fred. "Gimme his name and address." Fred walked over and shook Steve's hand. "We're glad you're here, Steve. You come to get aboard the train this morning, or you figure since you've been on bed so long you'll just ride along and make some dust?"



"Other fellow got tough."

ALL were silent as Steve crimsoned. He was curt. "I'm gitting aboard," he said. He turned from Fred to Slim.

"I saw Mayme last night."

"What? Ol' Mayme? Where?"

"I was in to Liggett's on Seventh Street to get a chocolate milk. She was setting there."

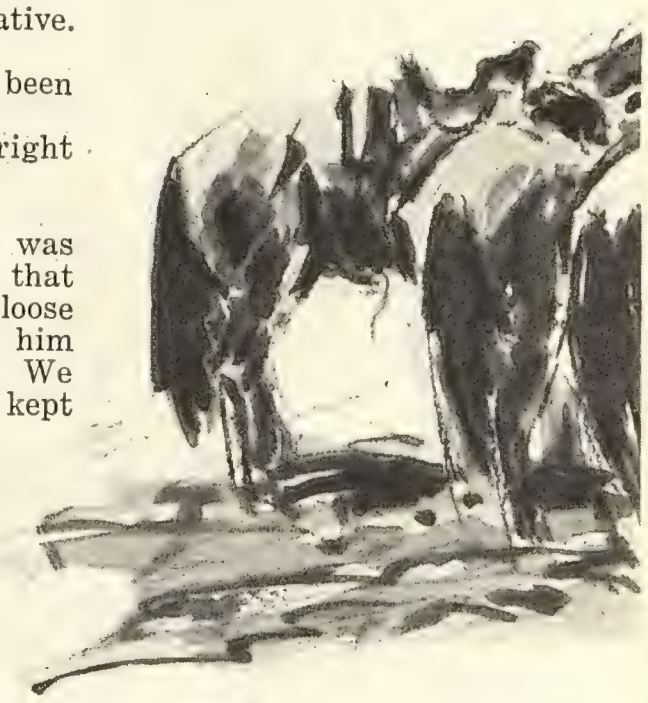
"Who with?"

"Me," said Steve, fanning with his hat and feeling for a red spot beneath his eye. "Other fellow got tough," he concluded.

There was a violent shrill train-whistling up the valley.

"Come on," said Fred, as a platoon commander does. "Get your horses."

The train was a woodcut of 1850. It had a potbellied locomotive, a cornucopia smokestack, brass bands shading its head lantern, and a large brass whistle. There were dinky little coaches tacked on behind. Within them sweated 100 extra people in costume—men in frock coats and stovepipe hats, women in pelisses and pantalets. They were eating,



smoking, fanning, chatting. The genius of the movie makers in matters of this sort left one expecting Mr. Clay or Mr. Calhoun to descend precipitately, shake hands around, kiss babies, take a drink of sour mash whisky, and commence an oration, presently to be marred by fistic arguments.

THE bandits were all business as soon as the antic train halted. They rode around testing hand grips and side bars, window sashes and sills, measuring their reach from saddle to car, searching out projecting screws and nails. Fred was examining the cab step with the profundity of a scientist, appraising all studs and grips around the locomotive, all projections from steam boxes, cylinders, drivers. The step was high.

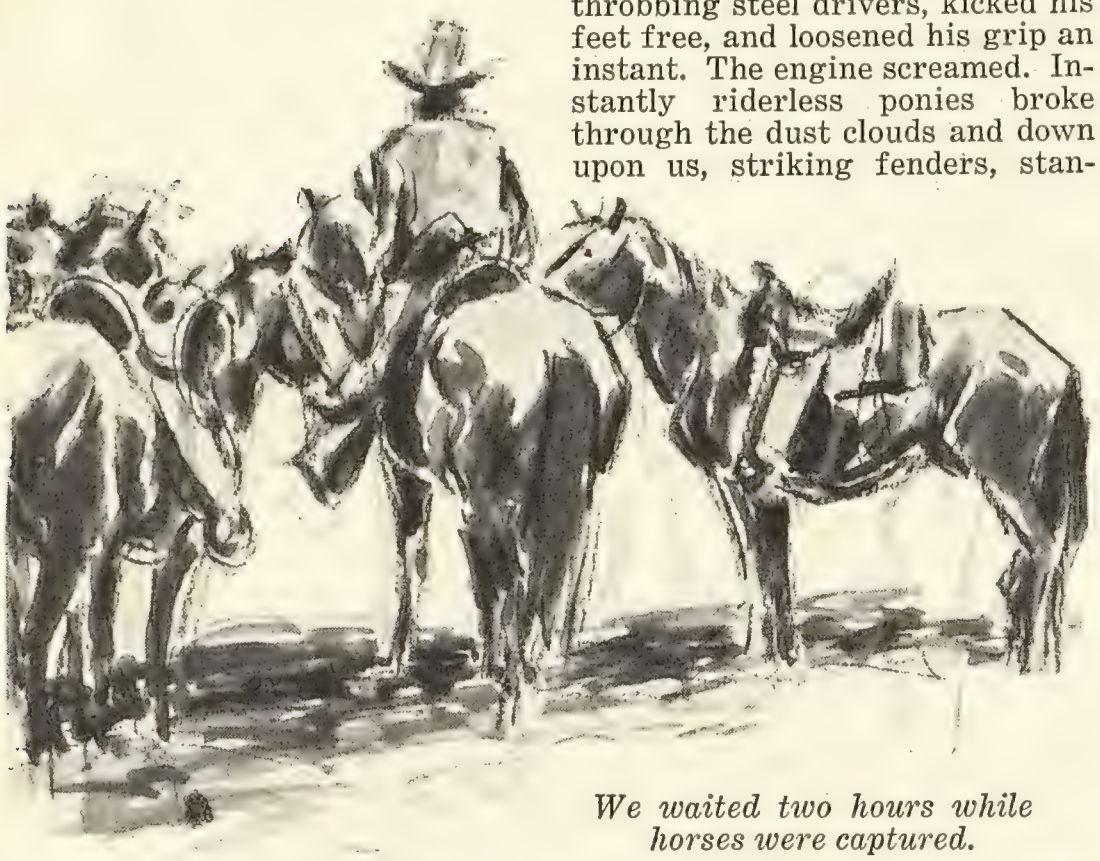
Fred explained. "Preparation is everything. Figure out your line of attack. Make sure there's a best way. Then fix your mind upon a wish image of yourself doing it—doing it to perfection. Check up on the layout, keep cool, and above all avoid a tendency to overcorrect at the most difficult point of the feat. If you're in condition, it comes easy after that.

"A man does a difficult thing twelve times. The thirteenth time it's not carelessness that gets him. Ask Steve. It's his worry over his possible carelessness. He overcorrects. In his anxiety over one detail, he misses the mental picture of himself and his reflexes quit on him."

Fred sat by the track and opened a makeup box, working over his features until they were startling beneath his black hat. "The best place for you," he said to me, "is in the camera car—that old Packard over there. It has a special transmission that's steady in second gear. It will pace the locomotive at twenty-five miles an hour."

I climbed up by the driver of the camera car.

"Fred's going to have a hard time today," the youth who drove it said flatly. "His big white horse was cut up in that cañon jump last week. Fred hit a slide and they went down about fifty feet, and he won't use him until he's well again. Now he's got a double for his horse that'll be afraid of the train."



We waited two hours while horses were captured.

Fred and his bandit gang had retired, mounted, into the tall grass. The little train backed up the valley a mile. We followed it on the camera car. There were cameramen strapped to our stanchions by life belts. The driver of the car shifted into second and we started. As we gained speed along the rough fill, the little engine kept its nose against us. We came on faster, made the crossing, and settled down to twenty-five miles an hour. As the last coach was over the road, out of the long grass came thirty horsemen, Fred leading.

IT occurred to me then that Fred, who was fighting his strange horse, had the easiest place in the cavalcade. He had a clear track and first choice. Then I recollected that the cab of the locomotive was a well nigh impossible leap for any man, and the penalty of missing was evident in 120 hoofs grinding cinders along a bed littered with crossties and flanked by a rocking locomotive and four cars.

Fred's white horse was terrified by the shining driving wheels, fighting the bit. Fred was waving his hat in a debonair manner, pistol in teeth, but his left forearm was curbed in the mastery of his horse's jaw.

Bandits were kicking feet from stirrups, preparing for the transfer signal. But Fred's legs were curved in hell's own tentacles to the belly of the horse. Behind him swept riders and ponies, yelling and tossing hats. Dust rose thick and they seemed upon a nimbus, feet in yellow clouds of cyclonic fury, and heads in the empyrean. Fred fought his strange horse to the throbbing steel drivers, kicked his feet free, and loosened his grip an instant. The engine screamed. Instantly riderless ponies broke through the dust clouds and down upon us, striking fenders, stanchions, and men in mad lunges down the tracks.

All along the hurtling squares of the train windows men were wriggling, clinging, swinging. As the engine screamed, Fred was in midair and the white horse sprang sideways ten feet from the drivers. Fred seemed to make a decision in midair, moving with a magical kinetic energy of his own, for he was on the horse's back ten feet away, and once again clamping and striving for the locomotive's side.

We raced down the track another half mile, Fred fighting his white horse foot for foot, the beast still tearing himself from the rhythmical furies of the drivers. Fred alternately clamped his mount and drove for the cab, and alternately stood in the saddle, boots and all. The hero (Fred) was the only man that did not get aboard.

The camera car stopped. Men broke from train windows and doors to spread out along the track and capture the horses. "I don't believe he'll ever git that hoss up," said a cowboy.

"Why doesn't he take another white one?" I asked.

"He ain't worked with Fred much," the driver explained to the cowboy who was planning me an answer.

We waited two hours while horses were captured. Once again we backed up a mile. Once again we came down the track at twenty-five miles an hour and the bandits broke upon us at the crossing. With new energy from chocolate cake and stuffed eggs and milk, they waved hats and shouted through teeth clenched upon the lanyards of sixshooters.

Fred was leading again upon his strange white steed. But close behind him came Steve of Pendleton misfortune upon a smart black mare. Cameras began cranking and horses were plunging as before. Fred once again fought the big horse to the engine's side, debonair as hell. This time the horse could not escape the deadly pounding of the drivers, for Steve on the black was riding him into his whirlwind; forcing him in, as a back forces a polo player from his goal.

White horse rearing, Fred's legs unclamped and kicked free stirrups, boots came up to saddlecloths, left hand relaxed the steel arc of its forearm, bridle went loose, and Fred stood one breathless instant in the saddle.

Big as he was, he seemed feathery and limp, with no tendencies. His body spun upward and forward, fell backward in the rush of steam, and his war drum of a chest thumped squarely against the high cab window. His left hand caught the pistol from his mouth, spun it to position, and Fred jumped down to the floor of the cab. The hero was aboard.

Steve snatched up his black mare, and the baggage coach window hurtled by. The man from Pendleton dived through the open doorway, the mare dancing away furiously through the dust.

IT was hot in the San Fernando valley at the meridian.

"Want to go home?" I asked the steaming Fred.

"You'd better go," said Fred. "I think I'll stay here and do a couple more transfers for the closeups from the engine cab."

He called to the production manager. "The boys are through," he said.

Train and camera car were backing up. The bandits were crawling into busses. Fred was sitting by the track, refreshing his makeup, possibly guarding in his wish image against a tendency to overcorrect on the next two transfers.

Near by in the bean field the strange white steed watched him curiously. Steve was polishing off another piece of chocolate cake, and the little black mare was clipping grass from the roadside. Puffy engine and old Packard were soon waiting the signal, a mile up the tracks.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Acrobatic Prodigy

June, four years old, is fond of her baby sister, but now that sister is learning to talk, June finds her road much harder to travel. One day they were playing together, and baby Doris came running to mother, crying. Mother, looking at June for an explanation, was promptly informed: "Doris bit herself—right on the ear." —Lois June Schramm, 2242 Estaugh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Just a Natural Psychologist

Aunt Delia sent Will (six) and Francis (five) out to the woodpile to get some wood. After they had filled their wagon, neither one wanted to pull it. Uncle Will, near by, started to help, when little Will said, "Let Francis pull it; he's strong." Then *sotto voce:*

"Brag a little on him, Uncle Will, and he'll pull it."—Mrs. Clark E. Adams, Box 375, Nevada, Mo.

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First in thirst: Use a dash of sunshine, a ripple of merriment, one-half Martini & Rossi Vermouth, one-half your second favorite ingredient, plenty of ice—shake well, add an olive.

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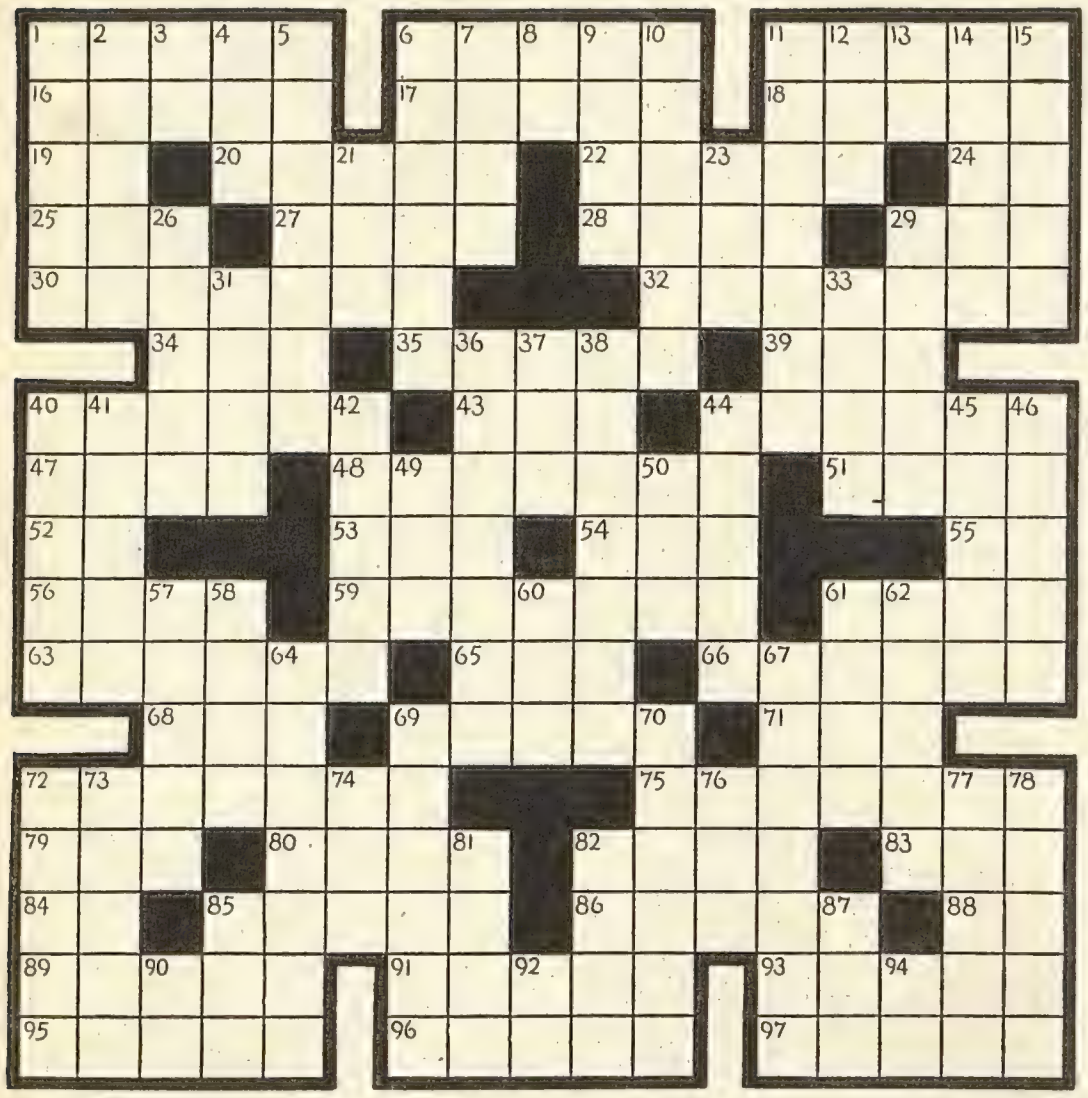
MARTINI & ROSSI
NON ALCOHOLIC
Vermouth

An *Easy* Puzzle—

Those who prefer a reasonably easy cross word puzzle will find one here, where interlocking is close and the familiar words are clearly defined.

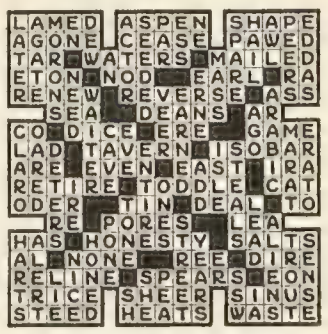


HORIZONTAL

1 Collection of maps
6 Withered old woman
11 Pursue
16 People of Erin
17 First Jewish high priest
18 Endures
19 Japanese measure of distance
20 Man's name
22 Appended
24 Suffix forming some plurals
25 Printer's measures
27 Regrets
28 Sister and wife of Zeus
29 Ocean
30 Arrests
32 Despotic exercise of power
34 Sprite
35 Dash to pieces
39 Period
40 Nape of the neck
43 Duration of existence
44 Worn tracks
47 Those persons
48 Sings
51 Blemish
52 The sun god
53 Portuguese coin
54 In Turkey, a commander
55 In such manner
56 Military assistant
59 Legislator
61 Vomit
63 Plant used for making hedges
65 Before
66 Steps
68 The matter or thing
69 Discontinue
71 Entire
72 Act of snoring
75 Marks with spots
79 Ever (contraction)
80 Commotion (plural)
82 Expectorate
83 Compass point
84 Note of the scale
85 Go stealthily
86 Cultivates, as soil
88 Symbol for tellurium
89 Come forth
91 Spark control of a motor
93 Bore young, as sheep
95 Intends
96 Condition
97 Narrative

VERTICAL

1 Ventilated
2 Threefold
3 Chinese measure
4 A tree
5 County officer
6 Fondle
7 Beams
8 Else
9 Biblical name (Genesis)
10 Ceaseth
11 Brighter
12 Possessed
13 Like
14 Vessel of clay or stone
15 Attempt
21 Religious recluse
23 Free from moisture
26 Cubic meter
29 A mollusk
31 An astringent
33 Desert dweller
36 Daytime entertainment
37 Gone by
38 Legislative body (plural)
40 Leather strip
41 Article of furniture
42 The beginning
44 Emperors
45 Unsuccessful contestant
46 Packs away
49 Born
50 Self
57 More dreadful
58 Always
60 A constellation
61 Brine
62 Small round mass (plural)
64 Aggregation of property (plural)
67 Bears tales
69 Natives of Croatia
70 Imperial government
72 Former Turkish sultan
73 Annoy
74 Poem
76 Lubricate
77 Compound ether
78 Shabby
81 Long cut
82 Let it stand (printing)
85 Sol
87 Rested
90 Symbol for samarium
92 Mother
94 Not



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

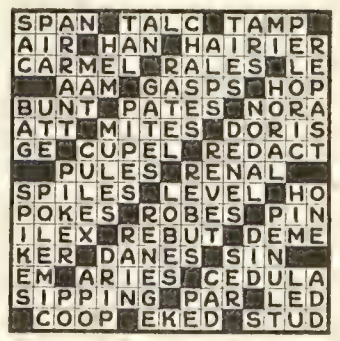
In order to complicate the solver's job, in this construction we have taken advantage of everything permitted by sound cross word puzzle practice.

HORIZONTAL

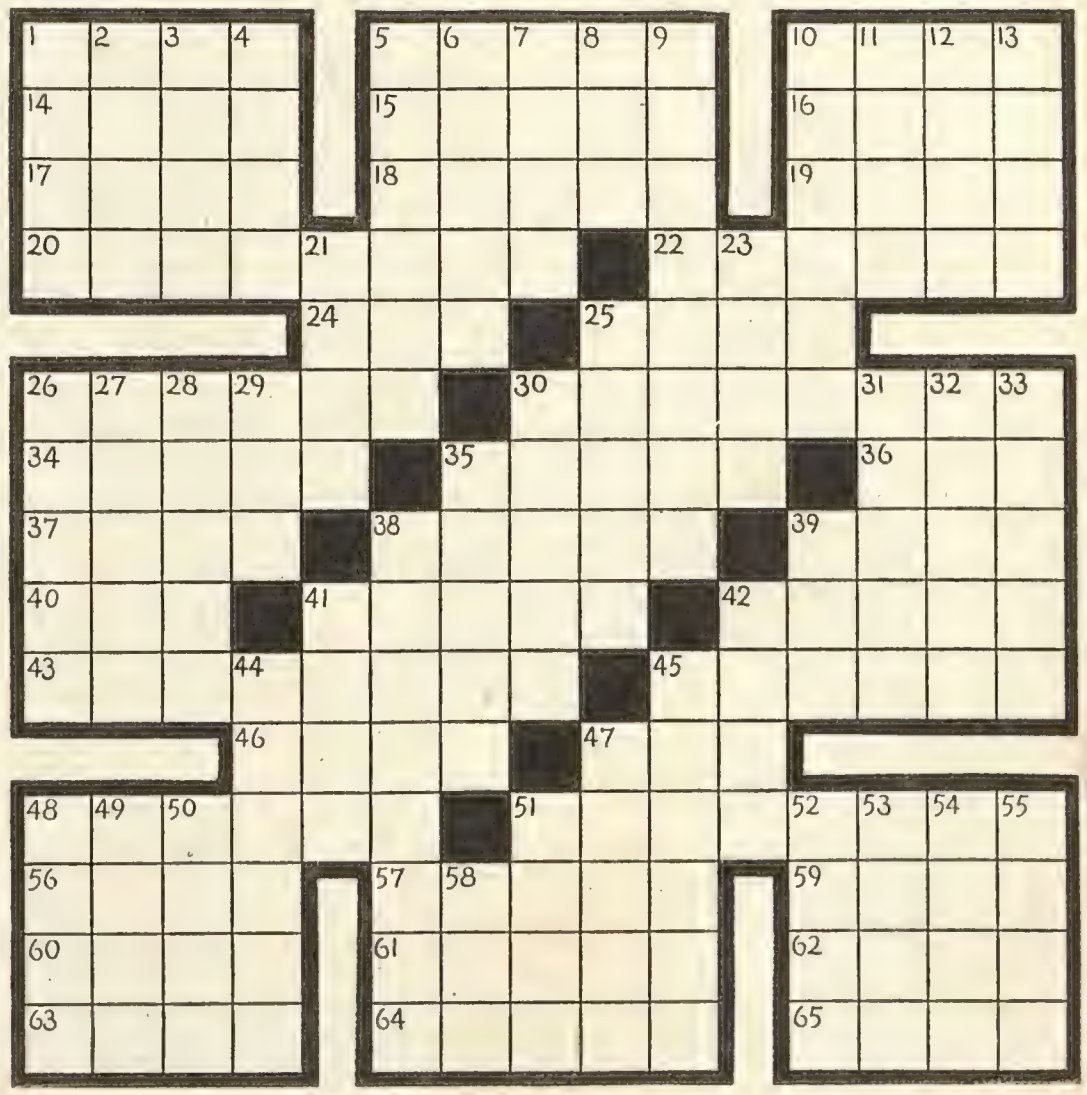
1 Peduncle
5 Genus of marmosets
10 Show vehement desire
14 Part of a vehicle wheel
15 Belch
16 Opposite of aweather
17 Substance derived from Ceylon moss
18 Romance in meter
19 Kind of leather
20 Pertinent
22 Man's name
24 Beverage
25 City in Kansas
26 Fruit of a solanaceous plant
30 Prates
34 Forebodes
35 A color shade
36 Exclamation
37 Apparel made of skins
38 Desist
39 Kiln
40 Self
41 Secluded retreat
42 Part of a tire
43 Designed to preserve health
45 Green
46 Score of one point in baseball (plural)
47 Pertaining to peoples of Shan speech
48 Former kingdom of Europe
51 Insect (plural)
56 Exhausted of moisture
57 Fix in the mind
59 Nightmare as a female demon (Teutonic folklore)
60 Unaspirated consonant
61 Having the margin irregularly notched (botany)
62 Successively
63 Records in a ship's diary
64 Small upright face of a platform
65 Dabble

VERTICAL

1 To bespangle
2 Pin in an early form of rifle
3 Of or pertaining to an era
4 A marsh or fen
5 Combining form meaning great
6 One of the minor planets
7 Particles into which a thing disintegrates
8 Personate
9 Junior officers' quarters in a man-of-war
10 Hoisting tackle on a ship
11 A liliaceous plant
12 Bodies of water
13 Dammed up
21 A dyeing liquor (plural)
23 Ceremony
25 Woman's name
26 Small sharks
27 The end
28 Juicy fruit of a vine
29 Hymenopterous insect
30 Small, round, and glistening
31 Edges of a roof
32 Ostriches
33 Gritty
35 Endures
38 Dealer in provisions and small wares
39 Money of account introduced into England by the Danes
41 Stupefy with sudden emotion
42 Position of a vessel in the water
44 A decree of a sultan (plural)
45 Building where grain is stored
47 Free of superfluous words
48 Cloth for covering a chalice
49 Combining form meaning mountain
50 Fish of northern Europe
51 Filipinos of the lower class
52 Priest of a Mohammedan mosque
53 The darnel
54 One of the asteroids
55 Maxims
58 Biblical name (Genesis)

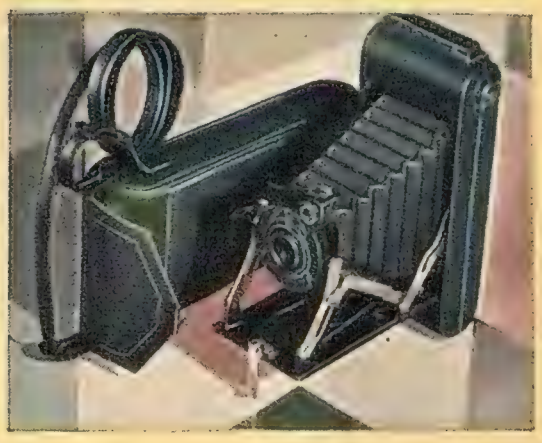


Answer to last week's hard puzzle



Vanity Kodak Ensemble—Happy the girl who finds one of these among her Christmas remembrances! An exquisite grained leather carrying case which comes in three colors and contains the wherewithal for make-up and for snapshots. Contents: large mirror, change pocket, combination powder and rouge compact, lipstick and Kodak. Colors: gray, beige, green. Picture size, 1⅝ x 2½

Cine-Kodak, the simplest of home movie cameras—a modern gift. For those fortunate enough to "have everything already," and for those less fortunate. A permanent gift. One that begins giving pleasure the day it is received, and grows more precious with every passing year. And this home movie camera can be adapted for Kodacolor—Home Movies in gorgeous full color. Complete home movie outfits—Cine-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen—begin at $140.



Pocket Kodaks—This season you may have the 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, in four handsome colors, as well as black: blue, brown, beige, gray. Both Kodak and case are of the same lustrous grained leather, and both have been redesigned to meet the modern trend. "Supremely smart gifts"—say those who have seen them. Picture size, 2½x4¼

Kodak Gifts of Novelty, Beauty and Distinction

PICTURE MAKERS ALL

Vanity Kodaks, incomparably beautiful in design, are all that the modern gift should be. Five lovely colors: Redbreast (red), Jenny Wren (brown), Sea Gull (gray), Bluebird (blue), Cockatoo (green). Picture size 1⅝x2½

FOR this Christmas, Kodak offers you the smartest array of gift selections that have ever left the hands of its craftsmen. As to price, you may pay almost anything you have a mind to, for they range from the unassuming Brownie to the finest Ciné-Kodak home movie outfit. As to color, this is the first Christmas you have been able to get it in Kodaks.

Turn down the corner of this page, so that when you make up your Christmas list you can conveniently decide who shall be the recipients of these most acceptable Kodak gifts.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Brownies—Your Christmas list is sure to contain the name of some one who would be overjoyed to receive a Brownie, as practical a little camera as ever was made. And it's just the thing for the boy or girl. They cost $2.00 and up, and every one of them takes splendid snapshots. With such a gift as this, a half-dozen packages of Kodak Film doubles the recipient's appreciation.

"Give a **KODAK**"

A decalcomania picture of our Blue Moon girl for your auto window or rain slicker will be sent upon request

LARGMAN, GRAY COMPANY *Sales Offices:* 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

How PARIS Provides for the HOLIDAY HOSTESS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, November 12.

IMAGINE no radio—no automobile—movies once a week—and the nearest telephone at the corner *bistrot!* To most of us this seems like going back to the dark ages long before the war; and yet, it is the condition of a great many Parisian homes of the better class. With the home in such a benighted state of archaic tranquillity, the easily imagined solace is the outside interests of the family. However, most French families prefer to remain in their radioless, telephoneless, motorless homes. The perverse creatures like them!

Contrary to the popular idea among strangers in America, the Parisians also are hospitable people, but they prefer above all things to entertain at home. This is why one so rarely has a glimpse of the Parisienne—that fabulous person. She is usually *chez elle*, and the chic which has made her world famous is for the benefit of herself, her family, and her circle of friends.

I know one Parisienne who has a fine old home in the Opéra district of Paris where a foot of land is worth a fortune today. She has a large villa at the seashore and a houseboat on the Seine. Her three establishments are usually full of young folk, though she herself is no longer young, nor does she try to be.

She is frankly middle aged, always exquisitely dressed, and she dispenses a charming open house kind of hospitality that is never relegated to the restaurant, the movies, or the jazz palace. There are a great many such women in Paris, and for them and their daughters the Paris *couturiers* create a special type of fashion suitable to the lives they lead.

With the Christmas holidays in the offing, there is, naturally, a great deal of sartorial preparation going on in Paris, as it is at home. Gowns for the holiday hostess, both formal and informal, sports clothes and dance dresses for the homecoming daughter, are being created by the great Paris dressmakers, as well as those more pretentious creations that are prepared for the restless expatriates of many nations who will spend their holidays in the splendor of resort hotels. The latter are not of any special interest to you and me, but the simple frocks with a holiday air which Paris is sewing up for the Parisienne at home have a special charm for all women who are looking ahead to similar gayeties.

For a sports costume Jean Patou has created the fur set of shaded beaver at the left.

(Right) An unusual frock is this black crêpe, trimmed with white satin, from Jeanne Lanvin.

A formal dinner gown of all silver lamé, from Lenief, is a very Parisian holiday costume.

This Martial et Armand informal dinner frock of black satin with rhinestones is ideal.

The center around which the whole spirited and spiritual festival of the holidays revolves is the woman who makes the home, and she should at this time be a treat to the eyes as well as to the heart.

What she wears will depend entirely upon the kind of hospitality she will dispense. For the simplest of home dinners, if it be in the middle of the day, her frock will be a smartly simple afternoon dress. If it be in the evening a dinner dress will be worn, though it need have no formality of cut or trimming. For those who give larger parties the formal evening gown is in order. In all cases the costume of fine simplicity is always completely right.

FOR the younger generation home for the holidays there is needed, in addition to party clothes, clothes for the sports that are prevalent at the season. These need not be entirely new—there are so many smart and beautiful details which change the air of a costume even when it has been worn for some time: scarfs, sports caps, new sweaters and cardigans and furs.

An idea for the holiday sports outfit, which makes it new and increases its chic, is shown in our first photograph. This is a fur set from Jean Patou. It is composed of a muff, a small detachable collar, cuffs, and a band for the small hat of velours. This set is made of shaded beaver, and Patou uses such smart and simple accessory furs for many varieties of outdoor costume. Muffs, as a part of the fashionable costume, are a favorite for the holidays.

For the home frock, to be worn in the afternoon, I have chosen as an ideal type the Lanvin dress of black crêpe marocain. The straight lines of the silhouette are made very graceful by half tiers placed at the front and the back of the skirt, and the back of the blouse. The detachable collar with its four tier jabot is a typical Lanvin detail. It is in white satin and black crêpe and buttons with a single large button at the back.

The simple dinner dress from Martial et Armand is made of black satin, with a modest double décolletage and straight blouse. The smartly swathed hipline has a puff at the right side and a flaring panel hangs from the girdle to below the hemline. The skirt is made with two straight tiers, and the gown is given a touch of brilliancy by the rhinestone embroidery around the girdle.

Lenief's evening gown for the holiday hostess is of silver lamé, and is made beautiful by the drapery at the back of the bodice and the front of the skirt. The front of the blouse is draped in folds after the manner of a handkerchief worn around the neck. Without an atom of trimming, this becomes the most Parisian of Parisian evening dresses.

Lion's Blood

In Which Love Writes the Last Word

The Final Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

My Cintra beheld her spouse with the family coal sho

MY great passion for my wife, Cintra, changed in me much that I never thought would ever change.

I was sorry that ever I had sailed On The Black Account. It horrified me that I once had been a smuggler and something resembling a pirate.

I was sorry I had said that Thomas Jefferson was a poltroon and a demagogue—though I fear he is something of the latter, and never can digest that matter of shoe buckles and shoe laces, and detest his gunboats.

In later years I learned what fundamentally ailed him: he was a character totally devoid of any sense of humor. This, coupled with perfect incapacity for any foresight or vision, makes, I believe, what is known as a humanitarian.

Well, let that rest. Perhaps my utter adoration of my trinity—Washington, Franklin, Hamilton—leaves in me no room for lesser tolerance. These were *men!*—faultily but wholesomely human in body; godlike in mind.

God rest our mighty dead.

. . . . .

Well, the pot was now aboiling over.

When Cintra and I returned to New York the previous year, and I had retired from the disgusting business in which I had been employed by Quinn & Maltby, the pot had begun to bubble furiously.

For the same old British man-o'-war, The Guerrière, which had been blockading our harbour off Sandy Hook so long, and which had once fired into my schooner, The Happy Parrot, stopped an American brig near Sandy Hook and took from her an American sailorman.

And now, at last, the patient Yankee got mad, and went after The Guerrière, and, coming up with a British man-o'-war in the dark, made kindling of her.

But she turned out to be The Little Belt, eighteen guns, and not The Guerrière.

I thought war was coming then, and broached the subject of my participation to Cintra, who wept and accused me of a love for slaughter and told me she was done with me.

All that summer and winter the excitement grew in New York, and every day the militia marched up Broadway and then marched down again.

My agitation became extreme, but there was no war, and Cintra became kind again and clung the closer, only she watched me ever with a passionate jealousy which made me something of a hypocrite.

She read aloud to me in the newspapers that we possessed only twelve war vessels, and Britain had 1,060. But in the coffee houses I heard how England jeered at us, saying that "the Yankees could not be kicked into a war"; and I could scarce eat my dinner athinking on it.

And in all hotels, coffee houses, taverns, inns, and ordinaries, patriotic fires blazed higher with every draught from the bar.

II

I REMEMBER that evening, the 20th of June. Cintra and I, after supper, were sitting upon our stoop, our fingers discreetly intertwined, enjoying the freshness of the sea air from the bay and the perfume of lilacs from Battery Park.

Ours continued to be a long honeymoon—perhaps because we had lost the first year of it—and Cintra whispered that she had rather sit here with me than run in next door to gossip with Eliza Osborn and Betsy Hunt, but that she had promised and must go.

I, being somewhat afraid of Mrs. Betsy Hunt, pretended an engagement at the City Tavern, which made Cintra laugh.

So presently I took Cintra to our neighbours, and then put on my beaver hat and took my walking stick with tassels, and, lighting a long cheroot, sauntered towards the City Tavern where I had cronies—not all reputable, perhaps.

When I arrived, the bowl was going round and gentlemen already somewhat heated were asinging of patriotic and derisive songs in dauntless chorus:

"There was an old hooker,
She sailed from Jamaica;
The rats had forsook her
And so had her Maker.

"The admiral sez to the captain, 'You tell 'em
To back the main tops'l and saw off her hellum,

his shoulder, following the drums and fifes and footing it proudly Harlemward.

Promoting His Majesty's service and glory!"
My song it is ended and so is my story.

Chorus

"Billy-be-dam, the ship's asinkin'!
Billy-be-dam, she's gone aground!
Billy-be-dam, you quit your drinkin'!
Billy-be-dam, we'll all be drown'd-ded!"

So I ordered a pineapple bombo with bitters, and, with my arms on my comrades' shoulders, joined the chorus:

"In olden time of deeds sublime,
When England ruled the sea, sir,
She loved to spank the naughty Yank
Who sank her Bohee tea, sir.

"Avast, avast! Those days are past;
Old England, cease your searching,
Else you shall find we have a mind
To give your rump a birching!

"All undismayed and unafraid
The Yankee nation fights, sir,
To settle matters long delayed—
Free Trade and Sailors' Rights, sir!"

Lord! There were more than twoscore verses. But we sang 'em all, I'm ashamed to say.

An elderly gentleman got up and started for the door, remarking that as long as there were wars there'd be fools.

He was too old to castigate or challenge, but several red faced gentlemen arose and remonstrated to no purpose, for he went out saying something about jackasses.

Replying to indignant questions, our landlord said that our insulter had been colonel of a fighting Continental regiment during the Revolution. Also he had killed four opponents in duels.

Which information made us feel silly.

Songs less warlike and more sentimental now arose from our bibulous company, like The Light Horseman's Lament:

"Darling, when this war is over,
When the cannon roar no more,
Useful ploughs shall gently cover
Meadows red with human gore.

"Hand in hand amid the clover
We shall wander near our door,
While above us love doves hover,
Teaching us their tender lore!

Chorus

"Blue-eyed Mary, how I miss you,
As I never missed befo—re!
How I long to kiss and kiss you,
Sitting by our cottage do—or!"

We were, I remember, wailing out the third verse of this tearful ditty when a sudden commotion arose in the lobby — exclamations, cries, cheers, the noise of many feet—then our landlord, red, gesticulating:

"Gentlemen, the United States has declared war against Great Britain!"

I paid my reckoning, clapt on my hat, and went home directly.

III

"YOU can't go," whimpered Cintra; "I'm going to have a baby."

"If he lives," said I, "would you wish him to know that there had been a just war and his father was not in it?"

"It may be a girl—"

"Then she'll be like you, and I would not have her know it; nor would I have you, either."

"Oh," wept Cintra, "I had thought to have seen the last of blood and fighting as far as this family is concerned. . . . Come here to me, darling. . . . Do you remember when you threatened me with a rope's end? I loved you, all the same. And before that I was in love with you. All the time. In the very beginning, when you wanted me to go and see the British ships. . . . Did you love me then?"

I said I did. God is tender to such lies. Also, He knows I've loved her enough since to make up for it.

She went to sleep in my arms that night, tearfully resigned.

While we were at breakfast next morning, Luli came in to inform us that a procession of prominent citizens, wearing their best beaver hats and shiniest boots, and armed with picks and shovels, was marching to Harlem to dig trenches and throw up redoubts for the purpose of defending McGowan's Pass.

I was inclined to laugh; but when we went to the window and saw, in the solemn marching ranks, middle aged gentlemen wearing their old Continental uniforms—among them such grim veterans as our late Mayor of New York, Colonel Marinus Willett, bravest of the brave —why, my inclination to laugh vanished.

And in a few moments my Cintra beheld her spouse with the family coal shovel on his shoulder, following the drums and fifes and footing it proudly Harlemward with the flower of the city's chivalry.

That night I told my wife that Colonel Willett, who knew my father in the army, had given me a letter of recommendation to Captain Hull of our frigate Constitution.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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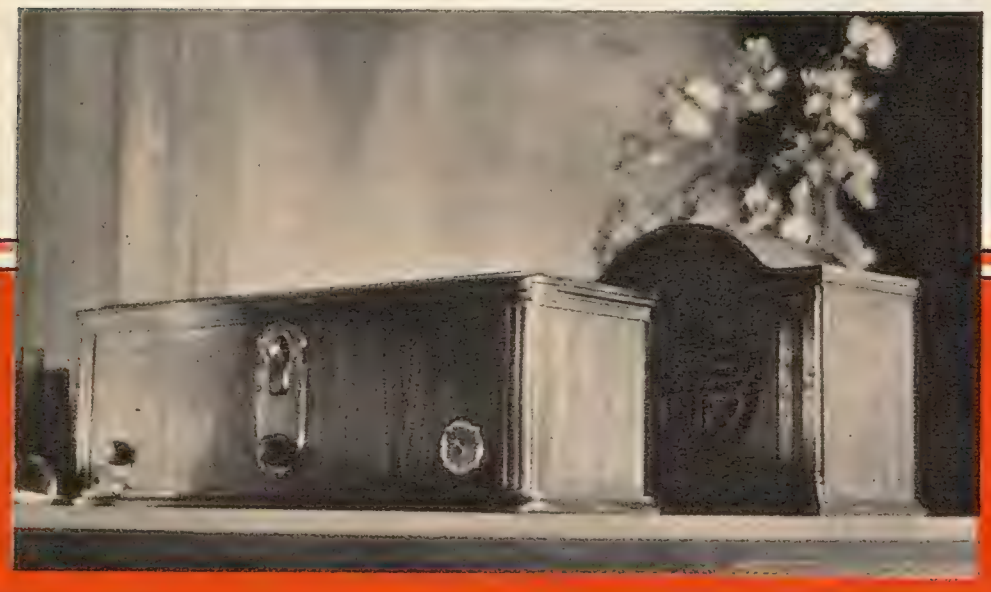

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BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

[LION'S BLOOD Continued from page seventy-five]

She turned a little pale, but said very quietly:

"I have to thank God that, if you must sail at all, you sail with Captain Hull and not aboard The Happy Parrot."

"Amen, darling," said I cheerfully.

We promenaded that evening in the beautiful park of the new City Hall, where the artillery band was playing and everybody of consequence and respectability in New York was strolling under the trees.

And amid all the youth and chivalry and beauty gathered there, my Cintra was the loveliest.

IV

ON the 2d of August, 1812, the United States frigate Constitution, Captain Isaac Hull, weighed and sailed from Boston in search of that old pest of all our ports, His British Majesty's frigate Guerrière. And I was of the company; without commission, but most kindly received by Captain Hull and attached to his person as a gentleman volunteer.

I had a fine time aboard The Constitution; the discipline was magnificent, the frigate a wonder, the ship's officers agreeable, and the weather excellent—excepting during the chase of our ship by a British squadron of eleven sail, where only superb seamanship enabled us to escape.

The Constitution sailed from Cape Sable eastward toward the Isle of Sables, always looking for my old enemy, The Guerrière.

We didn't find her. We took a couple of small vessels, sent their crews ashore, and destroyed the ships.

On the 15th our masthead made out five sail—one a sloop-of-war, which, when we gave chase, turned on one of her consorts, a brig, and set her afire. Evidently one of her prizes.

The sloop-of-war went to windward. We followed a ship, but, overhauling her, discovered her already a prize to one of our privateers, and fleeing from the British sloop-of-war.

So we then chased a brig, which proved to be an American—one of the sloop-of-war's victims with a British prize crew aboard. We put another, still, aboard her, and sent her into Boston.

There were other vessels, but they got away from us. So we altered our course to the southward, and bowled along, looking always for The Guerrière.

It was, I believe, the 19th of August, in latitude forty-one degrees forty-one minutes, longitude fifty-five degrees forty-eight minutes, and after dinner of a fine, windy day, that we first discovered traces of His British Majesty's devilish frigate Guerrière, Captain Dacres.

An elderly gentleman got up and started for the door, remarking that as long as there were wars there'd be fools.

Captain Hull liked to muster his crew on the spardeck, dressed to suit his whim—one day in blue jackets and blue trousers, another day in white trousers and scarlet vests with anchor buttons, and black glossy hats bearing the name of our ship.

THAT afternoon the crew had been mustered wearing blue, white, and scarlet; and Captain Hull was passing them in inspection, followed by Lieutenant Morris, second in command, and myself, when our masthead hailed the quarterdeck just off Cape Sable; and very soon we saw, followed, and overhauled a Salem privateer.

When we spoke her she offered us information that an English frigate was cruising in the neighbourhood, and he laid our course for us.

Captain Hull was perfectly cool—in mind if not in person; for the day was warm, he was very fat, and he wore the tightest breeches I ever beheld upon any man, which coyly displayed his cherublike rotundity in its every subtle curve.

His hair was rolled up and curled profusely, with a lovelock like a scented tendril over each ear, which the high, gold laced collar of his too tight coat tickled every time he turned his head.

The inspection finished, Captain Hull walked aft, followed by Lieutenant Morris and myself. We were terribly excited and told each other our hopes in whispers.

On the quarterdeck Captain Hull did a very odd thing: he bent at the waist two or three times as far as he was able and tried to touch the deck with the flat of his gloved hands.

After this strange exercise he said to me:

"Sir, my uniform seems a trifle tight for fighting. If it splits you are not to be alarmed, sir."

He spoke so gravely that both Mr. Morris and I merely stared at him, but, seeing the twinkle in his handsome eyes, we shouted with laughter.

HE took off his gold laced cocked hat, wiped his brow with a scented handkerchief, put the hat on again.

"Mr. Strake," said he, "Heaven can be kind, sometimes, if importuned. I hope that you and Mr. Morris are praying that we discover and overhaul this English frigate, and that she turn out to be The Guerrière."

"Yes, sir," said I, "we are praying hard."

"Because," he said very gently, "Captain Dacres, who commands her, is a friend of mine, and a most charming and cultivated gentleman. A few months before war was declared, our two ships were lying in the Delaware, and he and I met at a banquet on shore.

"And I bet him a new hat that if ever we had a chance to fight, The Constitution would take The Guerrière."

"Sail ho—o—o—!" hailed our masthead from his lofty lookout.

"Masthead there!" shouted Captain Hull.

"Sir?"

"Where away is the sail —" The subdued roar of excitement on deck disturbed him, and Mr. Morris shouted, "Silence fore and aft!"

Captain Hull again hailed the lookout:

"What does she look like?"

"A large ship, sir, standing towards us."

I COULD feel exquisite thrills running all over me.

"Aloft there!" shouted Captain Hull.

"Sir?"

"What does she look like now?"

"A large frigate bearing down upon us, sir."

"Oh, my God!" whispered Morris to me. "I hope he wins his new hat!"

"Clear the ship, Mr. Morris."

"All hands!" shouted Morris. "All hands clear ship for action, ahoy!"

Instantly our drums beat to quarters; guns were cast free and tompions knocked out; there came a rush of barefooted men; midshipmen shrilly called off quarter bills, answered by the hoarse, eager voices of the men at quarters.

Lieutenant Bush of our marines gave my arm a terrific pinch as he passed; Lieutenant Hoffman, commanding in the cabin, pulled a wry but excited face at me.

I saw our surgeon and his mate descending to the cockpit; midshipmen led the topmen aloft; sail trimmers mustered below; powder passers aligned themselves; powder monkeys skipped hither and thither, playing their usual antics upon one another while our drums still rolled for battle.

We continued to run free until we were within a league of the stranger to leeward.

Topgallant sails were now furled, light spars lowered, and our course was set for the stranger. All light staysails and flying jib were stowed; we took a second reef in the topsails, hauled up the courses, and sent down royal yards.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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AMERICA'S FINEST CONFECTION

[LION'S BLOOD
Continued from page seventy-seven]

At Captain Hull's order I passed forward with Lieutenant Bush to direct the marines and boarders just how to behave if boarders were called away; and we swiftly inspected their pikes, pistols, and cutlasses.

Now all guns were shotted and matches lighted as double precaution in case our gunlocks missed.

It was, I think, a little after 5 o'clock, when the two ships were nearing each other, that the stranger backed her main topsail and showed us English colours, a flag at each masthead, awaiting us.

"The Guerrière!" whispered Morris; and we clasped hands and nearly crippled each other's fingers.

Captain Hull calmly surveyed the Englishman, then leisurely bent his body several times, attempting to touch the toes of his boots. No use.

As we ran toward her, we yawed now and then to avoid raking, and fired a gun or two as they bore.

SUDDENLY The Guerrière triced up her ports and let us have her weather broadside.

"Well, well!" murmured Captain Hull. "My friend Dacres is growing impatient."

Morris smiled excitedly as the shot fell short, making a vast splashing everywhere.

But The Guerrière wore around and her larboard broadside crashed out, hurling an iron storm through our rigging and hulling us twice.

Then the deck leaped under me as we let go our bow guns at her, but the sound of the discharges was obliterated in the tremendous roar of the Englishman's broadsides.

Little damage was done; the two ships were not yet within effective range. We fired only our bow guns now and then, but the tension of impatience among our crew grew to a strain almost too keen to be endured. Even Lieutenant Morris felt his nerves near to the breaking, for I heard him ask the captain permission to open with his broadsides.

"Not yet," said Captain Hull, carelessly continuing his flesh reducing exercises on the quarterdeck.

Crash-crash! came The Guerrière's broadsides. Three of our crew fell.

"Sir," said Lieutenant Morris to our captain, "have I your leave to give them one broadside?"

"Oh, no, not yet, Mr. Morris," replied Captain Hull.

I do not know how we endured it. The Guerrière was hulling us; her iron hail stormed through our rigging; two more men were down in their blood. Captain Hull continued to pace the deck in silence.

We were within half pistol shot when the Englishman let fly a broadside.

"Now!" roared Captain Hull. "Pour it into her, my bullies!"

I do not know whether it was due to his own suddenly unleashed excitement, or the awful violence of our broadside, that split Captain Hull's tight breeches.

"Give it to her!" he shouted. "Rip the bowels out of her, my hearties! There you are, my bullies! Let her have it again!"

Lieutenant Morris and I were shouting madly, "Hull her! Hull her!" And the crew caught the significant play upon words, cheering at every shot with shouts of "Hull her, boys! Give her Hull!"

The Guerrière was reeling and trembling under the terrific earthquake blast almost at a pike's length. With a frightful shock her mizzenmast fell upon her deck, hurling her topmen into the sea.

The cheering of our crew became so deafening that neither Lieutenant Morris nor I could hear Captain Hull's orders, though he pulled us by the shoulder and bellowed into our ears.

IN the cannon gloom I saw an imp of a powder monkey, black as a little devil from the pit, throwing handsprings across the deck.

From a port of The Guerrière a small, thin English gunner looked out at me and fired a pistol at me.

"Pull down that striped rag!" he yelled. "Why don't you pull it down and strike to us?"

Naked to the waist, smeared with blood and powder, her gunners and ours hauled at the gun tackles, sponged, rammed home the shot, and fired right into each other's vitals, broadside and broadside nearly touching.

Through the smoke I saw sailors aboard the Englishman trying to clear away the wreckage of the mizzen, which had badly smashed everything aft.

We were drawing very slowly ahead now, and presently we luffed and lay straight athwart The Guerrière's bows, so close that her huge bowsprit towered up over our quarterdeck, fouling our mizzen rigging; and she swung around so

CINTRA and I were sitting upon our stoop, our fingers discreetly intertwined.

that her bow lay against our port quarter.

"Call away boarders, Mr. Morris!" shouted Captain Hull.

As our bugle rang out the summons, the British bugles echoed the instant order; the bulwarks of both ships were crowded with cheering men.

Pikes and cutlasses clashed for a moment; then a heavy sea came thrashing through between the ships, separating them from each other, and we heard the British bugles recalling their boarders to the guns again.

Now our sides blazed with pistol shots, and from our tops a leaden storm beat upon The Guerrière's decks.

So closely we fought that our gun muzzles sometimes scraped the Englishman's sides, and their men and ours fired at each other with muskets when the guns were run in again for reloading.

"Mr. Morris," said Captain Hull, holding his split breeches together with one white gloved hand and pointing with the other, "I want you to smother the fire of The Guerrière's bow guns. If you don't we'll be afire ourselves in a minute."

Mr. Morris carried the order; but those terrible English guns would not be silenced; and presently the flame from their muzzles set fire to the cabin.

As the dreadful cry of fire was raised, I ran toward the cabin, but found Lieutenant Hoffman in charge and perfectly able to attend to the matter.

I then ran to a gun crew, and they swung their gun, and I laid it; and our shot hit the gun which was damaging us, breaking off the muzzle and capsizing the piece.

I saw Morris, all alone, trying to lash the two ships together; but he couldn't do it; and he and his boarders clambered over the taffrail to await another opportunity.

As I started to aid him, Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, and Mr. Alwyn, master, joined me.

"The old man's got to get that hat!" said Bush, giving me a dig in the ribs.

As he spoke, a dozen muskets were fired at us from the Englishman's tops, and Bush fell stone dead with the grin still quivering on his handsome features and a bullet in his brain.

Mr. Alwyn was down also; and so was Mr. Morris, shot through the body—both badly hurt; and I ordered them below at once, and ran to the quarterdeck to report. Morris would not leave the deck, however, when the surgeon's mate came for him.

Somebody had found some pins for Captain Hull. He stood there in that raging hell apinning up his breeches. He gave me an absent-minded glance.

"Mr. Strake," said he, "I've got 'em."

"Do you mean the British, sir?"

"Certainly. Did you think I meant my breeches?"

I laughed hysterically.

"Tell them to lay every gun on The Guerrière's foremast, Mr. Strake," he said coolly; "we've drifted far enough asunder; here's a pretty range; and I'm anxious to be done with my friend Captain Dacres."

AT the second broadside The Guerrière's foremast crashed down, dragging with it in its fall her mainmast; and The Guerrière lay tossing, plunging, rolling amid the waves, completely dismasted. Yet still, from the grotesque stump of her mizzenmast, a jack fluttered feebly.

We now hauled aboard our tacks, ran off a little way, secured our masts, rove new rigging.

About 7 o'clock we wore round, took a position for raking—the Englishman still wallowing in the trough of the sea.

"Rake her," said Captain Hull, with a casual glance at the enemy.

But, as we prepared to sweep her, down came her ragged jack.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LION'S BLOOD
Continued from page seventy-nine]

Captain Hull, having pinned up his breeches, regarded his work with complacence.

"Mr. Strake," said he, "pray ask Mr. Read to go aboard Captain Dacres with my compliments and inquire whether he has struck his colours. You may go with him."

So Lieutenant Read and I went aboard that floating wrack of hellish devastation, and met Captain Dacres sauntering toward us.

"Sir," said Lieutenant Read, "Captain Hull presents his compliments and wishes to know whether you have struck your flag."

Captain Dacres glanced ironically aloft, then his gaze wandered over his mastless ship.

"Really," said he, "I don't know. My mizzenmast is gone; my mainmast is gone; and I can't see any foremast either; and, on the whole, I think you may say to Captain Hull that we have struck our flag."

"Sir," said Lieutenant Read, embarrassed by such cool levity, "would you care to have the assistance of a surgeon for your wounded?"

"Dear me," said Captain Dacres in mild surprise, "I should suppose you had business enough aboard your own ship for all your medical officers to attend to."

"Oh, no, sir," said Mr. Read; "we have only seven wounded aboard us, and seven dead."

CAPTAIN Dacres gazed upon him in amazement. He thanked us, presently, remarking that he had lost seventy-nine dead and wounded.

I could easily believe it. The decks were horrible, being one vast slippery glare of blood. The ship was rolling horribly.

Corpses rolled over and over into scuppers and out again, only to be crushed and mangled by three guns which had got loose of their tackles and were rushing and sliding here and there, battering everything to splinters.

As for me, I don't see how anybody survived on either ship.

It was plain enough that The Guerrière was sinking.

We had no time to lose about getting our prisoners aboard us.

When I returned to our ship, Captain Hull left the quarterdeck and motioned me to follow to his cabin.

To him, in a little while, came Captain Dacres, escorted by Lieutenant Read. The two captains bowed to each other.

Then Dacres began to unclasp the sword at his hip.

"No, no, my dear fellow," said Captain Hull gently. "I'll not take sword from one who knows so well how to use it. . . . But I'll trouble you for that hat."

A polite but pallid smile hovered upon the Englishman's features.

Then Captain Hull went up to him and took his hand.

"It was a good fight," said Dacres. His voice was not quite steady.

"It was," said Hull. "And that ought not to surprise you, Dacres. After all, my dear fellow, the old Lion's Blood is in us both, you know."

"Yes," said Dacres, "I believe it is."

V

WHILE the British were throwing overboard their dead, and boatload after boatload of prisoners, wounded and unwounded, were coming aboard us, I seized the opportunity to scribble a line or two to my wife:

I HAVE twin children — girls — upon either knee. So you see I am very busy.

DARLING AND BELOVED—

We have taken The Guerrière. Seven dead, seven wounded aboard us; aboard him, seventy-nine.

I wish you would tell Luli to take my best coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons to the tailor and have him make for me a uniform for a naval lieutenant, of the best material, with plenty of gold lace; belt and epaulettes to match. Also a cocked hat to the head measure of my best beaver, which I beg you to have Luli command for me at the hatter's.

I have the honour to be, my darling, your humble,

Obedient, and adoring husband,

ERIC STRAKE.

P. S. Mr. Bush shot through the head; Mr. Morris and Mr. Alwyn through the body.

Tell Luli to brush all my clothes for fear of moths.

P. P. S. Captain Dacres is a gentleman. When he came into action he said to ten seamen who were Americans, "I fancy you'll not care to fight your own people, so go below and remain out of harm's way."

Also, he had aboard him one of our sea captains, a Mr. Orne of Salem, I believe; and sent him below to the cockpit for fear of any harm.

There are Englishmen *and* Englishmen, you see.

P. P. P. S. I forgot to say that Captain Hull's breeches, being too tight, split at the first broadside.

I hope I never grow fat. However, I'd rather be Captain Hull, today, than any man alive.

And I have to tell you something else. Thomas Jefferson I have never loved, and have called him poltroon—which he never was—and demagogue—which perhaps he is not.

But in one thing he said—which Captain Hull told me about—I must applaud him and agree with him with all my heart.

And this is what Mr. Jefferson hath written to a friend from Monticello:

"I deprecate," he wrote, "the maniac course of hostility and hatred pursued by England toward the United States.

"I hope in God she will change. There is not a nation on the globe with whom I have more earnestly wished a friendly intercourse on equal conditions.

"I know that I am represented as an enemy to England. But fools only can believe this, or those who think me a fool.

"I am an enemy to her insults and injuries. I am an enemy to those who govern her conduct toward us.

"But were England to exercise decency, and, at least, neutral passions toward us, there is not, I repeat, a people on earth for whom I would sacrifice so much to be in friendship."

Darling, we have taken a noble British ship commanded by a noble minded gentleman, who seemed astonished to discover that not only do we know how to fight, but also are humane and courteous.

How strange, when the same Lion's Blood courses through our veins and theirs!

. . . . .

OF wars and rumours of wars by land and sea I shall write no more. I have been too busy fighting them.

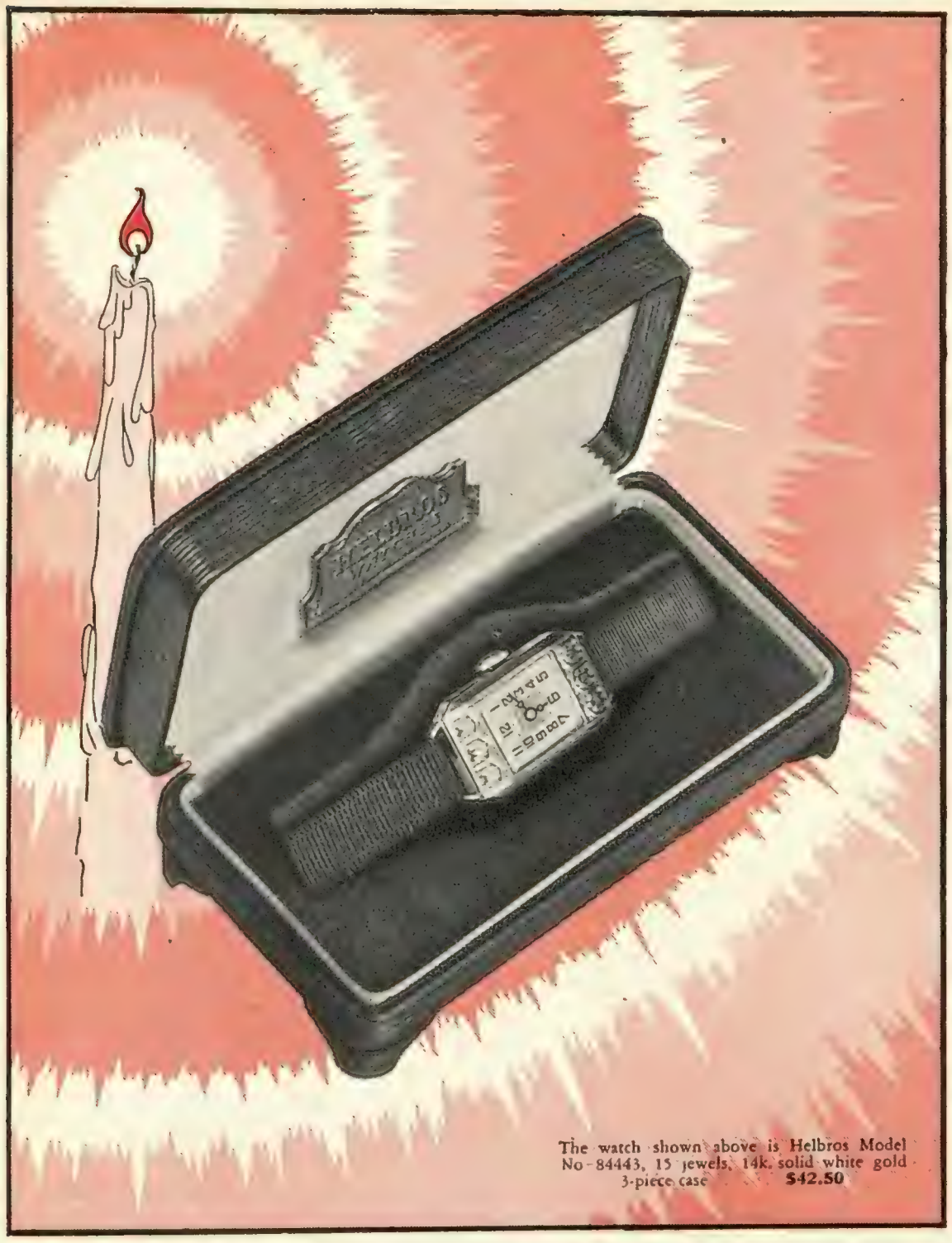
And I am too busy, still, to write, where I am sitting in our parlour, where all windows are open to the June dusk. A fragrance of the mounting sea, and of lilacs, steals in from the Battery Park. I have twin children—girls—upon either knee.

So you see I am very busy.

Also we three are busy listening to Cintra, who has her harp between her arms and is singing:

"Ah, what is love? It is a sacred thing,
As sacred to a shepherd as a king,
More holy, too;
For kings regard with dread our Lord above,
But all the shepherd knows of God is Love."

THE END



The watch shown above is Helbros Model No-84443, 15 jewels, 14k. solid white gold 3-piece case $42.50

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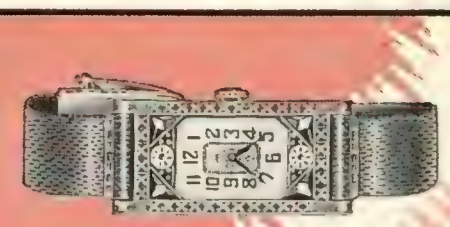

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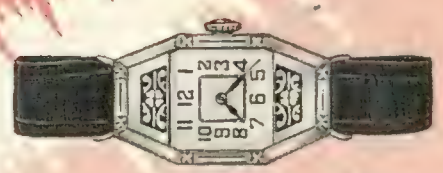
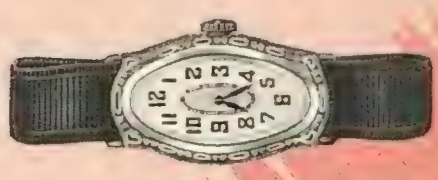
15 jewels, 18k. solid white gold case, set with 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires.

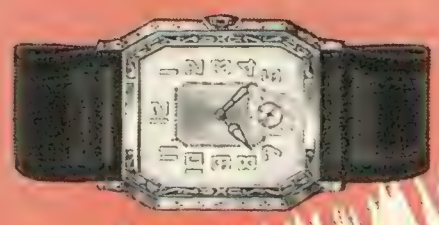


10401 "Victoria" Jr., model . . . $18.00
74301 "Victoria" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k. white gold filled 3-piece case . . **$32.50**

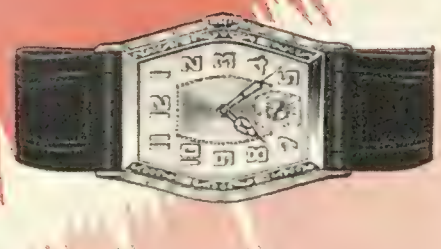


12391 "Octavia" Jr., model . . . $18.00
72211 "Octavia" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k. white gold filled 3-piece case . . . **$33.50**

10289 "Laura La Plante" Jr. model $17.00
74251 "Laura La Plante" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k white gold filled 3-piece case. **$35.00**



2579 "Jack Mulhall" Jr., model . . $16.50
49391 "Jack Mulhall" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k. white gold filled two-tone 3-pc. case. **$40.00**

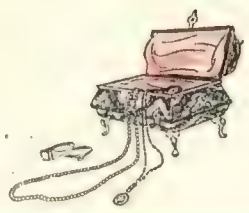


3529 "Victor" Jr., model . . . $22.00
49401 "Victor" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k. white gold filled two-tone 3-piece case . . . **$40.00**

Make this a *Jeweled Christmas*

NO SHOP in all the town can match the attraction of the Jewelry Store . . . and at this sparkling season these treasure houses take on an added interest—a captivating charm that reflects the Spirit of Christmas. Here are gifts of breath-taking beauty . . . "just the thing" for each member of the family—and for those "question-marked" names on your shopping list.

And how pleasant it is to reflect that each of these jeweled treasures is a *present with a future*—destined to become increasingly beloved with each passing year. A visit to the Jewelry Store is a pleasure and an inspiration.



for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweler

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Few Airy Remarks from a Canyoneer

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

The porselin peeper is all covered with Bull Durham. He couldnt tell whether he was lookin at the beautiful frail or thru a United Cigar Store.

En route to New York.

DEAR MARG,

You would have heard from me before but I got a punch on the nose. Yeah, from a great big motorcycle copper! Heres how it happened. On my way back from Hollywood I met an old pal of mine by the name of Cohen who is in the show business. He was on his way to Kansas City so I took him along.

Well, when I get about thirty miles from the city who comes up along side of the car but a nice big tough motorcycle dick. He says to me he says,—Pull up over there!! Then he hops off of his stone crusher an says,—wheres the fire??—an I says I didnt know there was any.

Then he says,—who do you think you are,—Barney Oldfield or Mr. Levine?? And right away he digs in his pocket and pulls out the ticket office. Oh, how that guy could write! He had me down on the menu for $ixty $ix miles an hour.

Well, my pal Mr. Cohen puts on a bit of a brogue an says to him, he says,—Cmon officer give us a brake will yer? Were both in the show business. Any time you want tickets fer a theater in Kansas City just take my card and drop around to the box office. Then he says,—why dont you take that summons and give it to a coupla KIKES instead of a coupla regular guys like yourself?

So right away the cop gets big hearted an takes back the invitation to the judge an tears it up. And with that he hops on the outboard motor an drives off.

About fifteen or twenty miles down the road we pass the same copper standin under an electric light readin somethin what looked like the card what Mr. Cohen had given him. Right away Cohen hollers to me, Step on it Kid, go like a bat outer hell!!!!

Well, Im not kiddin you Marg I leaned on the gas for about eight miles. Then Im stopped by a freight train with seven miles of cars across the road. I took one slant in the mirror and who do I see burnin up the road, but the cop himself. Oh, was he steamin!!

He stood the roller skate up against a telephone pole and comes over and leans one on my kisser and then takes an awful sock at Mr. Cohen. And without another word he writes out a ticket for reckless drivin at SEVENTY MILES PER HOUR. He hands me the ticket together with the card what Mr. Cohen had given him. Then he says,—what are you tryin to do, kid me!! and with that he beats it.

I take one peak at the card what Mr. Cohen gave him and it read,—

EMANUEL JACOB COHEN
Cloaks and Suits
1042 Devision Street
Chicago, Ill.

WAIT till I tell you what they did to me at the Grand Canyon. You know Marg, Ive never been on a horse in my life, so Mike Harrison, one of the rangers says to me he says,—Howd would you like to go down into the Canyon? So I says its K. O. with me. Well, they bring out a coupla mules—hay burners—and they stick me on.

Well—he drives over to the rim and on the level I look over the donkeys head and I see down SIX THOUSAND FEET!! Sweet essence of Juniper, right away I felt like the Unknown Soldier.

Up against the side of the Canyon they have a path blasted out about as wide as a good sized wheat cake. It goes down in the canyon like a fire escape. Zig-zag like. There aint no fences or trees to hold you on if you go into a tail spin—just nice fresh space. If you should slip you would add one more to Mr. Heinzes 57 varieties. I felt as though I was sittin on the Grand Rapids heater up in Sing Sing, the one that gives you the permanent wave.

Every time the mule reached the end of a hairpin turn in the road where he had to right about face, I tasted apricot brandy from my Adams apple. The donkey every once in a while would scrape a rock loose with his belly and step over it just to feel the swet roll offer me.

Yeah, then he had another gag Marg, hed let out a grunt every once in a while that sounded like somebody stickin a bread knife in a baloon tire. Hed shrink up so that the belly band would fit him like a sixteen collar on a midget. Me and the saddle were about as tight on his back as a poil necklace hangin over a hot dog. Oh, he was the nuts. There wasnt a doubt in my mind but somebody would be runnin a vaccum cleaner over the valley. A high voltage bootlegger and an army mule were goin to make corn beef hash for the indians.

Well, finally we got down to the bottom thank God. When I got off the hay burner I felt as though one of Charlie Mac Arthurs heinies had shot the tail outer my pants.

The only thing that saved my life at the end of the ride was a bottle of OLD GRANDAD what one of the toorists had. He gave me a swig of the good old stuff. It must have been GRANDADS youngest child because it was about fifteen minutes old. One drink dry cleaned a suit.

Oh wait till I tell you about the toorist that had the bottle of silly soup. He reminded me of your girl friend what has the crockery eye because hes got one too. He got in the wrong birth in a Pullman once. Half the time he never wears the china lamp because he says he cant see so good with it.

Well, just as we were doin a bit of serious drinkin who comes along but a PIP of a frail. Oh, was she lovely. She had a face like Norma Schera. She could make Dr. Eckner do the outside loop with the Graf Zepplin.

She comes up and she says, Pardon me but can you tell me how I can get to the indian reservation? And with that the big goof gets all excited. He turns his back and starts fussin in his pocket for the china eye. Finally he gets it out and snaps it in. Oh what a panic when he turns around. I take one look at him and the porselin peeper is all covered with Bull Durham. He couldnt tell whether he was lookin at the beautiful frail or thru a United Cigar Store, it was so fuller tobacco. He was a WOW!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Our Gang"
Wishes You a Merry Xmas
and Hopes You Get

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates
"Speed Without Noise"

We've had our "CHICAGOS" for a long time, but if Santa Claus brings YOU a pair for Christmas you can bet he's doing you a big favor. Nothing like them for fun! . . . and the exercise makes you feel fine. You just float along on those ball-bearing wheels, and the hard composition Rubber Tires go faster and wear longer than steel wheels. And say, Kids! . . . be sure to

Send for this Club Pin

We belong to the "Roll on Rubber" Club and so should you. Send 10 cents and you get a free gold finish club pin, certificate of membership, and a book "How to Roller Skate." Mail it today to

Chicago Roller Skate Co.
Established Over 20 Years
4424 W. Lake Street
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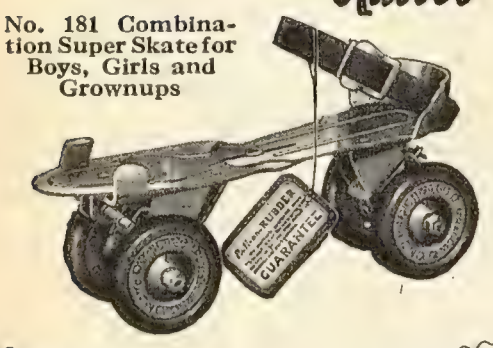
ROLL ON Rubber

No. 181 Combination Super Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups



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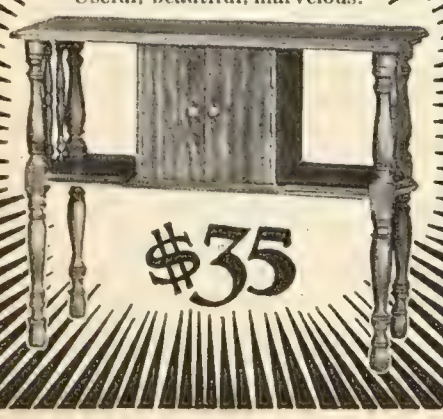
As rich in tone as in their beauty. Built of Mahogany or Walnut with selected Gumwood like the finest furniture. Many exclusive features. Perfection guaranteed. Magnetic type for use with all radios. Ask your dealer or write to us.

OTTAWA FURNITURE COMPANY
Holland, Michigan

Model 340: A table for your radio and books or magazines with built-in speaker. Useful; beautiful; marvelous.



[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-THREE]

You meat up with some funny people on these tours Marg. One guy on the trip was an old dentist. He had enough haywire on his chin to stuff an elephants matress. He told me that he went into a delicatessen store on a Sunday to get some perdadoe salad, and when he came out the telephone, the automobile and the radio had been invented.

THE next day Marg we went over to Hopi Indian Reservation to see the real Americans. They sure are a great troup. They all live in square mud huts and dont use any furniture.

The men have a tough life because the women do most of the work. If the husband should go off and play around with some other squaw that gives him the eye, the wife doesnt go into a panic, oh no. All she does is lay the husbands saddle outside the door and he knows what that means. It just means that he gets the WIDE OPEN SPACES AND THAT GOES!!! Period.

Wait till I tell you Marg about an evening I spent with a coupla indians. I was over to Mike Harrisons house. Well, we were sittin around the cabin smokin when I hear a flock of footprints comin up the path. Harrison says to me, he says,—Its the indians. Dont pay any attention to em when they come in. They dont like you to make any fuss over them.

Just then the door opened and in walked two big Hopi indians in their outfits. A minute later Harrison greeted them saying,—Jason, I want you to meet a friend of mine Mike Shea. With that we shook hands and sat down. They talked perfect english and never once let out a squark unless we spoke to them. One played the tomtom and the other fello did an indian dance for me.

The Indians are strong for good automobiles Marg. They like bright colors. Its nothin to see a swell car painted up like an indian blanket.

I remember goin into an automobile store in New Mexico and who comes in but a big indian chief wrapped up in a blanket. He goes over and looks at a big shiny car that looked like a movin van. He says to the salesman, he says,—I want that, how much? The salesman said to him he said, No, no, you dont want that, thats a hearse!!!

The indian says,—I don't care what he is, I want him!!!

The donkey would scrape a rock loose and step over it just to feel the swet roll offer me.

A coupla days later I heard that the chief had the thing all painted up with wild colors and was drivin his wife and six kids over to a big indian dance.

Oh I forgot to tell you that I picked up a prohibition agent outside of Hollywood. We get talkin and the first thing I know he asks me if I got any giggle soup in the car? I aint trustin any strangers so I say NO? NOT A DROP!! But all the time I had two cases in a big grip and two more hidden all over the car.

The NEXT day when I was drivin accross the Mohave Dessert the thermometer registers 124 degrees. Sweet lady I thought Id pass out. Just then something begins goin off like a bunch of cap pistols. Bing, bang, pop; zowie!!

The Pebble Ford was tryin to blow up the Haig and Haig boys. The White Horse was takin off its hat to John Dewar.

Right away I had to stop the car and explain. It ended up by the two of us gettin plastered.

LISTEN Kid, I just got a terrible special delivery letter from you. Who do you think YOU are?? The MAIN BOUT??

Just for that Ive booked passage on the French Line, S. S. France January the third. Im goin to get fuller beef, wine, wimin and song and Im goin to send your old man a ton of French post cards.

Yours truly
P. S. MIKE SHEA.

I'll answer that letter of yours SOON and HOW, what I mean!!!!

His answer to Marg ought to sizzle. We can hardly wait two weeks to read it.

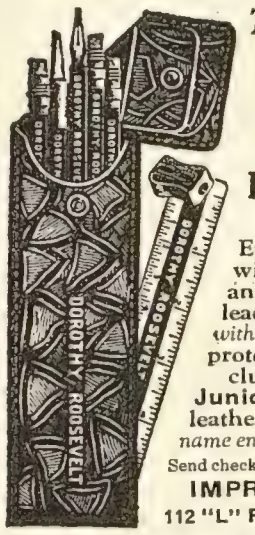
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 41

1—Rhode Island.
2—Ananias.
3—California.
4—Francis Bacon.
5—Guidebooks.
6—Robert Green Ingersoll (1833-1899).
7—Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck-Schönhausen (1815-1898).
8—Postmaster General of the United States.
9—From the name of its founder, Emanuel Swedenborg.
10—A sorceress, mentioned in the Odyssey, who changed men into beasts.
11—Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864).
12—An organization of women who advocate the retaining by married women of their maiden names.
13—Hairy.
14—In the north Atlantic Ocean. It separates Nova Scotia from New Brunswick.
15—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.
16—New York and Philadelphia, respectively.
17—Benjamin Harrison, the grandson of William Henry Harrison.
18—Four.
19—John Barleycorn.
20—They are symphony orchestra conductors.

Her Skin Blemishes Banished Quickly

It is so easy to rid your skin of pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Simply apply pure, cooling liquid D.D.D. Clear, stainless and greaseless—dries up almost immediately. Its soothing elements penetrate the skin and quickly drive away the irritation. Stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle will prove the merits of the famous antiseptic—or your money back. If your druggist does not have this famous Prescription on hand, you can send 35c for a trial size bottle direct to the D. D. D. Corporation, Dept. 2559, Batavia, Illinois.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*



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Embossed *genuine leather case* with coin pocket, a fine ruler and a colorful Assortment of lead pencils, *every piece engraved with name in 18 Kt. Gold.* A point protector and sharpener included—*Supreme in its class.*
Junior Set—Embossed genuine leather case and 3 pencils, *name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold.* 50c
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If you act quick!—we will send you postpaid—for 30 days free reading—new Voice Book disclosing startling FACTS that may save hundreds of dollars to every man or woman seeking a strong, rich voice for either singing or speaking. 30 days free reading—then send $1.00. Otherwise, return it—that's all!
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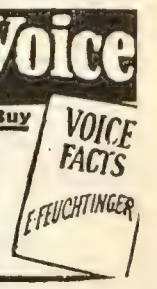

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Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And *externally,* use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

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That clean, interesting, educational hobby for every real live American boy or girl. Free descriptive booklet, "How to Collect Stamps and Why" is yours for the asking. Send for it now.

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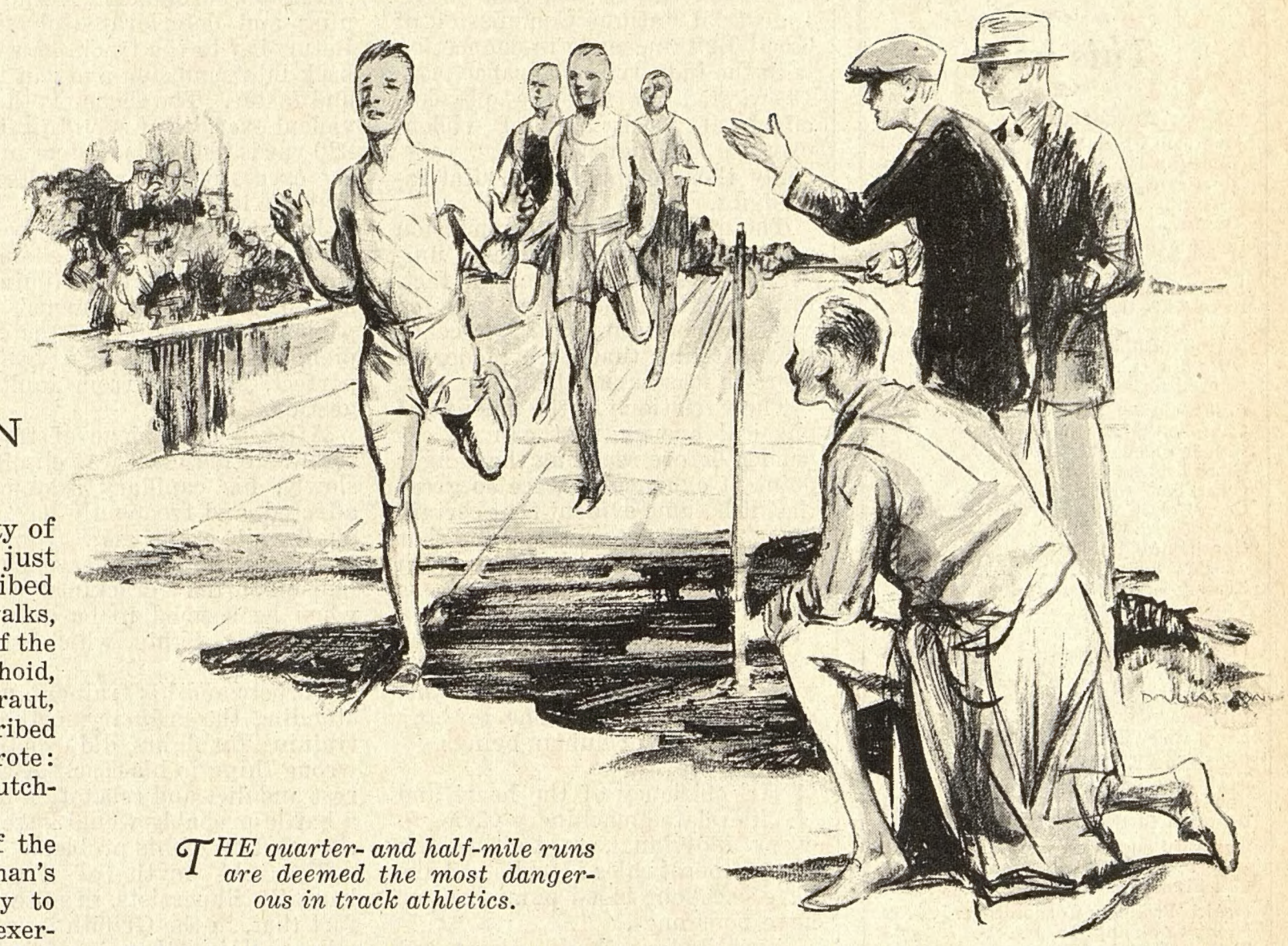
EXERCISE

Pictures by
DOUGLAS RYAN

It May Either Kill or Cure

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON



THE quarter- and half-mile runs are deemed the most dangerous in track athletics.

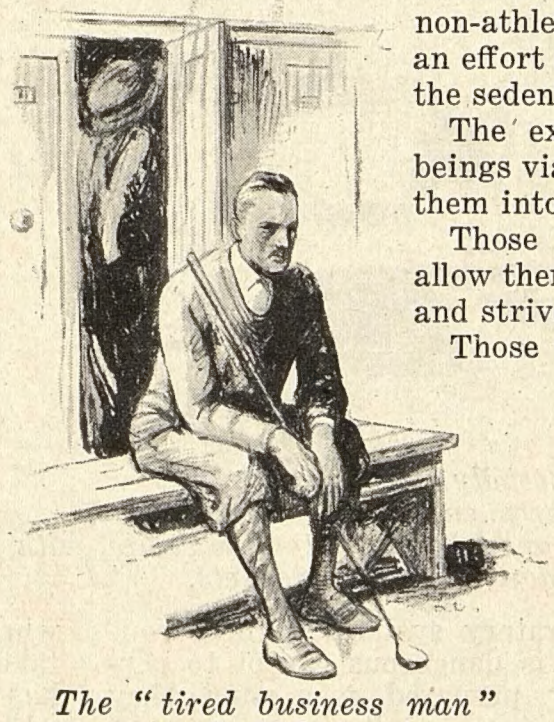
DOCTORS who used to advise plenty of exercise in the open air, or just "plenty of exercise," who prescribed gymnasium work, horseback riding, long walks, or contest games, are now in the position of the doctor whose German patient, ill from typhoid, got out of bed, ate a half gallon of sauerkraut, and recovered. Noting the result, he prescribed kraut for his next case and afterward wrote:

"Kraut sure cure for typhoid in a Dutchman; sure death to an Irishman."

They are discovering that the truth of the axiom that one man's meat is another man's poison applies to exercise, and especially to athletic sports. They have learned that exercise which will put one person in fine physical shape may result in fatigue poisons and death to another.

With our colleges and universities working to have 100 per cent of the students participate in some form of athletics—even, in some cases, laying out a golf course adjacent to the campus, and requiring those who don't play more strenuous games at least to play golf regularly—investigators are becoming convinced that the effort to pour all students into one athletic mold is as ridiculous and even more dangerous than it would be to attempt to fit them all into one educational mold. They have learned that the prescription as to amount and character of exercise must be for each individual case, and that, while physical exercise and athletic games aid the health of most human beings, there are individuals to whom even light exercise is poison.

If digestion, respiration, and elimination are perfect, exercise may be indulged in to almost any extent with beneficial results. If elimination is faulty, through either a lazy or misplaced colon or sluggish kidneys, exercise may be the worst possible thing for any person, especially for one who seems to need it most.



The "tired business man" may not need exercise.

The tremendous growth of sports, the increasing number of those taking physical education and conditioning exercises in gymnasiums, and playing golf and other outdoor games, has made the problem of how to exercise properly important, and the question of whether to exercise at all even more vital.

Prior to the World War the United States had fallen into a sad slump. We did not realize this until physical examination of a great cross section of the population revealed that we had softened to such an extent that, even after we selected the best youth of the country, nearly 30 per cent were rejected as physically unfit. Of the remainder only about 46 per cent could jump across a six-foot ditch, and not 50 per cent could climb a seven-foot fence until they had been trained.

The war, and the revival of interest in athletics and physical conditioning following it, brought not only swarms of past, present, and future athletes into action, but lured hundreds of thousands of fat men and non-athletes from desks and counters in an effort to ward off the alleged evils of the sedentary life.

The experts who deal with human beings via the exercise route now divide them into three classes:

Those who were athletic in youth, allow themselves to get out of condition, and strive to regain physical fitness.

Those who were athletic in younger life and who keep it up to some extent, without system.

Those who never exercised much, and who, in trying to check the ravages of time and fat, resort to belated exercise.

Students of physical condition have found that a large percentage of each class made a mistake originally: that many who indulged in athletic sports never should have done so; that many who did not should have exercised; and that there are types that do not need any exercise at all.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, from a study of the histories of nearly 9,000 letter men of leading universities and colleges prior to 1905, found that the mortality of college athletes was considerably lower than the average.

His conclusions were based on the most comprehensive study of physical problems ever attempted, in which the college athletic organizations co-operated with the Carnegie Foundation.

The only marked indication of possible harm from athletics, according to Dr. Dublin, was the fact that 32 per cent of the deaths in this group occurred from heart disease, against a normal average of 20 per cent.

FOOTBALL players lived longest, while baseball players had the highest mortality rate, with crew men second. Of 4,976 athletes, 1,024 died, compared with a probable mortality of 1,314 shown by the American Men Table, the modern insurance guide.

But even with the average low death rate, the study showed that the life expectancy of the modern college youth is considerably greater than that of graduates of forty or fifty years ago. Of those graduating prior to 1880, there were 94.7 deaths for each 100 expected, while from 1900 to 1905 a death rate of only 73.2 per cent of the normal expectancy was shown.

Major John L. Griffith, dictator of the Western Conference (the Big Ten) universities, also conducted such an investigation. He discovered, by comparing the general average of physical condition of drafted men with that of college athletes, that while only 70.41 per cent of the total men examined for the army were accepted, 95.9 of the Big Ten letter men examined were found physically fit.

Dr. Feisler of the University of Iowa and Dr. George Meylan of Columbia University reached the same conclusions: that the trained

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

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athlete is benefited by his physical training provided he "tapers off."

The most searching investigation of the effect of work and play on human beings was that of the Industrial Fatigue Commission of Great Britain, made in connection with the industrial insurance plan. It wanted to see the physical effect of work and of violent exercise on human beings, especially those employed in vital industries.

The findings of this commission are not entirely favorable to universal physical exercise. In fact, in a considerable percentage of cases (approximately 7 per cent) it was found that even moderate exercise was harmful.

The variations in the amount of physical energy that can be expended before reaching the danger point of exhaustion were so great that it became evident that certain types need much exercise, and that others are poisoned by it as much as they would be by fatigue poisons due to overwork.

The basic physiology of fatigue never has been analyzed to an extent which would make possible specific recommendations for any great number of human beings.

THE efficiency of the heart and its related machinery varies in every individual, so that to lay down general rules is foolish. Some have excellent blood pumps; some have poor ones.

Investigators have discovered wide variations in individuals in the efficiency of the ductless glands and the nerves, as well as in the heart and respiratory systems.

If an individual has a circulatory machine first class in every respect, he probably will need no exercise whatever to keep in fit physical condition.

Every trainer and coach, athletic director, gymnasium manager, or other person dealing with human beings and exercise knows that faulty respiration and faulty elimination are indications of sluggish mechanical action somewhere in the system. No one attempts to run an automobile at high speed when the gas lines are partly clogged; yet the human being will attempt to speed up through exercise when his blood vessels are feeding slowly.

The physical education programs of our colleges and secondary schools are mass attempts to standardize exercise. True, the majority attempt to examine individuals, but most of these examinations are superficial.

The "tired business man" may or may not need exercise. In fact, the golf that his doctor is likely to prescribe may be a burden and may add to his exhaustion instead of curing that tired feeling. There seems to be only one invariable rule, and that is to eat moderately.

Perhaps the best way to analyze the problem of exercise is to study individual types. There are men, for instance, who, through exercise, burn up those elements in their food fuel that otherwise would harm them.

Jackson Scholz, Olympic sprint champion, is a diabetic. He quit running and deteriorated physically. Returning to the track, he worked back into condition and ran faster and faster. The theory is that the violent exercise of sprinting 100 or 220 yards helps his system to burn the excess of sugar and offset his diabetic tendency.

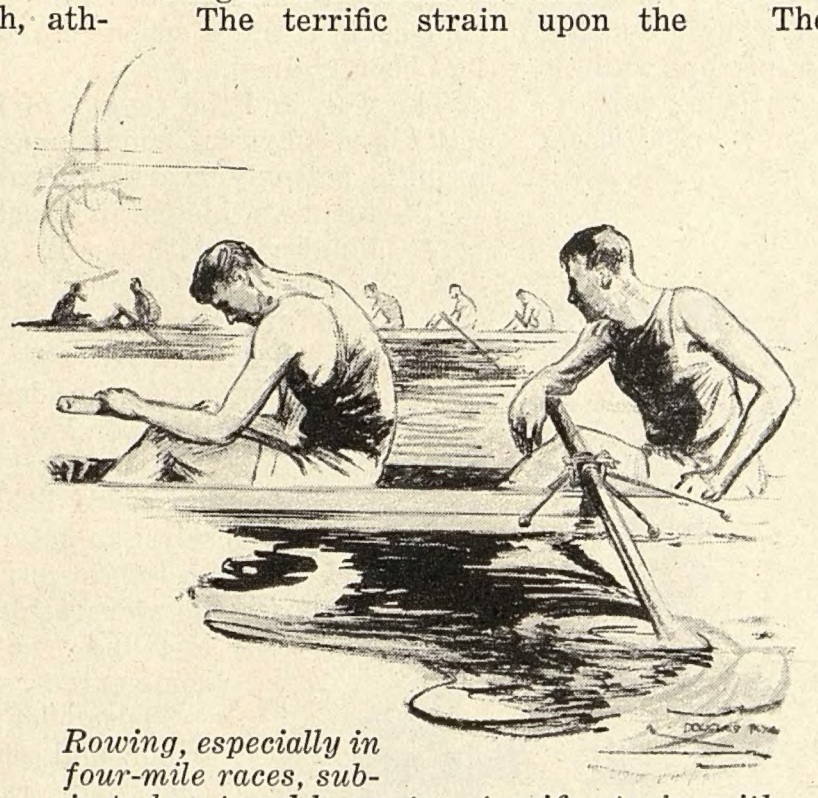
Jim Corbett probably owes the loss of his heavyweight championship as much to faulty elimination as to Bob Fitzsimmons' solar plexus blow. While he was champion, Corbett, otherwise physically perfect, suffered from faulty digestion.

After a hard siege of training the waste material was eliminated slowly, his capillary system was affected, and frequently he "dried out" while exercising. The result was that he was nervously exhausted, often "cracking" quickly when he seemed to be a winner, and losing fights which seemed safely won.

Corbett and his trainers, understanding the ordinary methods of training for fights, did exactly the wrong thing in his case. A week's rest and diet and relaxation before a battle probably would have been the solution of his problem.

The old myth of "athletic heart" still persists, in spite of the fact that, in the Griffith investigation, and in other inquiries into the condition of college athletes, not one case of heart disease traceable to athletics has been found. Rowing, especially in four-mile races, is held up as the most dangerous of all contests in its after effects, and the quarter- and half-mile runs are deemed the most dangerous in track athletics.

The terrific strain upon the respiratory system in these contests is dangerous except to perfectly prepared men, and they sometimes result in permanent heart injuries.



Rowing, especially in four-mile races, subjects heart and lungs to a terrific strain, with danger of after effects.

Ed Leader, coach of Yale's famous crews of recent years, says that if a youth trains for rowing and rows through his college years, he must taper off, gradually reducing the amount of exercise he takes, or risk permanent injury.

Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion, agrees with the experts that condition is a matter of individual study. He contends that a man, whether athletic or not, can keep in condition with only a moderate amount of exercise, provided he keeps continually at it.

Those in greatest danger of the diseases of the sedentary life, he thinks, are those who have been athletic, who permit themselves to get out of condition, and then try to regain what they have lost.

Keene Fitzpatrick, the most famous trainer, perhaps, in America, who was at the University of Michigan for years and who trained many Princeton athletes, had his football players scour themselves with coarse salt in the showers.

"The salt," says Fitzpatrick, "removes the impurities from the pores of the skin and gives the skin a chance to breathe—and breathing through the pores is almost as important to an athlete as breathing through the lungs. It constitutes his reserve."

IN New York there are two remarkable examples of perfect condition without exercise, and each claims that exercise is entirely unnecessary in his case. One is Frederic A. Stevenson, director of the long-lines department of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. The other is Frederic W. Allen, head of Lee Higginson & Co., in New York.

Both are Yale men, both were crew men and great athletes. Stevenson is just over sixty and Allen just over fifty. They are among the most vigorous men in the Wall Street district. Yet neither has taken any exercise since graduation except light tapering off for a year or two after leaving school.

The one thing they have in common is that all their lives they have been light and regular eaters. Allen got his theory of condition and longevity from his grandmother. He attended her hundredth birthday party. She told him she always had been a light eater.

He remembered that. He cut down the diet of the Yale crew when he was captain, thereby causing much complaint, but getting excellent results. He supervised the Yale navy for years after graduation. He applied the same ideas to himself and is known as the champion swivel-chair athlete of Wall Street.

Save on vacations, when he rides horseback, he takes no exercise beyond what he gets in his office. He takes a drink when he wants it and has but one rule—never to smoke when he is alone. But he never is alone in his office.

Stevenson rowed a little for a year or two following his graduation, and after that his only exercise was jumping in and out of ditches before he was promoted in the telephone world.

THE END

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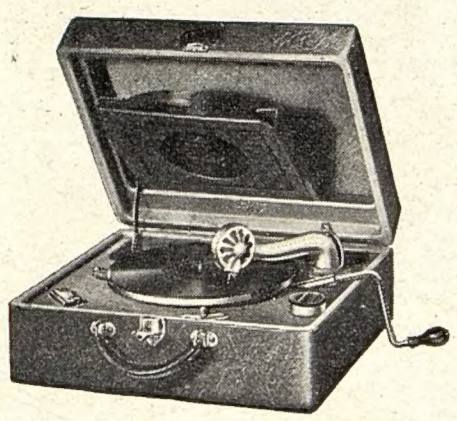

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